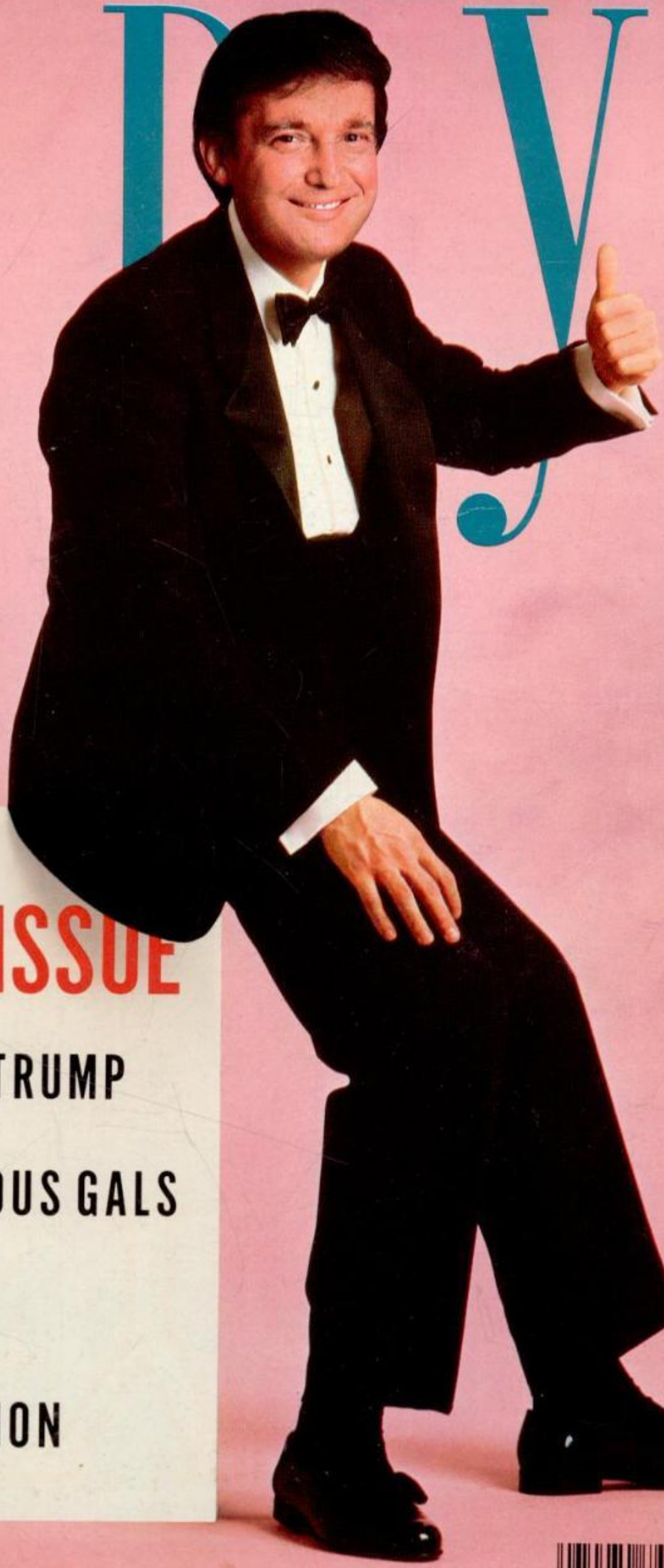
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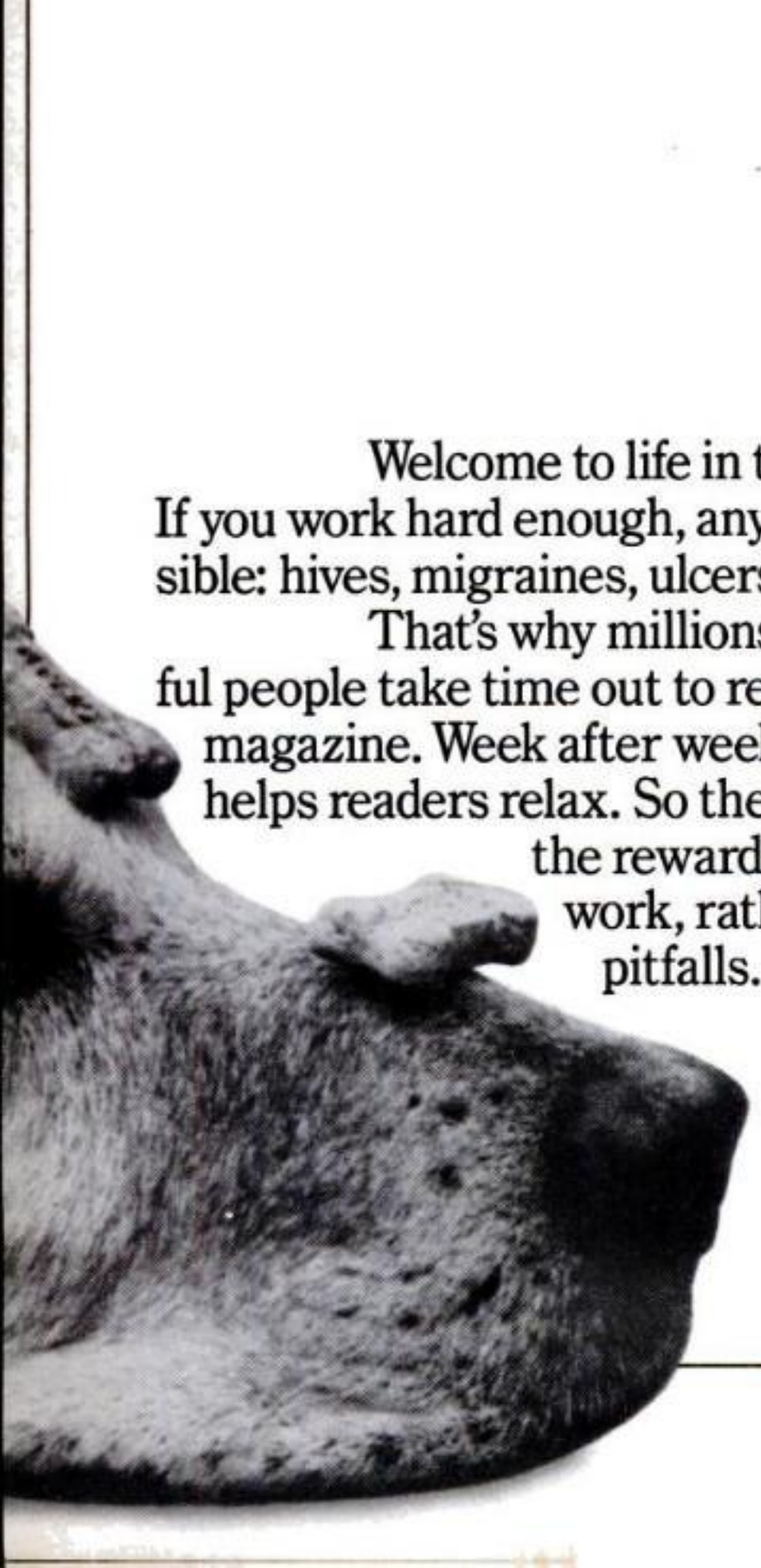
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APRIL 1988





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THE COVER Photographs by Deborah Feingold (body) and Joe McNally/Wheeler Pictures (head). Suit: Mani by Giorgio Armani. Shirt, bow tie and cummerbund: Christian Dior. Cuff links and studs: Bloomingdale's. All courtesy of Bloomingdale's/NYC. Shoes: To Boot New York.

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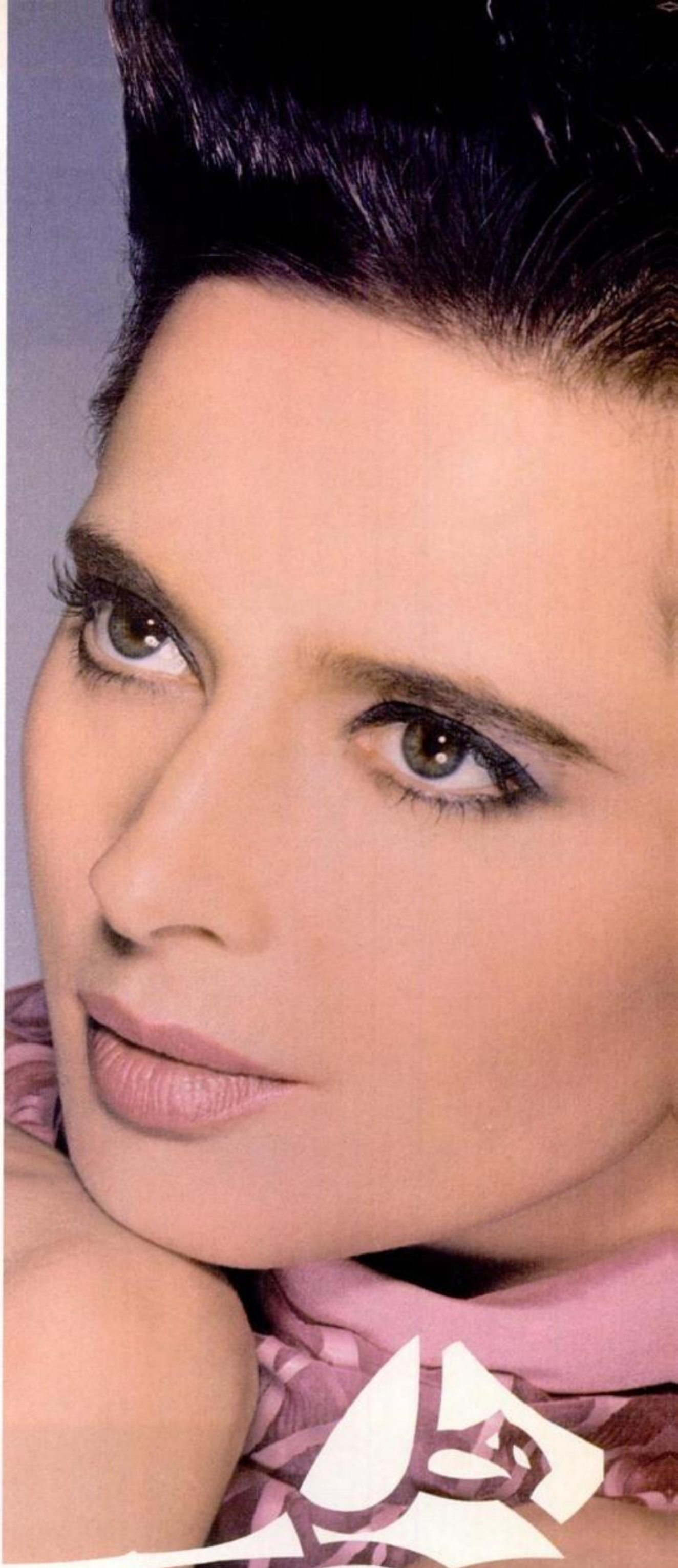
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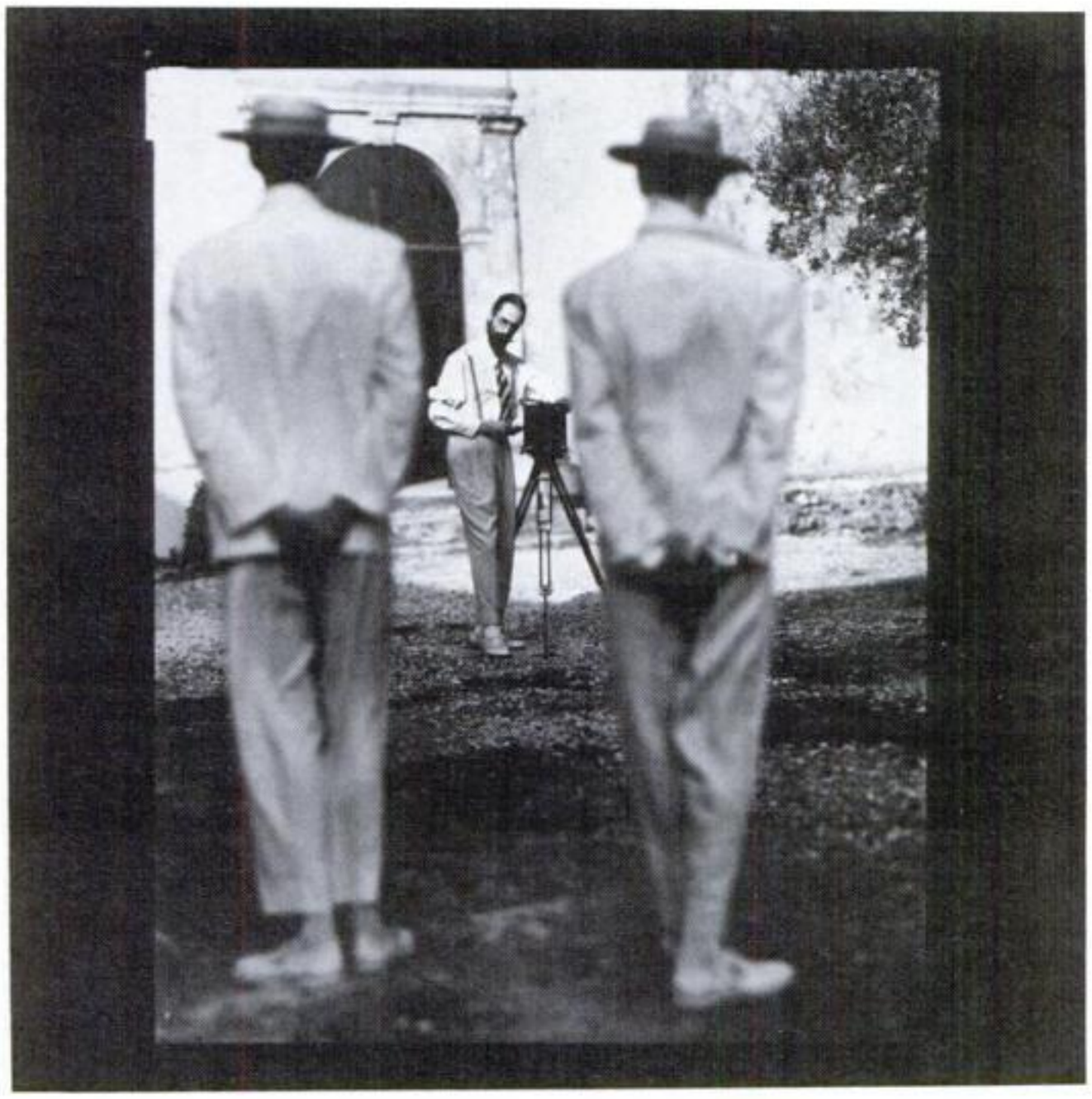
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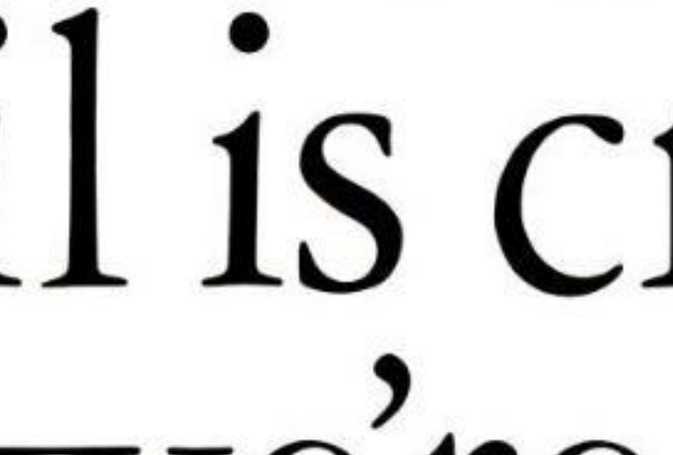


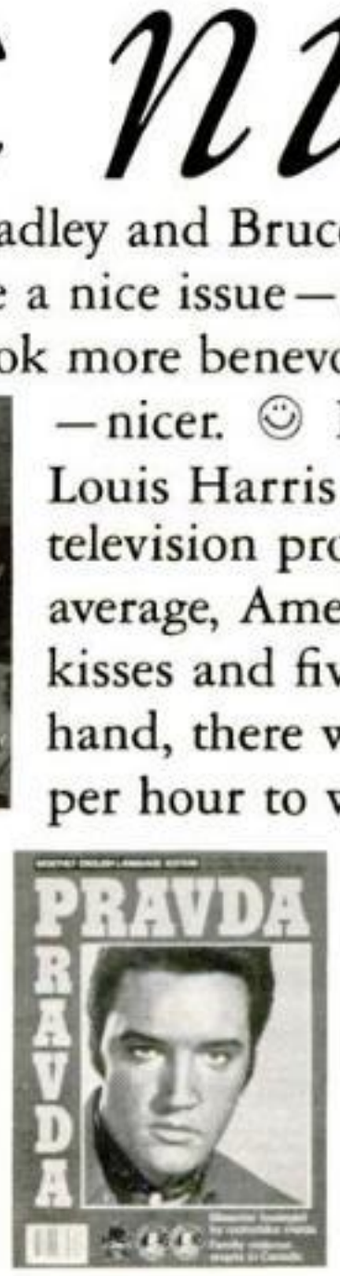
of sexual misconduct



APRIL IS CRUEL, BUT WE'RE *NICE*, STARTING NOW. LET US EXPLAIN. For more than a year we've endured the complaints unflinchingly. *You're so negative*, they say. *You're so sarcastic. You're so nasty. You're so mean.* Sometimes the criticism hurt, we don't mind telling you. And finally the criticism hit home. It was a blustery, bitterly cold morning near the end of winter. One of SPY's youngest staff members—Pip, everyone calls him—approached the editors during the weekly meeting at which we select reputations to besmirch and lives to destroy in future issues. "Sirs," the lad said, voice trembling, "with all the trouble and turmoil in the world today, why can't we produce a *nice* magazine for a change—a magazine that *celebrates* life?" ☺ Well, let us tell you, the effect was stunning. The boy's simple, sincere suggestion—a *nice* magazine—captured everyone's heart. Before you could say *short-fingered vulgarian*, the stories that had been planned for April (a funny exposé of the Special Olympics, a cruel prank that involved pretending to give homeless people Central Park South co-op apartments, something disillusioning about both Bill Bradley and Bruce Springsteen) were scrapped. We would create a nice issue—*the* Nice Issue. ☺ Suddenly, the world *did* look more benevolent, more charming, more lovely—nicer. ☺ First we came across the new Louis Harris study of hundreds of hours of television programming. Every hour, on average, American television broadcasts nine kisses and five hugs. *How nice!* On the other hand, there were fewer than two references per hour to what the researchers called "deviant or hugging or only one transmitted of Matthew discouraged sexual practices" (does kissing Tony Danza count?), and reference every ten hours to sexually diseases. *How nice!* ☺ The arrest Solomon, the newlywed who







April is cruel, but we're *nice*

NICE FEATURE

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killed his wife in what he claimed was really just an extended, overexuberant hug—the Robert Chambers Defense—has unwittingly taught a fine lesson to his seven-year-old Long Island neighbor. The moral of the story? "Never marry someone who's gonna kill you," the boy told reporters. *How nice!*

Not only that, the child might have added, but you should try to marry someone whose parents are as conspicuously rich as your own. That's the lesson of this month's gala Steinberg-Tisch merger, in which the daughter of demi-billionaire businessman Saul Steinberg is marrying the son of billionaire businessman Preston Tisch. *How nice!*, you squeal. But there's more: the Steinbergs have rented out the Metropolitan Museum's Temple of Dendur for the ceremony and reception, and even the groomsmen's shoes—the shoes!—are custom-made.

Preston Tisch, who has been wearing a much nicer class of wig lately, was until recently postmaster general. Evidently he quit because he didn't feel powerful enough in Washington. He was bored. Indeed, Tisch would actually doze off in the middle of official meetings. "I can be sitting here with you and fall asleep," he explained to a reporter, "*but that doesn't mean I'm bored.*" What a...very...*nice* explanation.

We like to feel that we are second to no one in our commitment to niceness. But who can be as nice as columnist Liz Smith? In a recent letter to *The New Republic*, Smith took the magazine to task for being insufficiently nice to Ivana Trump, licensed interior decorator and wife to the Don, as Ivana calls him. *The New Republic* had called Ivana "a vulgar social-climbing wife." "This is really unfair," Smith wrote, "because I believe it isn't true. I know Mrs. Trump well and she is anything *but* vulgar or social-climbing.... She wears clothes by Givenchy and Yves Saint Laurent, it is true, but they are not vulgar."

The Israelis haven't been behaving very nicely at all on the West Bank lately, but they have coined a euphemism for their tactics. The new Israeli term is not *wholesale house arrest*, not *firing live ammunition at stone-throwing teenagers*, not even *methodically breaking fingers with two-by-fours* but, rather, *environmental pressures*. Hey—*nice phrase!*

Indeed, niceness may be making a wholesale comeback in the Middle East. Something called the Great Peace Journey was scheduled to leave Athens on March 12 for the Persian Gulf and the Strait of Hormuz. Julie Christie was to be aboard; "delicious food, parties [and] festive activities" were promised. The organizers' intention was to bring about an end to the Iran-Iraq war.

So, we're not the only ones recommitting ourselves to niceness in 1988. Frank Sinatra was in Australia during its bicentennial, his last visit having been canceled when he called local reporters "bums and parasites" and "buck-and-a-half hookers." This time Sinatra announced, "I don't think I am an un-nice man."

Gosh, *it's all over the place!* Everyone knows about the new Soviet charm. Why, the Communists even put Elvis Presley on the cover of their monthly English-language edition of *Pravda*. *Glasnost?* Détente? No, just plain Moscow-style *niceness.* And aspirin, they've discovered, helps prevent heart attacks. Nice news! And so do laxatives. Nice!

Plus, there's a good chance the real estate developers ruining Times Square may have to *give* office space away. Great! And Ed Meese might finally get indicted. Wonderful! Sylvester Stallone and Cornelia Guest are threatening to mate. Super! A new batch of insider-trading charges, we hear, are imminent. Nice? *And how!*



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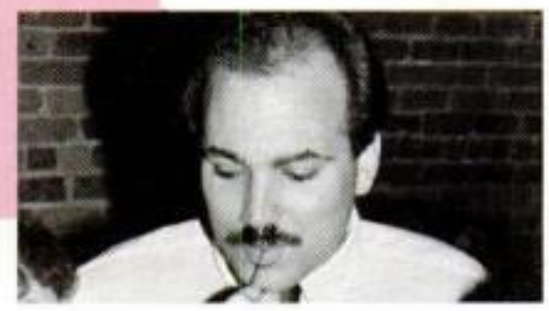
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► **This man had a more-than-full head of hair at the beginning of NY Theatre Workshop's performance of "Coyote Ugly!" But the "incest is best" theme of the play sent his hairline into shock. He was on the phone with an all-night minoxidil take-out joint by the time the Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne reception began.**



▲ **Attorney Nancy Murphy plea bargains for more Dom Ruinart. At events like these, the champagne flows freely. There was really no need to beg.**

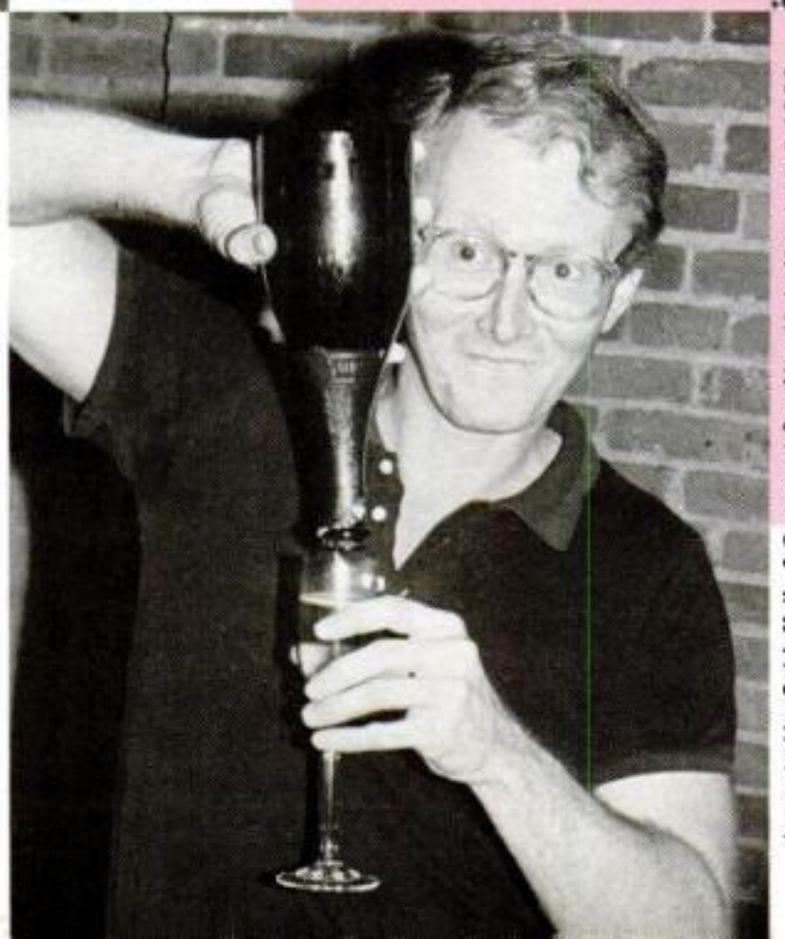


▲ **Starry, starry night: Elizabeth Berridge, the lead in "Coyote Ugly."**



▲ **Restaurateurs Sarah Eckhardt and Jim O'Hagen check out Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne for their restaurant, "Nadine's." While the owners party, who's minding the soup du jour?**

► **A well-mannered Mark O'Donnell gives the waiters a break and pours his own. Notice how gingerly he handles this very good bottle of Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne; squeezing out every last drop. Enough to send a chill up any Frenchman's spine.**



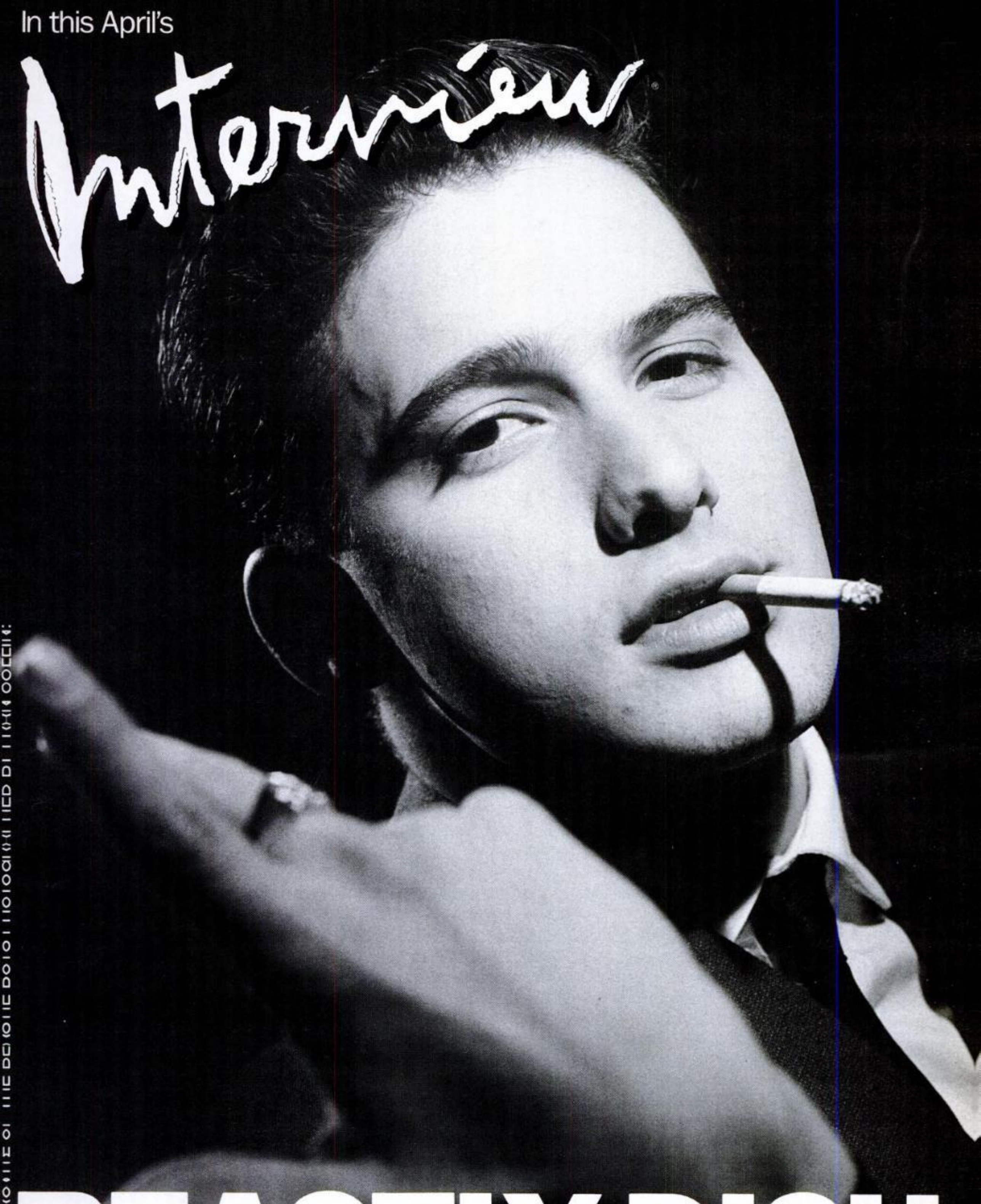
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▲ **Where was the person paid to yell, "ACT NATURAL"? Here is Liza Lerner looking shocked, Porter Bibb looking satiated and New York Theatre Workshop Board Chairman Stephen Graham looking for a photo opportunity. If grins could kill...**

In this April's

Interview



BEASTLY DISH

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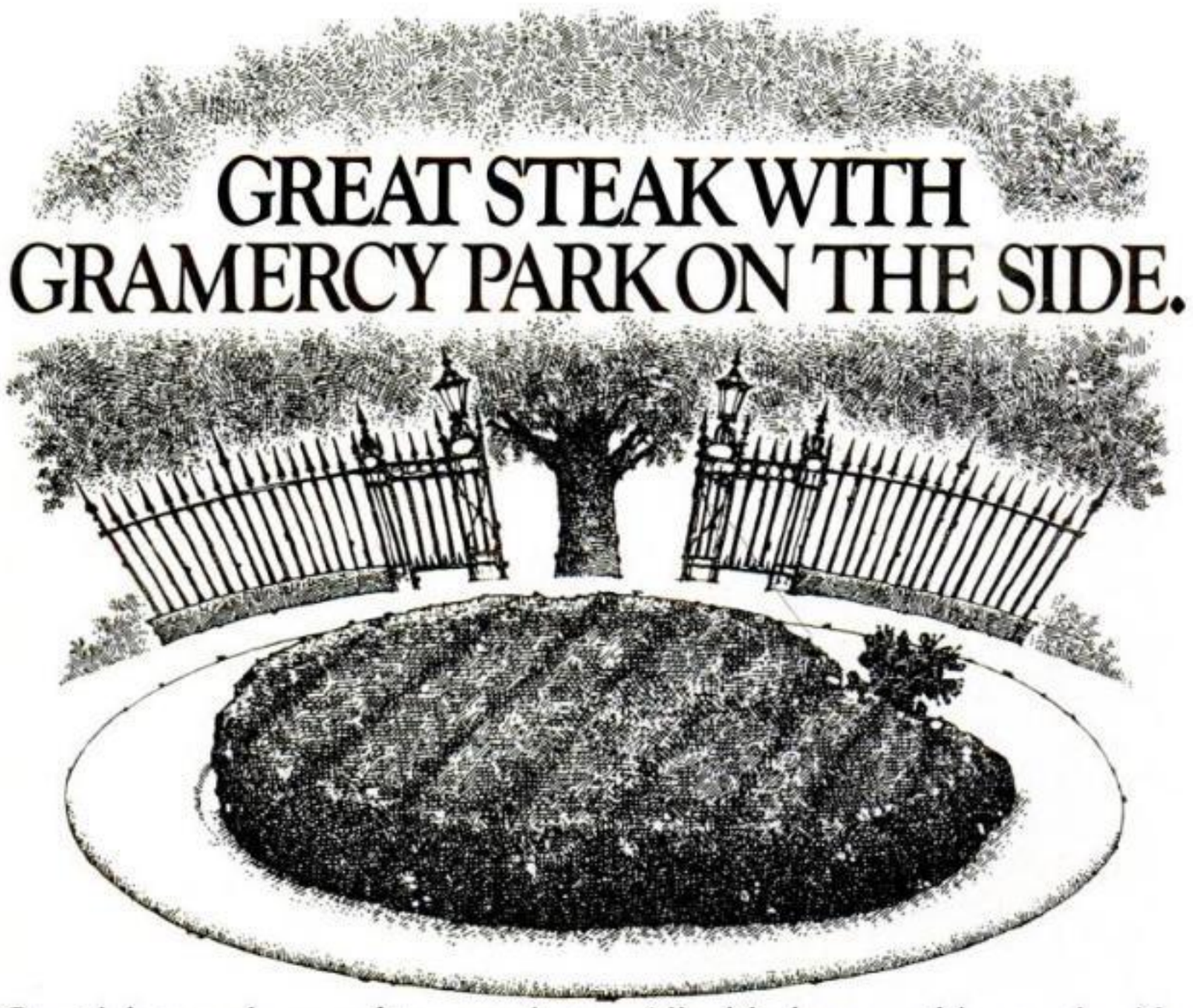
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From the SPY mailroom: Word clearly leaked out that we had a special Nice Issue in the works, judging from all the unusual requests we've been getting—unusual, at any rate, for a magazine.

For example: Leslie Bornstein of Manhattan has received a postcard from the Division of Code Enforcement, Office of Rent & Housing Maintenance, Department of Housing Preservation & Development, City of New York, responding to her no-heat-no-hot-water complaint of November 7, 1984. The response is dated October 13, 1987 (the postmark is a meaningless ten days later than that). Also, the city mailed the card to the wrong address, though it reached her anyway. This is all fine—we can follow it, which turns out to be a lucky thing, because Ms. Bornstein, for some reason, has turned the matter over to us.



Carl Pfirman, of Minneapolis, who describes himself as worried, curious, "a man obsessed," wants us to find out the whereabouts of certain individuals he calls "the *Zoom* kids." (Some hip-hop group?) This *used* to be a magazine. *Hey, precious, have* SPY *scraped off the door and have* SPADE & ARCHER *put on it.*

Along those lines—special services normally provided by shamuses, not editors—an anonymous reader has asked us to locate Leadbelly's 12-string guitar. Seriously. No questions asked.

There's more. Ms. Adrian R. Jones of Brooklyn writes specifically to tell us that she's being harassed by people trying to get her to sign up for home delivery of the *Daily News*. "At first I just said 'No' and the caller would say 'Thank you' and hang up," she writes, correctly assuming that our operatives need whatever details a client can supply in order to do their job. "Later I tried 'Yes,' 'Stop calling me' and 'Leave me alone.' Nothing helps." The concluding line of her handwritten note is chilling: "Help me—please!" That's hard to ignore, even for people who didn't really want to find themselves in the detective game. *Precious, have* SPADE & ARCHER *taken off the door and have* SAMUEL SPADE *put on.*

Nancy Miller, "a fan in Washington Heights," has sent us a clipping describing the voyage of round-the-world sailor Tania Aebi that mentions "Tania Aebi's

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dad Ernst." Ms. Miller then writes, "Who *is* this Ernst Aebi, anyway?" She feels she has a right to know, given that (she claims) she has strewn the metropolitan area with gift subscriptions to SPY. *Okay, precious, but you'll have to take a number. And we get $100 a day, plus expenses. What did you say your name was?*

And yet here is welcome, undeniable proof that we are, after all, still a magazine: we are *honored* to have been offered the opportunity to place both Ms. Andy Lockard, of Rubin Postaer and Associates, and Ms. Francoise Kirkland, of the New Century/Vista Film Company, on our complimentary subscription list. You heard right. The invitation comes from Terry M. Chow, of Rubin Postaer, in Los Angeles, who suggests helpfully, "In recognition of the fact that it takes time for complimentary subscriptions to begin, we would appreciate that you immediately begin sending your publication to the appropriate addresses by hand until your computer has started the comp distribution." Why risk the mail at all? We'll just have someone from our Los Angeles bureau drop by with the free issues every month. How do you like your coffee?

Alison Rakoske, formerly of Dover, New Hampshire, and currently of Manhattan, writes to say she uprooted herself because "after three issues [of SPY] I could not believe it was all true." You should have stayed put; we could have told you over the phone. And Barry Kogan of Merrick, New York, thinks SPY is "as witty, cynical, sarcastic and arrogant as I am. Well, almost." Barry Kogan—our standard. Many's the time we've labored in vain over a phrase or a headline, only to have it all fall into place the moment we asked ourselves, "Now, how would *Barry* put it?" (But, seriously, a note to all those who call us cynics: *no*. Richard Gephardt and Nancy Reagan are cynical; Leonard Stern and Rupert Murdoch are cynical. *We* are merely very skeptical.)

So moved was Jeffrey Roberts of Jericho, New York, by a photo in the December Party Poop that he wrote, "Who, oh, who is the beauteous blond with the breasts, and is there any chance we may see more of her in future issues of SPY?" Hubba-hubba, Jeff. *Demographics Department? Get over here, please!*

"I find your taste in covers *repulsive*," a letter from T. Taylor of Los Angeles be-

LETTERS TO SPY

DEAR EDITORS Okay, so you caught us. It's true—for years we, enviously, have had our noses pressed up against the greasy strip-show windows next door. We still had dreams of having our own all-day park passport/green card even after our friends came back sick from too much cotton candy. But typically, as reticent Canadians we held back from taking over the theme park. Until now. With the sun setting on your once-great republic, and with the threat of the Japanese turning it into their own smaller (and more economical) version, we've been forced to act. But fear not. As your very perceptive article ["The Canadians Among Us," by Richard Stengel, January/February] pointed out, since we look like you and act like you, the increased Canadianization of America will be all but unnoticeable. That's our style.

M. B. Proudfoot
Toronto, Ontario

DEAR EDITORS Living only 60 miles from the Canadian border, I appreciated "A Canadian-Spotter's Field Manual" [by Richard Stengel and Stephen Probyn, January/February]. I would like to add the following observations to Stephen Probyn's list.

- Canadians embellish their coins with moose and beavers.
- Canadians only wear uniforms and use equipment manufactured by the Cooper sporting goods company.
- Canadians refer to a base hit in baseball as a "beauty shot."
- Canadians almost always have a relative working on a lake freighter.

Kevin Kelly
Toledo, Ohio

DEAR EDITORS I'm astonished to learn [J&B & SPY Campaign Manual, January/February] that 0 percent of your respondents think Jack Kemp is the craziest of the presidential candidates. Not only is that vicious freak nuttier than all of those ducks, he is a legitimate bull-goose loony. Make sure he's visiting New York City next time Ed Koch conducts one of his sweeps.

George Stubbs
Melrose, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS Contributing editor Paul Rudnick exhibited a tic, a twitch, a spasm, in his article "Stars Are Born" [January/February]. He seems to have contracted a problem with triple repetition. It's less clever than it is redundant, superfluous, supernumerary—and it occurs seven, 7, VII, times in the first two paragraphs alone.

Other than that, you're producing the best new magazine in many years.

Kevin Allman
Santa Monica, California

Thank you, gracias, merci.

DEAR EDITORS In one survey a number of years ago, 20 percent of adult Americans said that the Supreme Court was part of Congress. I always assumed that the other 80 percent had it right, until I read in your January/February issue [Great Expectations] that Ed Meese, the attorney general of the United States, is "in a sense" the "boss" of a federal judge. There is no plausible sense in which any member of the executive branch or of the legislative branch is the "boss" of any "Article III" federal judge. You see, we have three separate and coequal branches of national government under our Constitution. Where were you last year?

John P. Ratnaswamy
Chicago, Illinois

We were trying to start a magazine. Mr. Ratnaswamy is right, of course. Nevertheless, is there any *plausible sense in which Ursula Meese could appropriately lobby a federal judge?*

DEAR EDITORS Martin White [Letters to SPY, January/February] neglected to call attention to his *third* example of a joke: giving his address as "Park Slope, New York."

As a former, longtime Brooklynite, I assure you that Park Slope has never been a borough unto itself, merely one of the many neighborhoods of Brooklyn.

Mr. White—whether your address-name-changing is a symptom of self-conscious gentrification, creeping yuppieness or simple snobbery, let's keep things in perspective, *tsk, tsk*: try as you may, you cannot take the Brooklyn out of New York.

Liliane Droyan Kodner
Fair Haven, New Jersey ➳

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gins, so we decide to get comfortable. "The Kennedy cover [November 1987] happens to be your *dispicable taste* in choosing someone's past, opening up a sore wound & throwing acid on it," Taylor explains, but we resolve to stay with it. "People change, people get hurt." How true and how true, we concede, even as we grope for the connection. "Why don't you take your magazine to the streets and find the real killers . . . of human potential . . . BAD JOURALISM & POOR covers." We're on it, we're on it. "Your disgusting," continues the letter (and we wonder nervously, *Our disgusting what?*), "and should be next to *Trash News*." Well, if we only had the right distributor, maybe we would be.

"Isn't that famous MIT linguist and leftist thinker Noam Chomsky in movie line No. 2 ['What Are They Waiting For?: The SPY Movie Line Quiz,' November 1987]?" asks Andrew Cohen of Manhattan. We checked. Probably not, it turns out. According to Chomsky's secretary, he was on Cape Cod when the photo was taken.

Gail Gordon of Brookline, Massachusetts, was surprised to see "Busty Like Me" in the December *Cosmopolitan* (the story first appeared in SPY last summer). "Why did you let them do that?" she asks. "Did they pay you a lot of money, or were you graciously giving *Cosmo* readers something to really read?" Yes. The money.

Well, the front page of the January 25 *New York Times* was certainly depressing—chilling?—though it came as no surprise to SPY readers, who had already heard about the menace from the North in "The Canadians Among Us" (January/February). The *Times* ran a story, headlined CANADIAN OFFERING $4 BILLION FOR OWNER OF BLOOMINGDALE'S, describing the Toronto-based Campeau Corporation's bid for Federated Department Stores Inc., which owns Bloomingdale's, Abraham & Straus and Filene's. Root for the Canadians: Campeau's principal competition is Donald Trump.

Finally, Kraig Saunders has written from Santa Fe to say that he'd like to see SPY prosper but also to suggest that we "combine [our] vinegar with a restorative." He adds, "Nobody likes a 100 percent kvetch." We dedicate this one-time-only Nice Issue (a low, low 85 percent kvetch) to Kraig and to all the other lovely people who have ever written to say, more or less, *Whoa*.

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DEAR EDITORS Does your shameful pursuit of the sensational have no bounds? Casting *any* similarity between dear Roy Orbison and the odious, ridiculous and dangerous Abe Rosenthal ["Separated at Birth?," January/February] is pernicious and egregious.

Robert Sommer
New York

DEAR EDITORS The single sharpest aspect I look forward to each month is your hilariously on-target descriptions of Donald Trump. In past issues he's been referred to as a "Queens-born casino operator" and more recently as a "short-fingered vulgarian."

As a concerned New Yorker and an avid SPY reader, please allow me to humbly suggest these additional Trump epithets:

- Koch-bashing book huckster
- Rink-building show-off
- Media-lusting publicity brat
- Shifty-eyed miniseries cue-card reader
- Shameless gopher-toothed real estate glutton
- Cocksure multichinned horn-blower
- Spotlight-seeking name-dropper
- Ad-lib-rehearsing talk show guest
- Suspiciously red-faced stock-crash avoider

Again, I commend you on your unselfish, civic-minded efforts to expose Donald Trump for what he truly is.

David Vogler
Park Slope, New York

Hmm, "Park Slope, New York" again. That's two votes for Park Slope boroughhood. Message to residents of Cobble Hill, New York: get with it!

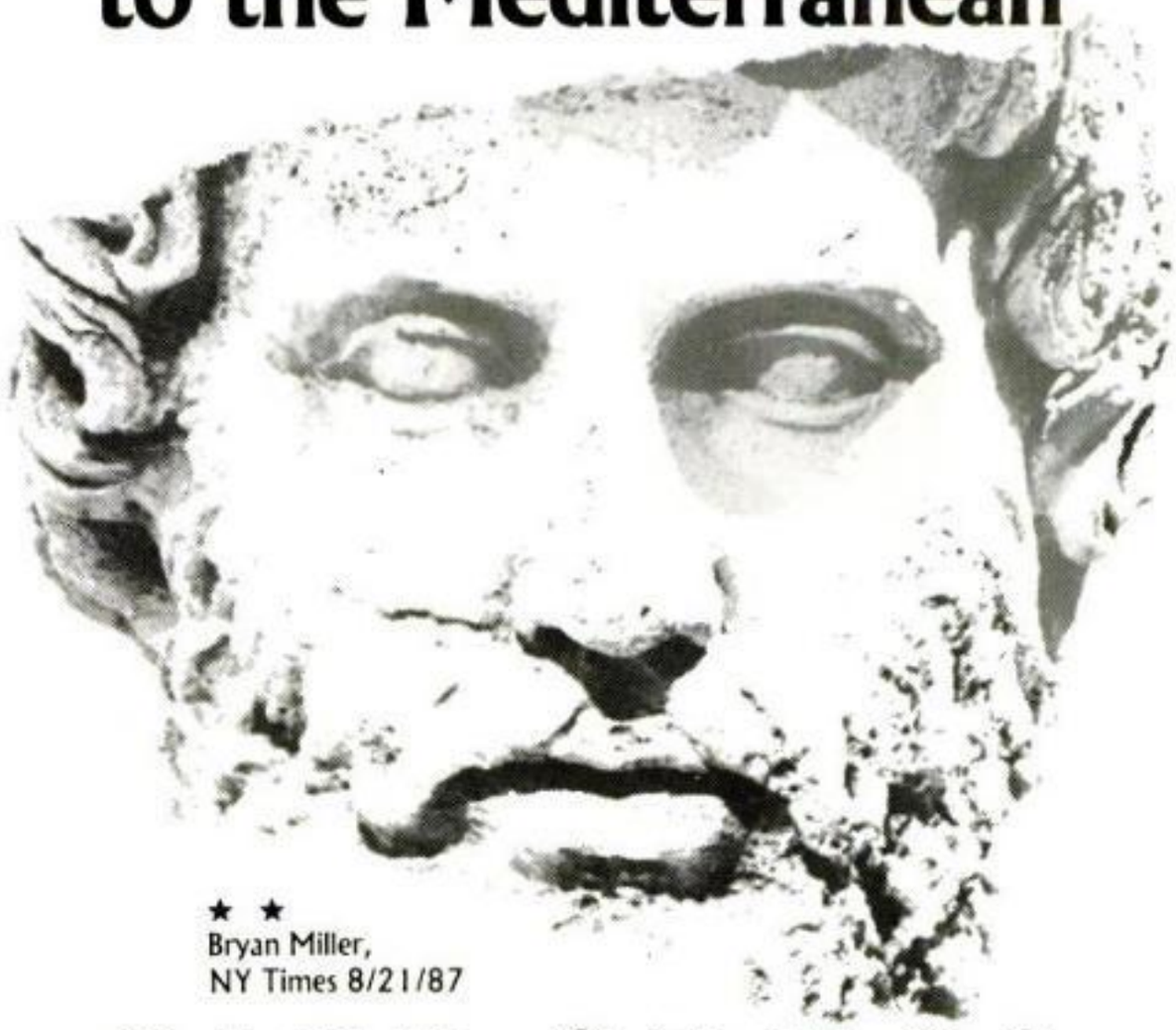
DEAR EDITORS Why in the name of to-thine-own-self-be-true did SPY comply with the recent request for apology from Cardinal O'Connor's minions [Letters to SPY, January/February]? He *is* more frightening than madmen and muggers, because his pimping for the outmoded, criminally rigid Church mugs multitudes simultaneously.

David M. Kleinman
New York

We're sorry. It must have been a printer's error.

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number.*

Hop a cab
to the Mediterranean



★ ★
Bryan Miller,
NY Times 8/21/87

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HUNTER

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Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



M. TERESA



J. JACKSON



A. D'AMATO

THE *f* INE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

HANDY THUMBNAIL PHILOSOPHIES OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN: A SPECIAL, *NICE* EDITION OF THE FINE PRINT

Each person chosen to be in *Who's Who* is given the opportunity to compose a brief reflection on his or her life, to offer some advice for posterity. Most pass up the chance. But some leave themselves wide open.

"I try to go through life by not hurting anyone's feelings, by respecting people for what they are and not what I think they should be; by honoring my heritage and the heritage of others; and by trying to smile at adversity, knowing that if I can, life can be softer and more comfortable than the realities really are."—Tom Bosley, Richie's dad on Happy Days

"With each passing year I am more fully convinced of the need to establish contact with and receive guidance from the Father of the Universe."—Ray Conniff, choir leader

"Cheers for the reasoned vigilantes in society who prevent those in power from overwhelming the rights of the individual who otherwise cannot surface."—Clive Davis, sleazy record company executive

"All of us know all we need to know. We but need to reach and manifest our inner knowledge to ▸

I

HERE'S SOMETHING NICE: it made our day when we found out that **POPE JOHN PAUL II** liked to crack open a beer after a long day riding around in the pontifical golf cart (Usual Suspects, November 1987), and now we are very pleased to learn that **MOTHER TERESA** really knows how to work a room. Apparently the last time she visited New York, the itty-bitty Albanian schoolteacher turned saint became a regular New Yorker—she doled out business cards printed only with MOTHER TERESA—no phone, no address, no fax, no Telex.

II

WHO ELSE IS NICE? Editors. Onetime **TAMA JANOWITZ** plaything and 59-inch-high *Esquire* editor **LEE EISENBERG** has a darling system of employee evaluation that involves actually keeping a tally of brownie "points": *plus* 15 points for laughing at one of his bad jokes, let's say, or *minus* 30 points for being a normal-size man. When an employee accumulates 100 points, he or she gets a meal at the Four Seasons—a meal *with Eisenberg*. In the years the system has been in effect, all but one employee (senior editor **LISA GRUNWALD**, who won big points for bringing in a William Styron novella and for the dubious achievement of luring Nora Ephron back to the magazine) have successfully avoided winning.... **TIME INC.**, whose reputation for paternalism has died along with the company's ability to invent new magazines, has recently adopted the Amway/Mary Kay Cosmetics Personnel Recruitment Strategy. Any Time Inc. employee who gets a friend to enlist with the company will now receive a bounty of $380. Why such an oddly specific sum? Why any sum at all? Because Time Inc. is so darn *classy*.... Meanwhile, at a *Manhattan, inc.* story meeting, editor **CLAY FELKER** actually said to his cowed subordinates, "All right, *let's name the nineties*." Then he paused; to the great credit of his staff, no one spoke. "Well, I guess we *can't* do it right now," Felker decided. "**TOM WOLFE** is busy." ... Cutbacks have finally come to the bloated and heretofore smug *Wall Street Journal*, but the dark mood is occasionally relieved, for a lucky few, by chubby-cheeked editor **NORMAN PEARLSTINE**'s party trick: Pearlstine, the influential leader of America's largest newspaper, the great helmsman of the daily diary of the American dream, enthralls his fellow partygoers by *peeling a banana using only his toes*.... And **STEVE BRILL**, the bullying capo of *The American Lawyer*, hired a nice, big security guard to protect him from **STEVE KUMBLE**, the former managing partner of the formerly mammoth law firm Finley, Kumble, Wagner, Heine, Underberg, Manley, Myerson & Casey. After a series of articles by Brill and his reporters dealt the firm its deathblow last fall, Brill heard from friends that Kumble was so upset, he wanted to kill him. When the two Steves finally met in Brill's office in February, with the security guard sitting outside, Kumble alternated between asking Brill to stop publishing stories about him and threatening to sue—but at no time, alas, did he attempt murder.

III

*BECAUSE **JESSE JACKSON** CANNOT win the presidency*, the tacit logic apparently goes, *his silly gestures can go unreported*. Last election, for instance, when one reporter arrived at the candidate's hotel suite for a scheduled interview, Jackson told the visitor to wait a few minutes in the bedroom—he had to attend to some campaign business in the living room. Upon entering the bedroom, the reporter discovered, sprawled on the bed, a woman in a negligee. And evidently the incorrigible friendliness hasn't stopped. One day the 1988-model Jackson was having his shoes shined at the Atlanta International Airport when a slatternly friend sashayed up to him. She wore an orange flapper's dress, orange fake fur, orange high heels and a pair of huge dark glasses; she carried a tiny white lapdog. "They don't have any more of those *chocolates* I wanted," she screeched at the Democratic candidate for president of the United States. Jackson barely replied, and his friend *sha-boom*ed off in another direction, saying, "I think I'll go look someplace else." Jackson tipped the shoeshine man a dollar.

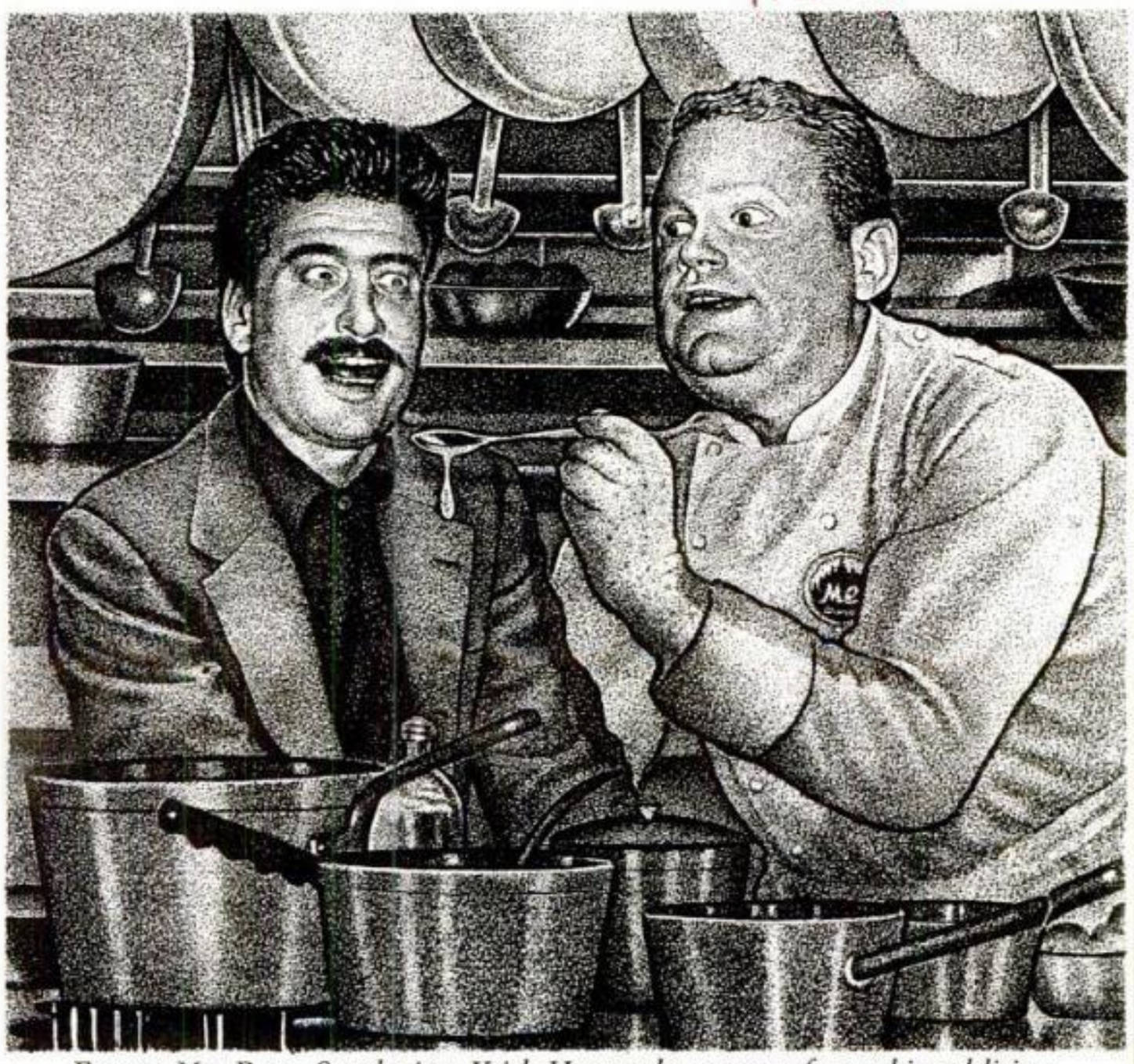
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HAVE THEY CUFFED and fingerprinted **ED** "If You're Innocent, You're Not a Suspect" **MEESE** yet? If Ed should require the names of some nice criminal lawyers—and we hope he does—he might ask one of his disgraced business associates, former Wedtech executive **ANTHONY GUARIGLIA**. Guariglia's lawyers are so nice that they even hold their clients' mail—not long ago, in fact, they received a Republican fundraising letter from Senator **ALFONSE D'AMATO** addressed to Guariglia, who has pleaded guilty to bribery and conspiracy. How nice that D'Amato is willing to solicit money from anyone, regardless of race, creed, color or prior felony pleas.

AFTER SIX AND SEVEN years, respectively, in Washington, neither Meese nor D'Amato has been lucky enough to dine alongside Georgetown's very own bosomy dirty-book writer, **SALLY QUINN**. Thus, they have probably never heard her rapturous endorsement of tarot cards. *Yes*: not just in southern California, not just among the pretty demimondes of New York City, but these days even *among journalists in our nation's capital*, tarot cards are a fit subject for serious conversation. One of Quinn's most fervent hocus-pocus soul sisters is **ANN PINCUS**, a vice president at WETA, Washington's public-television station. ◗

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ~~ENEMIES~~ friends



Former Met Rusty Staub gives Keith Hernandez a taste of something delicious.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned During February:

Frank Sinatra	5
Barbra Streisand	5
Cher	4
Bette Davis	4
Jackie Onassis	4
Dawn Steel	4
Elizabeth Taylor	4
Barbara Walters	4
Glen Campbell	3
Glenn Close	3
Sammy Davis Jr.	3
Whoopi Goldberg	3
Bette Midler	3
Russian Tea Room	3
The Nederlanders	2
SPY	2
Iris Love	0

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

achieve self-realization."—Daniel Duell, dancer, New York City Ballet

"As a journalist, the older I get, the less inclined I am to 'play God.'"—Steve Bell, ABC newsreader

"Learning to live life itself has been a constant search for the right way. I searched through rebellion, drugs, diets, mysticism, religions, intellectualism, and much more only to begin to find, with the help of the incredible teachings of L. Ron Hubbard, that truth is basically simple and feels good, clean, and right."
—Chick Corea, musician

"I live only for my art, which is sad."—Val Dufour, star of Search for Tomorrow

"There is, in reality, only one school: the school of experience. I have been a student in it all my life."—Leon Edel, Henry James obsessive

"I hope I have contributed to the world at least a small measure of the joy that has been afforded me."—Barbara Eden, former star of I Dream of Jeannie *and* Harper Valley P.T.A.

"One must become a humane elitist goading even the dullest to try to paint the Sistine Chapel ceiling."—Harlan Ellison, short, manic science fiction writer

"You and I possess within ourselves, at every moment of our lives, under all circumstances, the power to transform the quality of our lives."—Werner Erhard, est profiteer

"I just wouldn't give up—failures for me were merely stepping stones to eventual success. I refused to give up a business I loved—I didn't treat it as an affair, but a lasting romance."—Jamie Farr, Hollywood oddity

"Never give up; persevere under all obstacles and think positively. You are what you think you are."—Art Fleming, game show host

"If you give it up, it's just as well—you never would have ▸

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

made it anyway."—James Coco, dead actor

"I intend to devote my entire life to the cause of civil liberties and civil rights for all mankind in an effort to bring about peace on earth. I absolutely refuse to compromise my unorthodox strategy concerning my principles, ideas, goals, and conduct that have brought me this far."—Larry Flynt, pornographer

"I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist, but a possibilist."—Max Lerner, former intellectual

"Don't try."—Charles Bukowski, poet of the unkempt

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 21483
William Martin Joel *v.*
Elizabeth Weber

Billy Joel is suing his ex-wife over the disposition of a co-op they still jointly own at 49 East 67th Street. A Separation and Property Settlement Agreement (signed by the couple in November 1983) says that the co-op, which the couple had purchased for $4.6-million, was to be put up for sale. Each party would be free to accept or reject an offer. If they disagreed, the party rejecting the offer would be obliged to buy out the other party's interest in the property for half of the total offer. The couple also agreed that in the meantime they would divide the cost of operating and maintaining the property and would share any rentals received.

Joel contends the following: In late 1986 an undisclosed party offered $3 million for the apartment. Joel was willing to accept the offer. Weber didn't want to and made an offer for Joel's half of the property. The separation agreement notwithstanding, Joel says he isn't obliged to sell his interest to Weber. This contention may seem unsupported, and Joel's real gripe may lie elsewhere: in his second complaint he claims that without his authorization or permission, Weber has lived in the apartment since the separation, and that while Joel has continually paid his half share of the mortgage and maintenance, Weber has not paid him any rent. Joel also contends that Weber has either ▸

APRIL DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Good Friday.
2 Passover.
3 Easter Sunday. April certainly isn't too *secular* a month, is it?
3 Daylight saving time begins. That's one less hour in which to catch Rosemarie Trockel's exhibit of "works generated by a computerized knitting machine and stretched like canvas," which closes today at the Museum of Modern Art.
4 Easter Monday, Canada. *Great* follow-through, Canada.
5 The Yankees open the season at home against Billy Martin—*whoops!*—that is, against the Twins.
7 "The Ardent Spirits of Independence: Drinking Habits in the New Nation"; New-York Historical Society. A lecture examining "the accelerated pace of private and public drunkenness" between 1790 and 1840. Grog reception to follow?
9–10 "Writing Your Way From Pain to Possibility," a workshop; New York Open Center, 83 Spring Street. "Through clustering techniques and honest self-confrontation, writing can enable us to learn from the emerging patterns of our lives, thereby discovering positive new directions." Positive new directions? Toward, say, articles editors at magazines?
10 Eastern Orthodox Easter. Just when you thought it was safe to park near a church again.
12 The Mets' home opener, against the Expos.
13 "It All Begins with a Dot: Exploring Lines in 20th Century Art," an exhibition for school-age children, opens at the Met. Next, perhaps: framing and selling the dot.
15 Income tax day. Nationwide rash of murders in which, remarkably, each victim's last words are "Oh, I filed months ago—I've already got my refund."
18 Patriots' Day in Massachusetts. Forty-nine states, the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico remain oblivious.
19 First day of Ramadan.



26 "The Films of Andy Warhol" begins at the Whitney. Through June 5. Either a six-week retrospective or, conceivably, a double feature of two of his longer films.
30 Walpurgisnacht. *Bitte?* Oh, right, the night the witches ride. This is the stuff German operas are made of. ◗

THE SPY LIST

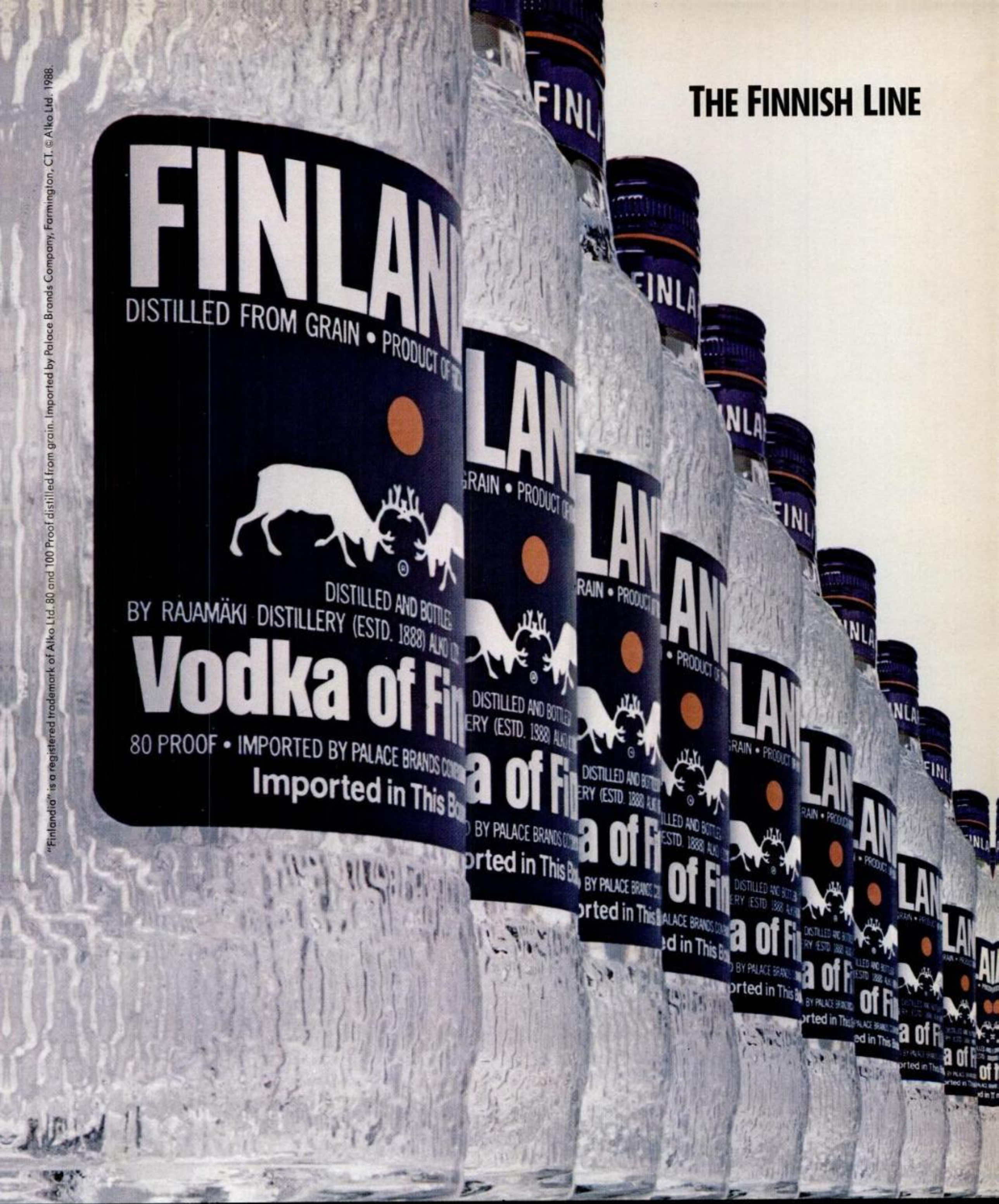
(second in a series)

George Balanchine
Chuck Berry
John Casablancas
Isaac Davis
Barry Diller
Charles Dodgson
Errol Flynn
Gandhi
Buck Henry
Humbert Humbert
James Levine
Al Lewis
Jerry Lee Lewis
Roman Polanski
Meshulam Riklis
Ben Stein
Andy Stein
Gerry Studds
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THE FINNISH LINE



THE FINAL WORD IN VODKA

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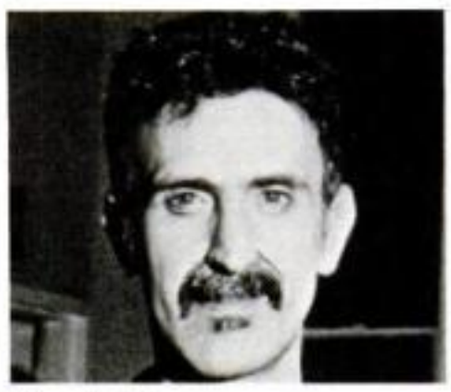
refused brokers and prospective purchasers access to the property or has imposed unreasonable conditions for inspection. No trial date has been set.

Case No. 8185
Stanford and Rachelle Dinstein *v.* Cher
In December 1986, Cher bought a condo in the Silk Building (14 East 4th Street) from the Dinsteins for $1.25 million. At the time of the sale, the parties agreed that there was "some defect with regard to the flooring on the 11th floor" that might require repairs. The Dinsteins put $5,000 in escrow to cover the cost of repairs. The source of the dispute is a rather muddily written clause that sets a time frame of 60 days in which bills were to be submitted and perhaps in which repairs were to be made. Cher submitted bills within the 60-day period without having had the work done. She contends that this was all that the contract required her to do. The Dinsteins contend that the clause says that both the work had to be done and the bills submitted within the 60 days. Cher moved to place the matter in arbitration, but the Dinsteins went to court to block the procedure, arguing that this was simply a contract dispute and that nowhere in the contract was arbitration stipulated as a remedy for disputes. The judge agreed that arbitration wasn't available, but said that Cher could simply sue the couple. No word yet on Cher's plans.

Bonus court case:

Mariel Hemingway; her husband, Steve Crisman; and James Bruce, Paula Herold and The Suicide Productions Inc. are being sued by a woman named Elyse England. England alleges that she is the author of a screenplay called The Suicide Club *and that she entered into a written agreement with Bruce and Herold by which the three became equal partners in owning and producing the screenplay. England alleges that Bruce and Herold then excluded her from participating in the project, and that they then sold, assigned and/or transferred all or a portion of her share to Hemingway and Crisman.* ▸

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Frank Zappa...



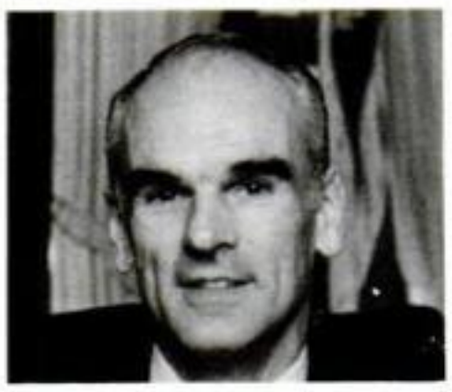
and Orville Wright?



William Kennedy...



and Lyndon LaRouche?



Secretary of the Interior Donald Hodel...



and Steve Martin?

WHAT IF THE POPE WERE A DOG



MONDAY Pope rejects surplice and miter regalia; opts for simple leather collar.

TUESDAY Pope attacks recently delivered newspaper; gets rubber band stuck on nose.

WEDNESDAY Pope photographed in embarrassing moment of biological need when he mistakes member of Swiss Guard for yet another statue.

THURSDAY Pope requests meeting with actress June Lockhart.

FRIDAY Pope completes foreign dignitary's request to "Please be seated" with demand for unspecified "treat."

SATURDAY World Council of Churches meeting delayed when pope's scratching his belly's "magic spot" causes inactive left leg to flail wildly.

SUNDAY Pope replaces ritual of "washing the feet of the poor" with licking the faces of the recently fed.

—Henry Alford

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY *periodically publishes* Letters to the Editor *of* The New Yorker *because* The New Yorker *doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o* SPY, *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.*

DEAR BOB,
I just finished Elizabeth Drew's "Letter From Washington" in the December 21, 1987, issue (I know I'm a little slow, but one can only spend *so* much time in the bathtub)—the one about all the Republican candidates for president. I love her style—it reminds me of a children's book, particularly the repetitions: "Dole is popular in Washington—because of his wit, his legislative ability...and he is admired by senators in both parties for his legislative skill." Then she goes on to define *legislative skill*: "his ability to understand the nature of a problem and work it out." *Whew*, okay!

Anyway, I made it to the end, like I said, and I got to "A year from now, we will have made a choice. Some time later, we'll know whether it was a good choice, or at least the best that could be made under the circumstances." But that's wrong! I mean, take the last election. The other guy was Mondale, right? We'll *never* know if he would've been better. He could've blown up the *world*! Sure, you can *guess*, but she said "know": "*we'll know*." Do you get my point? It's like an experiment without a control. There isn't an *alternate Earth* in another galaxy where everything's the same but Mondale's president! Except in comic books, but that doesn't count! You see what I'm getting at? Can you tell her about this?

Name withheld
Brooklyn, New York

A year from now, you will have finally finished reading another Elizabeth Drew piece. Sometime later, you'll know whether that was a good choice, or at least the best that could be made under the circumstances.

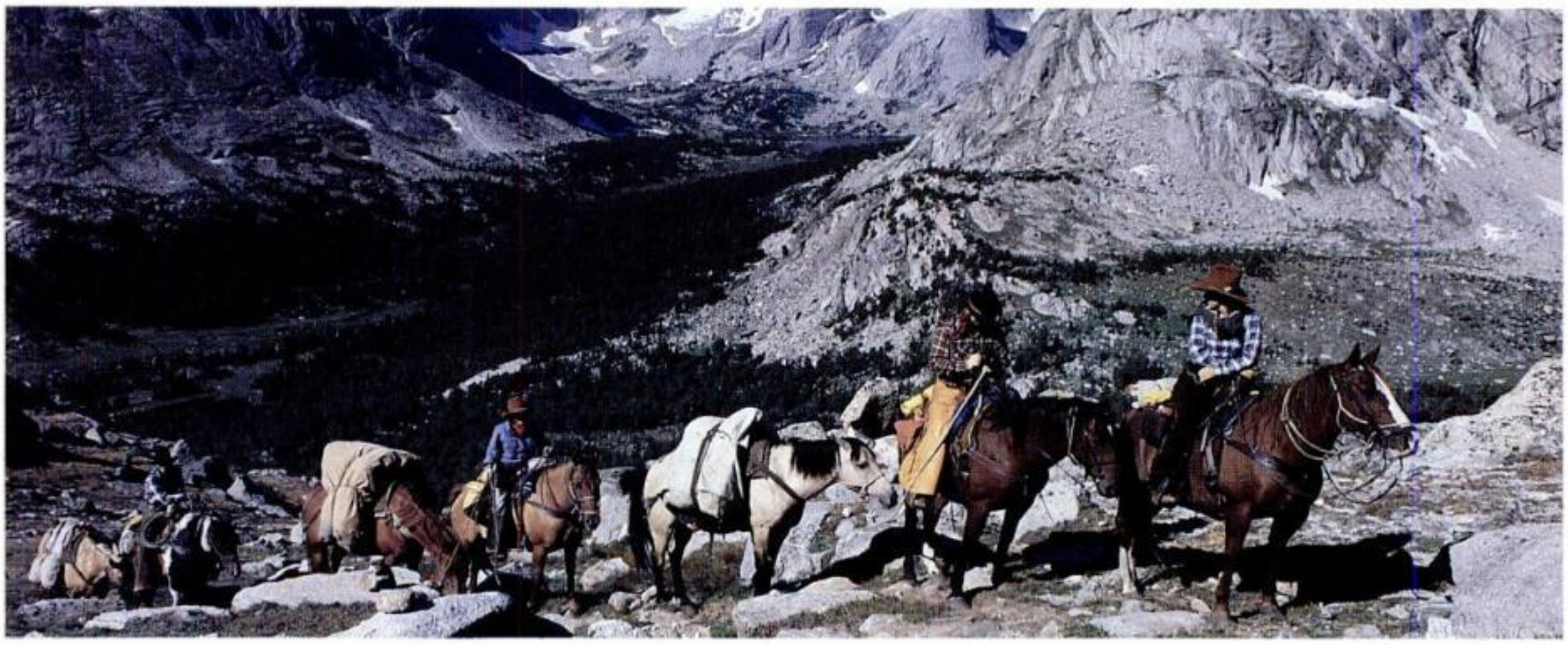
DEAR BOB,
Who actually is the official comics editor, and what is the official definition/criterion for *New Yorker* humor?

Susan Glassman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The New Yorker *has an art editor, not a "comics editor," and his name is Lee Lorenz. (He sometimes fiddles with the cartoon captions too.) Lorenz assures us that they have no "bylaws or guidelines" regarding humor; rather, he says, the way they "define" humor is "by publishing the work."* ◗

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HORSE SENSE & UNCOMMON WISDOM



Adventurous I was. How responsible I couldn't say. But what to lose?

I sent them a check and found myself at the foot of the Winds with eight others, seven of us who, someplace under our Stetsons, harbored a dream of riding the range. We wanted to learn about the day-to-day realities of moving gear through the mountains during hunting and fishing trips.

And best of all, I could have a scabbard under my left leg and a faraway look in my eye. I could wear a broadbrimmed hat and slim boots. I could be a cowboy. . . .

An uncommon sense of adventure, an appreciation for good writing, and a love of the outdoors are what draws so many readers to us.

After watching Phil's step-by-step demonstration, I brushed Curly, a bay gelding, put on a couple of saddle pads, sorted out the breast collar, latigoes and britches of my packsaddle, and managed to tighten its cinches. Then I raised a pannier to his withers. He looked me in the eye.

"Easy, Curly, easy big fella," I said, as I tried to hook the pannier loop over the sawbuck. Curly moved away, and as I tried to lean closer, he brought his hoof down squarely on my foot.

Curly weighed 1200 pounds. I pushed him with my shoulder. I tried to yank my foot from under his hoof, I couldn't budge it. I did the instinctual. I let go with one hand and I roundhoused Curly in the gut. He raised his hoof.

The next morning Phil and Dale showed us how to tie packhorses together using a short, breakable cord. In this way you can lead more than a single animal, and if it spooks, the string will come apart without one horse hurting another.

WANTED:

Rough Riding People To Ride
The Wind River Mountain Range
In Western Wyoming With
The Allen Brothers.
The Purpose Is To Acquire
Horse Packing And Riding Skills
From Professional Outfitters-Guides
On This Lengthy Pack Trip Over
11,000 Ft. Passes And Through
Deep Glacial Valleys.
For Adventurous And
Responsible Adults Only.

Sorted out, we headed across the Pop Agie and up to Lizard Head Meadows where we could see the Cirque of the Towers, that wonderful ampitheatre of jagged peaks that lies above Lonesome Lake. The September sky had a few wispy cirrus clouds, and the sun was warm enough so we could take off our shirts. After making camp we caught cutthroats from the river and a small oxbow lake.

Having a real need for information and a passion for testing their limits are what makes Sports Afield readers what they are.

The horizon seemed brightly lit, curved and calling and I shoved my rifle in its scabbard and jumped on "Fish". I think he sensed the moment, for I only dug my heels into him once and lightly. He galloped across the ridgetop, his shadow tail streaming. He galloped so it felt as if his hooves weren't touching the ground. He galloped a long way as the sun stood balanced on the Tetons.

To turn dreams into reality, words and pictures aren't enough. So Sports Afield readers buy and spend more.

Sometimes horsepacking turned exciting. But most of the time it was just easy fun, touched by the nostalgia that seems to hover over this corner of the West. As I rode I thought of the men who had crisscrossed northwestern Wyoming before the word *cowboy* had been coined—John Colter, Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith. The mountain men. This was their country. . . . From "Dreamin' Cowboy", by Ted Kerasote. Sports Afield, 8/87



SPORTS AFIELD

Join The Adventure.

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

WHO'S NEWLY WHO, WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, VOLUME V [M-N-O]

We resume our regular monitoring of the ebb and flow of fame, or *something*. As before, we're dealing with names dropped from or added to the 75,000-entry 1986–87 edition of *Who's Who in America*.

Who's Newly Who

Eugene T. Maleska, Times *crossword puzzle editor; John Malkovich, actor; Wynton Marsalis, trumpeter; Kiel Martin, of* Hill Street Blues*; Gene Mauch, perennially unsuccessful baseball manager; Malcolm McDowell, actor; John McLaughlin, of the Mahavishnu Orchestra; Kate Nelligan, actress-Canadian; Lars-Erik Nelson,* Daily News *columnist; Chuck Norris, annihilator; Eleanor Holmes Norton, educator; Anita O'Day, big-band singer; Edward James Olmos,* Miami Vice's *Lieutenant Castillo.*

Who's No Longer Who

Gisele MacKenzie, Canadian singer; Louis Malle, Mr. Candice Bergen; Charles Manatt, former chairman, Democratic National Committee; Peter Max, a kind of artist; Bill Mazer, TV sports yenta; Edwin McDowell, dim-witted New York Times *reporter; Robert McFarlane, incompetent former national security adviser; Patrick McGoohan, TV's* Secret Agent*; Donna McKechnie, Broadway dancer; Paul and Seymour Milstein, greedy New York developers; Patsy Mink, amusingly named former congresswoman; Ilie Nastase, vile, ill-mannered former tennis player; James Neal, Watergate prosecutor; S. I. Newhouse, glossy-magazine baron; Albert Nipon, bankrupt rag-trade entrepreneur; Robert Novak, unpopular right-wing journalist; Laura Nyro, kvetchy singer-songwriter; Donald O'Connor, costar of* Francis (the Talking Mule)*; Ben Oglivie, ex–baseball player; Katherine Ortega, treasurer of the United States; Peter Osnos, editor at Random House; Maureen O'Sullivan, Tarzan's costar.*

THE SPY TRIP TIP:

New York City's Museum of Death



Two young brothers once decided to see which of them could swallow the largest unchewed piece of meat. The size of the winning piece is unrecorded, but you can still see the runner-up. It is preserved, along with the esophagus of the boy who couldn't quite get it down, in a case at the Morgue Museum.

The Morgue Museum is a much better museum than the Metropolitan in at least one respect: you can see everything in it in an hour, as long as you don't linger over any of the exhibits. *And you won't.*

Located in Room 601 at the Office of the Chief Medical Examiner, the Morgue Museum is usually open only to medical students, police academy cadets and others who regularly come into contact with dead people. If you regularly come into contact with dead people, or if you can think of a good excuse, they may let you in too.

The best exhibits are the ones that tell a story: the skull of a man who killed himself by drilling three holes in his head (what did he think about between the first hole and the third—bowling balls?); a mummified infant, wrapped in a newspaper dated July 24, 1929, that was found in an attic; a barbell that fell from an eighth-story window and killed the person on whose head it landed; a Bible with the nose bone of an air-crash victim embedded in it (would he have lived if he had been reading the book instead of holding it closed in his lap?); a scorched bathtub in which someone burned up a lot of other people, some of whose charred bones are identified in an accompanying diagram; an elaborate butcher-knife-and-shaving-mirror device that enabled someone to watch himself commit suicide.

One thing you probably won't do after visiting the Morgue Museum is get a job as a window washer. The walls of Room 601 are festooned with broken "safety" harnesses.

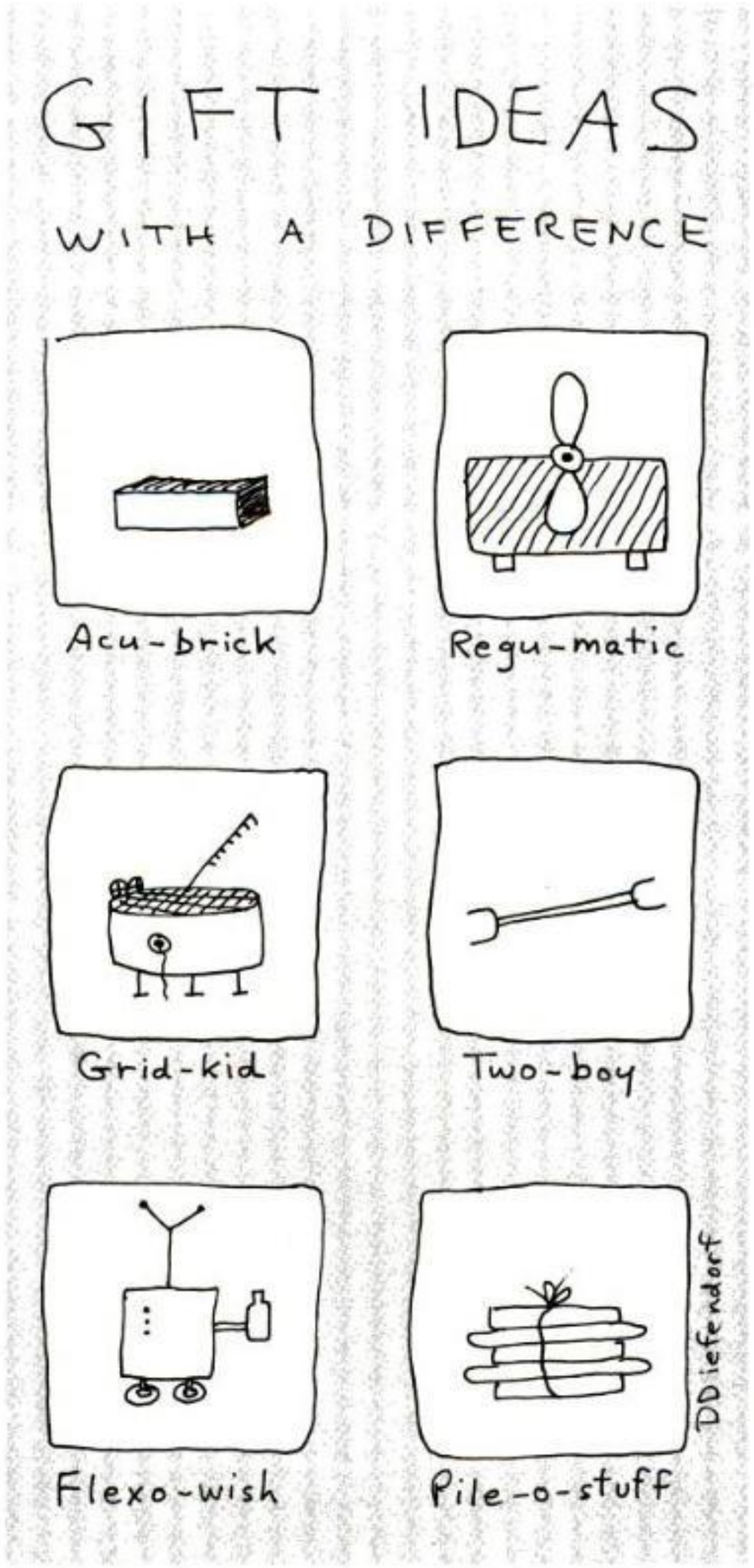
A disproportionate number of the exhibits at the Morgue Museum are sexual, or at least genital, in nature. There are cases containing the private parts of sex crime victims. There are silicone implants removed from the breasts of transvestite suicides. There are the bra and girdle that a man put on before he killed himself. There is a peculiar cartoon concerning the autopsy of a beautiful young woman.

Another autopsy documented in the museum is that of a man who tried to break into someone's apartment by jimmying the protective metal grate on a window in an air shaft. Unfortunately for the burglar, the apartment's occupant had wired the grate to a 700-volt transformer. The grate is on display, as is the blackened shoe from which the dead burglar hung upside down for several hours before being discovered.

How you feel about the Morgue Museum may be influenced, in part, by how you feel about wasted tax dollars. Clearly the museum serves no civic purpose. Looking at a case filled with playing-card-size pieces of tattooed skin won't make anyone a better policeman. Still, it's difficult to wish the Morgue Museum out of existence. And wouldn't it be a swell place to keep that kitchen knife used by Donald Manes?

—David Owen

Milton Helpern Forensic Museum, 520 First Avenue, Room 601. Open by appointment only.



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Naked City

THE TIMES



Max Arthur Abe

THIS NICE-ISSUE business is admittedly something of a strain, but everybody must pitch in and do his or her bit. What say we detour around the usual cast of vile, bum-kissing toadies (*Hello, Bill! Hello, Jimmy!*) and irredeemably pedestrian columnist-socialites (*Hi, Abe!*). Rather, let's poke around for something... nicer. *Coincidences*, for example—they smack of romance and situation comedy and pantomime. The favor-currying world of managing editor Arthur Gelb, for instance, is fairly aglow with such coincidences.

Arthur, who is horribly indiscreet in discussing everyone he knows with just about everyone else he knows, has been in charge of the *Times*'s cultural coverage for much of the past decade and has therefore been in a position to be very nice to certain people. One could say that Arthur is into a *giving* thing, a *reaching-out* thing—all in an effort to befriend the important people who might further the careers of his wife, Barbara, and his son, Peter. And really, weren't we all a little moved—this being the Nice Issue, remember—by the very warm, very sharing story written by Leslie Garis on the husband-and-wife team of John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion that appeared in the *Times Magazine* last year? There didn't seem to be any point to the article; it was just, well, sort of excessively...nice. Interestingly, Dunne had earlier given *Varnished Brass*, a book by Barbara Gelb, a very favorable, very *nice* review in the *Times* Book Review. Call it coincidence.

You could call the noticeably overblown treatment that former *Times* reporter Nicholas Gage has received in the paper's culture pages since becoming a movie producer coincidence too. You could ascribe Gage's good fortune to the venerable *Times* tradition of trying to help its former reporters—just as it got behind Ray Bonner's career after *he* left the paper, for instance. Or you could, less charitably, wonder if it had something to do with the fact that Gage had paid Barbara to write a film treatment of *Varnished Brass*.

Until quite recently, Arthur got his guy Marty Arnold to assign *Times Magazine* editors the enviable task of calling up famous writers and soliciting nice jacket blurbs for Barbara's books. Of course, the writers were never actually threatened with reprisals if they *didn't* come forward with a few friendly words for Barbara, but being deep thinkers, they were able to grasp the implicit message.

Barbara Gelb herself often writes for the magazine, which is one nice way of keeping it all in the family. When she did a very nice, very flattering profile of the Gelbs' friend Joseph Heller (similar to her infamous one on Jerzy Kosinski, another close personal friend of the Gelbs'), Heller went around afterward telling people that he and Barbara had shared a very personal, very silly gesture together. We're sure they didn't. It just wouldn't have been, well, *nice*.

Have you noticed how nicely the *Times* treats Phyllis Grann, president and CEO of G.P. Putnam's Sons? Although she's had a perfectly acceptable record as a book editor, the *Times Magazine* pulled out all the stops and blessed her with a lengthy, upbeat story under the headline A GOLDEN TOUCH FOR BEST SELLERS. *Very* nice. The *Times* followed that up with intermittent updates on Grann's magnificent career, often on the flimsiest of pretenses. Of course, it's just coincidence that Grann was Barbara Gelb's book editor at the time.

Warren Beatty has suffered the consequences of not being *nice enough* to the Gelbs. Barbara, who had written a biography of John Reed, made it abundantly clear to Beatty that she would very much like to be involved in the making of *Reds*. *Very* much. Beatty, not wanting her near him and yet not wanting to incur Arthur's wrath, figured out a way to dump some "adviser" money on her—enough, she told friends, to buy a fur coat. But not enough involvement in the making of *Reds*, apparently, to guarantee fair treatment for his movie in the *Times*. Although *Reds* was arguably *the* important movie of the 1981 winter season, it received only rudimentary coverage in both the *Times*'s daily culture pages and in Arts & Leisure—crucial to a film's success.

Have you, on the other hand, noticed the extraordinary amount of space the *Times*'s culture pages have devoted to Vladimir Horowitz over the past few years? Before August 1981 he was rarely even mentioned in the paper. Since then no fewer than 19 major stories of 750 words or more about Horowitz (one describing in utterly numbing detail how he moved his piano down the block) and *34* shorter pieces and mentions have been published. Of course, it is simply another amazing coincidence that August 1981 was when Arthur's son, Peter, a onetime press agent for musical acts, took over management of Horowitz's career. The *Times*, of course, deemed Horowitz's taking a new manager of sufficient newsworthiness to devote 1,000 words to the event—nowhere mentioning, of course, that the new manager was the son of the editor overseeing the section in which the story appeared.

Five and a half years ago, when conductor-Nazi Herbert von Karajan of the Berlin Philharmonic came to town, some

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magazine and newspaper stories about his visit centered on recent revelations about his ties to the Nazi Party in the years before World War II. But not the *Times*'s. Von Karajan's manager struck a deal for a profile in the culture section, with the understanding that the reporter, Bernard Holland, would not ask the conductor anything about his Nazi past. Von Karajan's manager? Peter Gelb.

Purged *Times Magazine* editor Ed Klein, a man who willingly assisted Arthur in arranging for many of these coincidences to occur, is not letting the grass grow under his cloven feet. Unburdened by the time-consuming annoyance of fending off lucrative job offers, Klein has typed up a prospectus for a magazine about the communications business that he hopes to launch to great fanfare next January. Its exceedingly silly name alone, *Newsplay*, should be enough to turn off prospective investors. "*Newsplay*," Klein writes breathlessly, "is the brainchild of a distinguished editor who believes that sophisticated reporting and writing about the most influential group of people in the world will produce a much-talked-about and highly profitable new magazine.... *Newsplay* will be Ed Klein's dream-come-true—a provocative magazine that is must-reading for the likes of Larry Tisch and Punch Sulzberger, Don Hewitt and Max Frankel, Si Newhouse and Dick Snyder, Robert Maxwell and Silvio Berlusconi...." And really, *haven't we all been a little too obsessed these days with trying to catch Silvio's ear?*

If there is a recurring theme in Ed Klein's prospectus, it is Ed Klein. Ed Klein refers to himself in the third person no fewer than 20 times in the prospectus's 30 pages of overwritten yet uninspiring prose. Good news, though: Ed *likes* himself (sample passages: "Ed Klein is a highly successful magazine editor.... Now, building on his proven record, Klein plans...It is easy to be heavy and sanctimonious about the news media. But that is not the kind of magazine Ed Klein has in mind.... As editor-in-chief, he will...").

In a valiant effort to argue the impossibly parochial view that newspeople are people whom Americans are itching to know more about, Klein cites five recent examples of journalists becoming the *subjects* of news stories. His last example is this one: "After almost eleven years, Edward Klein leaves his job as editor-in-chief of *The New York Times Magazine* and the rival *Washington Post* covers the event as the lead item in its widely syndicated 'Personalities' column of its Style section."

Is this a trade magazine we're talking about here, Ed? *No.* "Trade publications... do not appeal to the elite readers that Ed Klein envisions for *Newsplay*."

But why stop at just a magazine, Ed—*Newsplay* sounds like something *bigger*. "*Newsplay* should be viewed as more than a magazine.... It will be an information franchise that capitalizes on its good name to produce newsletters, books, conferences, directories, research products, videotape programs, etc."

What about story ideas, Ed? "Why are *New York Times* columnists (Safire excluded) such bores?" (Story Idea No. 22.) "Ed Kosner...Can he read a profit-and-loss statement?" (No. 34.) "How *The Washington Post* beat *The New York Times* on a story in its own back yard." (No. 37.) "Jason McManus stumbles at Time, Inc." (No. 42.) "Is Mortimer Zuckerman ruining *U.S. News?* Some media experts think he's a dangerous amateur." (No. 46.)

And Ed Klein Story Idea No. 41: "The people behind the venal magazine SPY. And, for added kicks, who are the investors in SPY? Are they proud of themselves?"

Newsstand dealers might well clear their shelves and get their coin changers oiled in preparation for some fevered magazine buying, in anticipation of *Newsplay*'s first issue. Features in the first issue include FROM PUNCH TO PINCH: IS *THE TIMES* TOO BIG FOR THE SULZBERGERS? + PHOTO SIDEBAR: WHEN CAROL SULZBERGER GOES SHOPPING IN PARIS. [!] THE SUITS: A PHOTO ESSAY ON WHERE [CBS dwarf president Laurence] TISCH, [Cap Cities/ABC chairman Thomas] MURPHY, [NBC president Robert] WRIGHT ET AL. BUY THEIR CLOTHES. [!!] And, of course, a recapitulation of that hardy reliable, Story Idea No. 41: ARE SPY'S FINANCIAL ANGELS PROUD OF THEMSELVES? WHO BACKS THAT VENAL MAGAZINE AND WHY?

By far the most impressive page in Klein's prospectus is his list of "hypothetical" contributors. Names include J. Anthony Lucas [*sic*], Tom Wolfe, Gay Talese, Peter Maas, David Halberstam, Richard Reeves, Ken Auletta, Jeff Greenfield, Richard Avedon, John Chancellor, Eleanor Randolph, Sally Bedell Smith and Ron Rosenbaum. In order to offer congratulations to those thus honored, a number of the writers were contacted. To a man, they displayed at first utter surprise and then mild revulsion at being on the list.

Needless to say, *Newsplay* is the kind of once-in-a-lifetime investment opportunity that will be oversubscribed to almost immediately by those in the know. Incredibly, though, there are probably investment openings left.

But hurry. The address is Klein, 1085 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10028. No pushing or shoving, please. One person at a time. Please, no shoving. Order! *Order!*

—J. J. Hunsecker

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There's one newsmagazine senior PR executives would most like to cover their client.

For the third year running, TIME was the first choice by far of the nearly 100 senior PR executives who participated in the 1987 Ad Age Public Relations Sounding Board. In their opinion, there's no better magazine in which a very important and favorable corporate story can appear. As Ad Age concluded, TIME "steamrollered" the competition.

For senior PR executives, and for the 29 million readers of TIME worldwide, there's no substitute.



TIME

There's no substitute.

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Celestial Hindsight

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Astrology has been given a bad rap for too long. Horoscopes are in fact remarkably accurate, as our second check of the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days proves.



Subject: John Hinckley
Sign: Gemini (b. 5/29/55)
Date: March 30, 1981
Notable Activities: Shot Ronald Reagan
Horoscope: "You gain new insights this morning. Make the most of your talents!" —Jeane Dixon, *New York Post*

Subject: Ronald Reagan
Sign: Aquarius (b. 2/6/11)
Date: March 30, 1981
Notable Activities: Shot by John Hinckley
Horoscope: "A newcomer could add spice, adventure."—Jeane Dixon, *New York Post*

Subject: Alexander Haig
Sign: Sagittarius (b. 12/2/24)
Date: March 30, 1981
Notable Activities: Announced, "As of now, I am in control here"
Horoscope: "This could be the week you've been waiting for."—Jeane Dixon, *New York Post*

Subject: Michael Deaver
Sign: Aries (b. 4/11/38)
Date: December 16, 1987
Notable Activities: Was convicted on three counts of perjury, punishable by up to 15 years in prison and a $22,000 fine; prepared to auction off personal belongings to pay a $1 million legal bill
Horoscopes: "Others . . . really want you to enjoy a new kind of stability and security."—Patric Walker, *New York Post*; "Try saving a little more money so you have a financial reserve."—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*

Subject: Senator Edward M. Kennedy
Sign: Pisces (b. 2/22/32)
Date: December 17, 1987
Notable Activities: Masqueraded as Fawn Hall at his office Christmas party, wearing a dress, a wig, eye makeup, lipstick and a bra stuffed with paper
Horoscopes: "Sexual passion runs high. Private dinner parties will be a big success."—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*; "You have some fine ideas and should put the best of these in motion, but use discretion." —Carroll Righter, *The San Diego Union*

Subject: Brooklyn district attorney Elizabeth Holtzman
Sign: Leo (b. 8/11/41)
Date: December 22, 1987
Notable Activities: Was found by state's chief administrative judge to have made unsubstantiated allegation after incomplete investigation (she had accused a Brooklyn judge of humiliating a complainant by ordering her to re-enact a rape)
Horoscope: "Take time . . . to sort out mixups at work."—Diane Pilatsky, *Cosmopolitan*

Subject: David J. Friedland, former New Jersey state senator who faked his own death in 1985 in order to escape a seven-year sentence on a fraud conviction
Sign: Sagittarius (b. 12/20/37)
Dates: December 22–27, 1987
Notable Activities: After traveling for two years, was identified on island south of India and returned to U.S. for imprisonment
Horoscope: "You want to be free as the wind."—Usha, *USA Today*

Subject: Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme
Sign: Libra (b. 10/22/48)
Date: Friday, December 25, 1987
Notable Activities: Was captured without a struggle after her escape from a West Virginia prison; had spent two rainy days and freezing nights outdoors
Horoscopes: "Saturday and Sunday find you catching up on your rest; there's much more fun ahead!"—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*; "Call a family member who is far away."—Jeane Dixon, *The Plain Dealer*

—George Mannes

close up

Proposed Movie of the Month

8 PM SPY

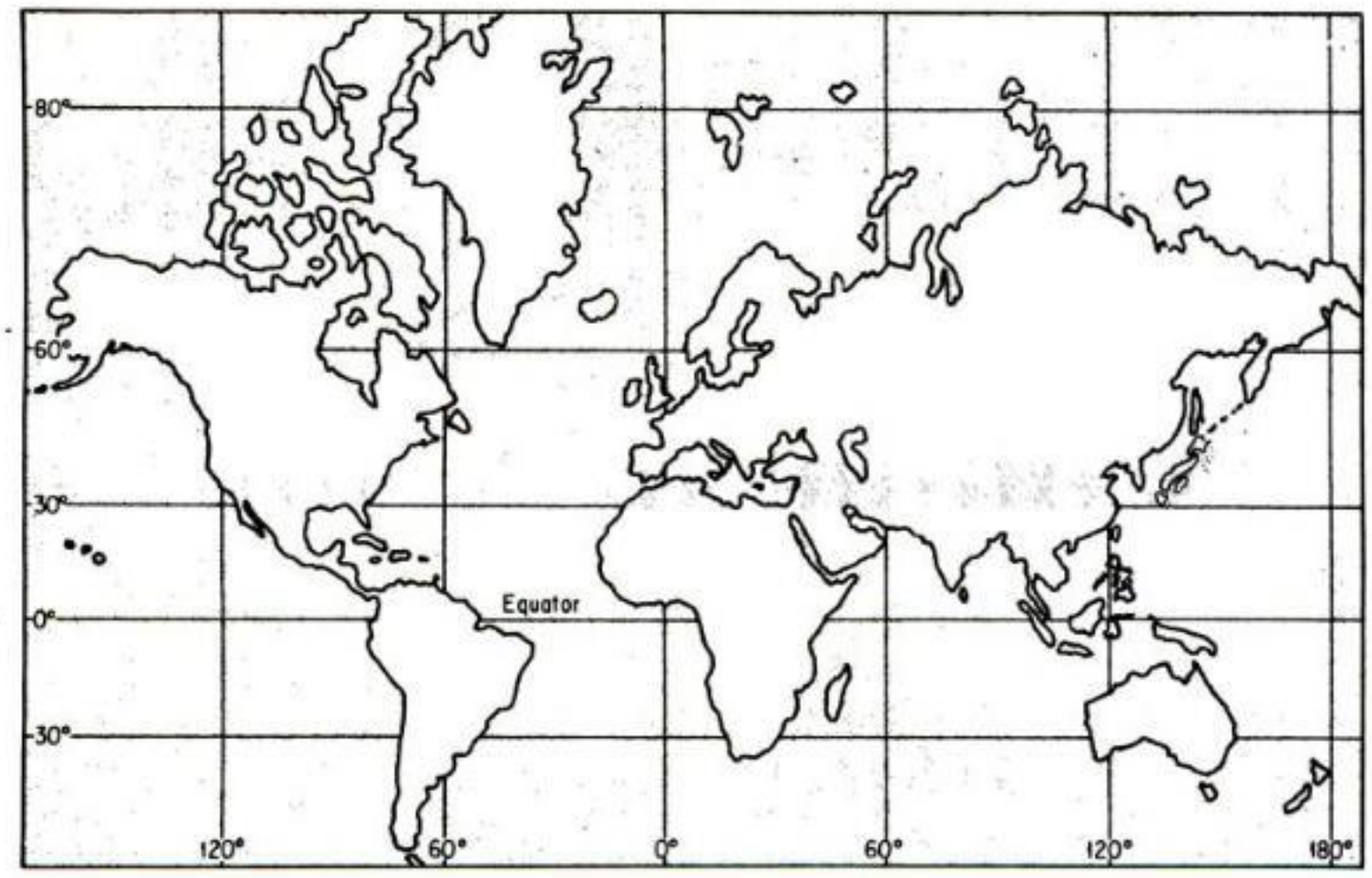


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She was homeless, she was hospitalized, and then . . . she was a star. After months as a helpless pawn of city politics, Joyce "Billie Boggs" Brown gives a performance in an interview with a hysterical newscaster that leads to lucrative modeling assignments and, finally, her own show on cable. In her broadcast TV debut, Whoopi Goldberg stars as the feisty street person who left the politicians and doctors to argue about her sanity ad nauseam. With Tony Roberts as her lawyer-agent and Sam Waterston as her psychiatrist. Mayor Koch: Al Lewis. John Roland as himself. Released theatrically in Europe as *Money to Burn*. (2 hrs.)

7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
	Ted Knight	Movie: The Mat	



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TIME

There's no substitute.

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Naked City

Diet of Death

Harold Washington ate himself to death. When the Chicago mayor had a fatal heart attack last November, his arteries were more than 90 percent clogged with fatty deposits, and his heart had swollen to three times normal size. The county medical examiner reported that Washington's "last breakfast was gluttonous."



The American Heart Association certainly would have frowned on Washington's fondness for Parliament and Kool cigarettes (three packs a day until he pretended to quit, sometimes up to a pack a day of borrowed smokes thereafter), his refusal to exercise (his home Exercycle was notoriously unused) and his disinclination to remarry in the 36 years after his divorce (marriage reduces stress). Washington's doctor scheduled stress tests for him in 1986 and 1987; Washington, who knew from earlier examinations that his heart was highly stressed, canceled both of them.



But the real problem was food. Washington put on more than 50 pounds during less than five years in office, blubber-coating a body that had won Chicago's 120-meter high-hurdles high school championship in 1939. His corpse weighed 284 pounds, more than 100 pounds over the recommended weight for a man his height (five foot ten) and age (65).

The month before he died, Washington told *Playboy* that he'd "never been so f------, uh, overweight before.... I'm on a diet now—one meal a day. No sweets. Cottage cheese, raw vegetables, chicken and fish." In fact (and keep in mind that nutrition experts recommend a maximum daily allowance of 2,800 calories, 118 grams of fat and a mere 3 grams of sodium), this was Harold Washington's diet.

Breakfast

At a 1986 mayors' conference in Puerto Rico, land of tropical fruit, a reporter saw the mayor tucking into a breakfast consisting solely of sausage patties (9 patties: 1,008 calories, 67 grams fat, 3.76 grams sodium) and corned-beef hash (1.5 cups: 436 calories, 15 grams fat, 1.25 grams sodium). The food was piled so high that you couldn't see the plate.

Back in Chicago, Washington frequently grazed the breakfast buffet at the Hyde Park Hilton, typically downing half a dozen sausages (6 patties: 672 calories, 45 grams fat, 2.51 grams sodium), scrambled eggs (6 eggs: 570 calories, 4.26 grams fat, .93 grams sodium) and bacon (6 strips: 210 calories, 18.6 grams fat, .68 grams sodium).

Washington was once caught gobbling Dunkin' Donuts only a few hours after he had agreed he should go on a diet (6 jelly-filled doughnuts: 1,356 calories, 52.8 grams fat, 1.6 grams sodium).

Lunch

One day during the 1987 campaign, the mayor's motorcade pulled into a Wendy's, where he grabbed two triple cheeseburgers from the drive-through (2,080 calories, 136 grams fat, 3.7 grams sodium). He devoured them both before his next campaign stop half a mile away, handed the crumpled wrapper to one of his minions and trundled off to make a speech.

Dinner

After a long day at work, Washington favored cold cuts (5 slices of summer sausage: 250 calories, more than 15 grams fat, 1.7 grams sodium) and pizza (8 slices: 1,306 calories, 24.8 grams fat, 2.7 grams sodium). What's more, he liked to eat just before bed, so that the food would emulsify in his stomach overnight.

Snacks

The mayor was very fond of pickled pig's feet. Reporters once watched him wolf down a succession of ham hocks (nutritional analysis unavailable) after showering the hocks with a cascade of salt.

So, on a hearty day, Harold Washington would consume 6,444 calories, 296 grams of fat and 13.8 grams of sodium—two to four times the recommended limits. He couldn't Just Say No. His mouth was full.

—Magda Krance

The New York Observer in a Nutshell

As far as we can tell, things at the irrepressible *Observer* are getting as tight as the skin on publisher Arthur Carter's new face. So far a quarter of the staff and half the pages have been unloaded from the sinking pink ship.

Bonus SPY tip on how not to pay for the *Observer*: each Wednesday, when the distributor comes to pick up the new issue, he brings back any papers that weren't consumed by hard-news maniacs the previous week and dumps them outside the paper's offices, at 54 East 64th Street, in order to avoid cluttering up the lobby of the townhouse (which has been shown to potential buyers, by the way). The papers are a week old, but who can tell?

Headlines from the Sturm und Drang desk

DEVICE PUTS US A BEEP AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION'S END
(January 18, 1988)

THE GOVERNMENT IS NOT ABLE TO REGULATE HATRED
(February 1, 1988)

THE BATTLE OF THE AUCTION HOUSES IS GROWING EVEN FIERCER
(February 1, 1988)

Prominent display for struggling paper, anyone?

NEWSSTANDS, ANYONE?
(February 1, 1988)

CITY'S NEWSSTANDS: TOO MANY OR TOO FEW?
(January 18, 1988)

Front-page news

OBSERVER POLL: IN NEW YORK, MARRIAGE SATISFIES, BECKONS
(subtitle: DEGREE OF MARITAL SATISFACTION LINKED TO FREQUENCY OF SEXUAL RELATIONS)
(February 1, 1988)

Probably unwelcome information

HOW AND WHERE TO BUY HIS NIBS —OR YOURS
(February 1, 1988)

—Rachel Urquhart

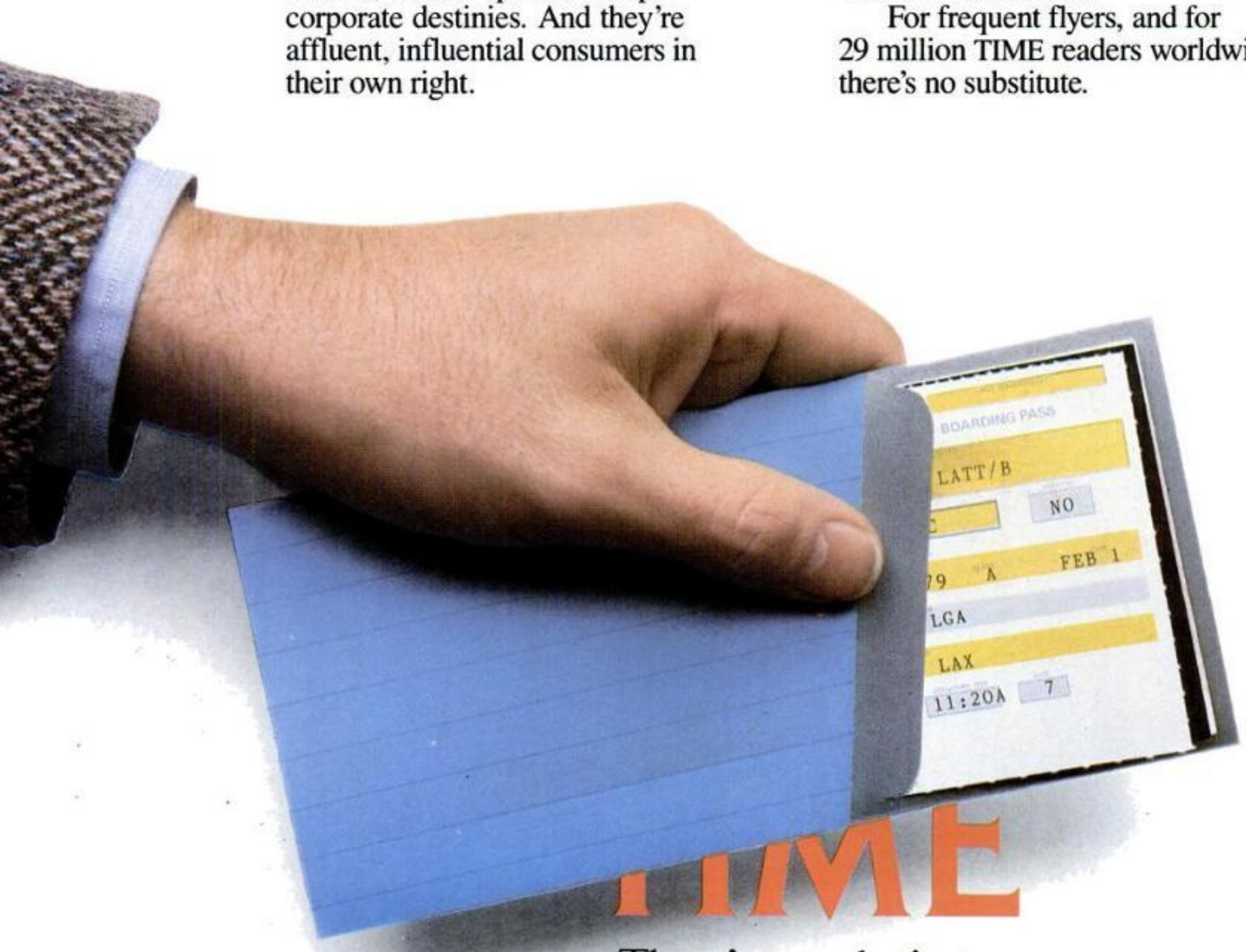
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Recently frequent flyers named TIME America's most important and influential magazine, by a margin of well over two to one.

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TIME

There's no substitute.

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"A Crown Royal Cocktail!
Are you trying to impress me?"

"Of course not."

"It's working."

"I know."



Crown Royal Cocktails. The fun is back.



Naked City

Again Craziness!
For We Are Flipping the Japanese a Second Hippopotamus

Last August, SPY published Bruce Irving's seminal piece of Japan-bashing, "Wow! We Are Having Mischief Fun at Japanese Expense," in which he cataloged some of the ways in which Japanese manufacturers and merchants were transmuting English into an odd new patois. We thought that might serve as a warning shot fired across the Japanese bow: *Ahoy there—abandon your protectionist trade practices or we will tease you relentlessly!* But no. In the eight months since the article was published, the U.S.–Japanese trade imbalance has *grown* by more than *$20 billion*. And so it seems that we now have a patriotic obligation to publish a second installment, this time collected during late 1987 in Japan by expatriate American STEVEN MELTZER.

On writing pad

Yogurt Snow

On notebooks

New York Freak
Fade Out Scene . . .
I feel that I go to the bottom of night to the end

MARINE CORPS
It was produced for ultramarine season
OVER THE SEA

On T-shirts

That is a matter of great importance to my intimate associates
Use the wise discretion

Atrantic [*sic*] Crossing Mate

On shirt label

Avant Garde used taste

On tissue box

Beautiful Human Life
We like pet
West Side Sunny Street

On jacket

Rokigoshi
Zaftig
Civilized Scanner

On sweatshirt

PASSO Present . . .
Since 1961 The Iron Games of Golden Medal American Wonder
The Thwack of Scallion

Stereotype Stereopticon

The *Sesame Street* generation has infiltrated *The New York Times*'s picture department, and apparently they just can't keep from playing that familiar game from the show, "One of these things just doesn't belong."





Exhibit A: In the wake of a full year of indictments and a very special, very moving week of plummeting prices last October, when platoons of Guccis began the slow shuffle to prison and poverty, the *Times* ran this photograph of traders' shoes on the floor of a Stock Exchange men's room. No fewer than 6 of the 26 pairs pictured are Guccis.

Exhibit B: This photo depicts Soviet-style lower-income houses along Lott Avenue in the depressed Brownsville section of Brooklyn, with an assortment of Detroit behemoths (Cadillacs, Buicks, Oldsmobiles) in their driveways. Pity the local urchins who must fend off the cruel jibes of their playmates: "Ha, ha, your daddy only has a *Town Car*."

—John Brodie



Egos A-Go-Go

Donald Trump. Julian Schnabel. Big men in a big town—with big stories to tell in big new books from big-time publisher Random House: *Trump: The Art of the Deal*, by "America's most glamorous young tycoon" (with former journalist Tony Schwartz), and *CVJ: Nicknames of Maître D's & Other Excerpts from Life*, credited exclusively to "the world's most famous artist." (See, *below* and *right*, the ads Random House could have run if it had pulled blurbs from the same publications we do.)

Which book is bigger? Hard to say: Trump's has 246 superlative-crammed, first-person-pronoun-packed pages, to Schnabel's high-school-yearbook-formatted, picture-extended 222; but Schnabel's weighs in at a coffee-table-busting 3 pounds, 13 ounces, compared with Trump's could-be-a-mid-list-novel 1 pound, 5 ounces.

Perhaps the real question is, *which book thinks the biggest thoughts?* Among other things, the two books prove that in the right hands, aggressive pretension and aggressive lack of pretension can be equally horrible. But judge for yourself. Herewith we present special condensed editions of these very self-expressive, very lesser-man-enlightening, very poorly written big, big books.

Average Number of *I*'s per Page

Schnabel: 15.3 **Trump:** 21.21

Why They Do It

Schnabel: I paint paintings because I can't get the experience in any other way but there are many more experiences that are equally satisfying to me and equally inept at answering all my questions, but hover in exactitude in describing themselves and defying me to define their logic.

Trump: I do it to do it. Deals are my art form....I like making deals, preferably big deals. That's how I get my kicks.

On Humility

Schnabel: I saw a Van Gogh drawing of his girlfriend's mother in her backyard.... It made me feel like I was standing on Houston Street in late November, when the temperature has just changed; I don't have a scarf and a friend has canceled a dinner appointment with me. I have nowhere to go. I feel the air go through me. I have a sense of my own twilight.

Trump: I now have in my will a clause describing the importance of that restrictive covenant [*preventing Hyatt Hotels from opening a hotel in New York that would compete with the Trump-built Grand Hyatt*], just on the chance one of my heirs happens not to be that smart.

On the Sublime

Schnabel: We have no choice. We didn't invent this situation, but in the act of making love sometimes there's... [a] clarity of beingness that makes you think it was worth all of the trespasses of being here.

Trump: What the hell? Why shouldn't I have exactly the apartment I wanted—particularly when I built the whole building?... And while I can't honestly say I need an eighty-foot-long living room, I do get a kick out of having one.

Fun With Celebrities

Schnabel: I said [to Jasper Johns], in my most charming way, "Don't you ever get tired of yourself when you look in the mirror?"

"Are you talking about yourself, or about me?" he answered.

"Well, I guess I'm talking about myself," I said, "but I thought it might be true about you too."

Trump: No matter whom you've met over the years, there is something incredible about sitting down to dinner with [Cardinal O'Connor] and a half dozen of his top bishops and priests.

Boys Will Be Boys

Schnabel: [*While visiting a seedy Mexican town on a whoring trip*] Red [*a friend*] received a baptism from a bucket of douche water thrown in his face through his car window. We thought it was real funny.

Trump: In the second grade...I punched my music teacher because I didn't think he knew anything about music.... I'm not proud of that, but it's clear evidence that even early on I had a tendency to stand up and make my opinions known in a very forceful way.

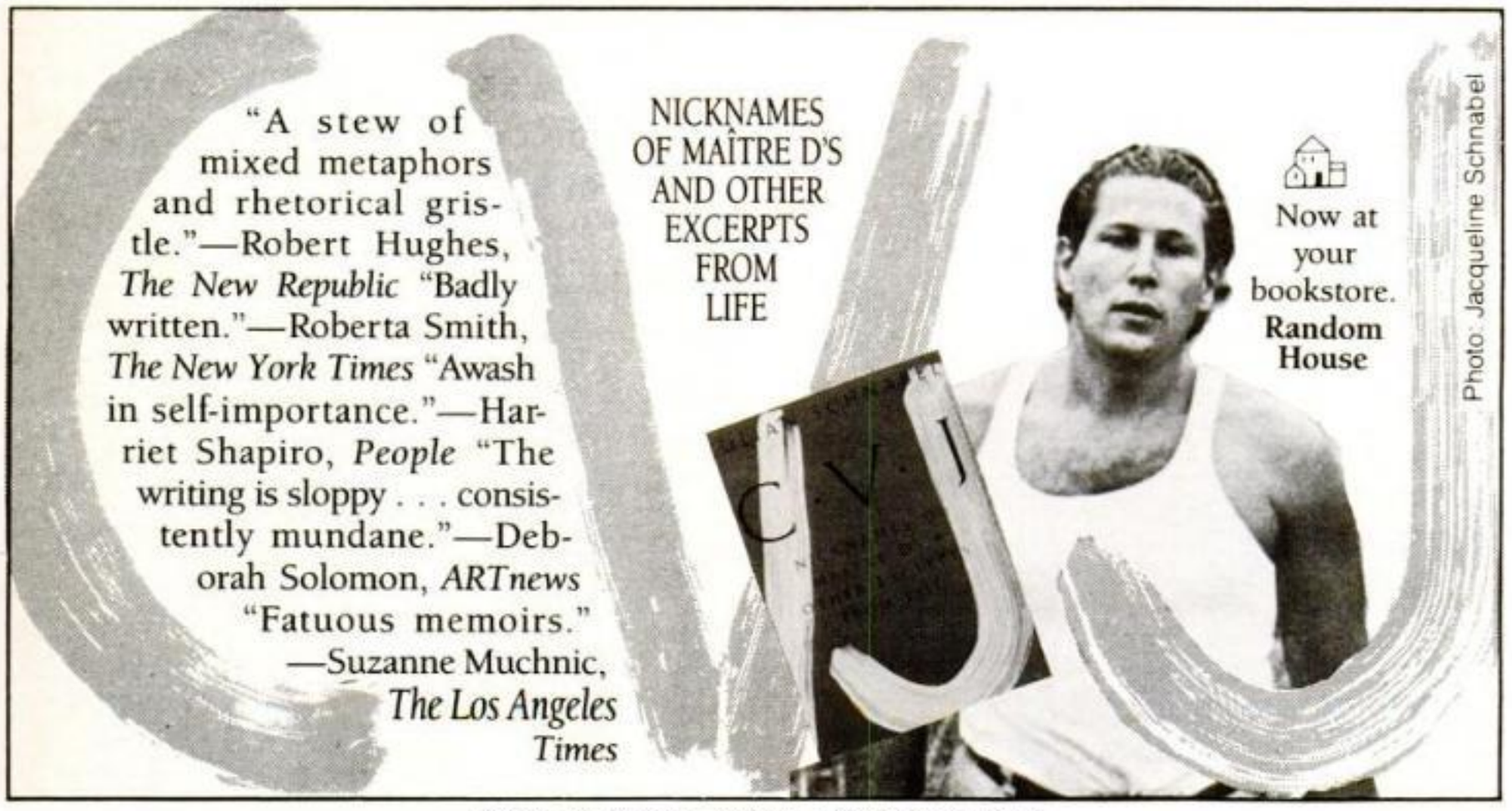
On Reaching an Audience

Schnabel: A painting can function as a record of love felt....It can keep people from destroying each other.... They might even feel your love.

Trump: The public obviously liked [Trump Tower]. I'm not talking about the sort of person who inherited money 175 years ago and lives on 84th Street and Park Avenue. I'm talking about the wealthy Italian with the beautiful wife and the red Ferrari.

On Critics

Schnabel: There were so many supporters [*after his first show of*



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"plate paintings"] that it encouraged antagonists. . . . There were those who said the plate paintings weren't paintings. I can't blame them, but that didn't make the paintings disappear.

Trump: There are people—I categorize them as life's losers—who get their sense of accomplishment and achievement from trying to stop others. As far as I'm concerned, if they had any real ability they wouldn't be fighting me, they'd be doing something constructive themselves.

I Love Those Guys

Schnabel: Alberto Giacometti—"An artist whose singularity of vision . . . dispels . . . generality." Barnett Newman—"He was out on a limb." Vincent van Gogh—"That's what I call modern."

Trump: Gerry Schoenfeld—"A very nice guy." Larry Csonka—"A bright and a nice guy." Judith Krantz—"Happens to be a very nice woman." Roy Cohn—"A truly loyal guy." Sylvester Stallone—"A diamond-in-the-rough." Alice Mason—"A major socialite."

Most Astonishing Admission

Schnabel: For me art isn't about self-expression.

Trump: Sometimes—not often, but sometimes—less is more.

The Big Questions

Schnabel: What material is the stuff that we are made of? In this Zone of Dust? A glimmer? A reflection? A turn of the head? A quiet moment stirred by laughter? The lament over some inconsequential betrayal?

Trump: You've got to give it to [Judith Krantz]: how many authors have written three number-one best-selling books in a row? —*Bruce Handy*

NOT A REAL ADVERTISEMENT

#1 BESTSELLER COAST-TO-COAST!

"A public relations sell from the first page to the last. . . .
Noisy mouthing-off about wheeling and dealing. . . . He emerges as nothing so much as that prototypical American figure, the hustler. The man's lack of taste is as vast as his lack of shame. . . . Parvenu ostentation."
—JONATHAN YARDLEY, *The Washington Post*

"This repulsive book . . . Oh, Donald, shut up!"
—JAMES K. GLASSMAN, *The Boston Globe*

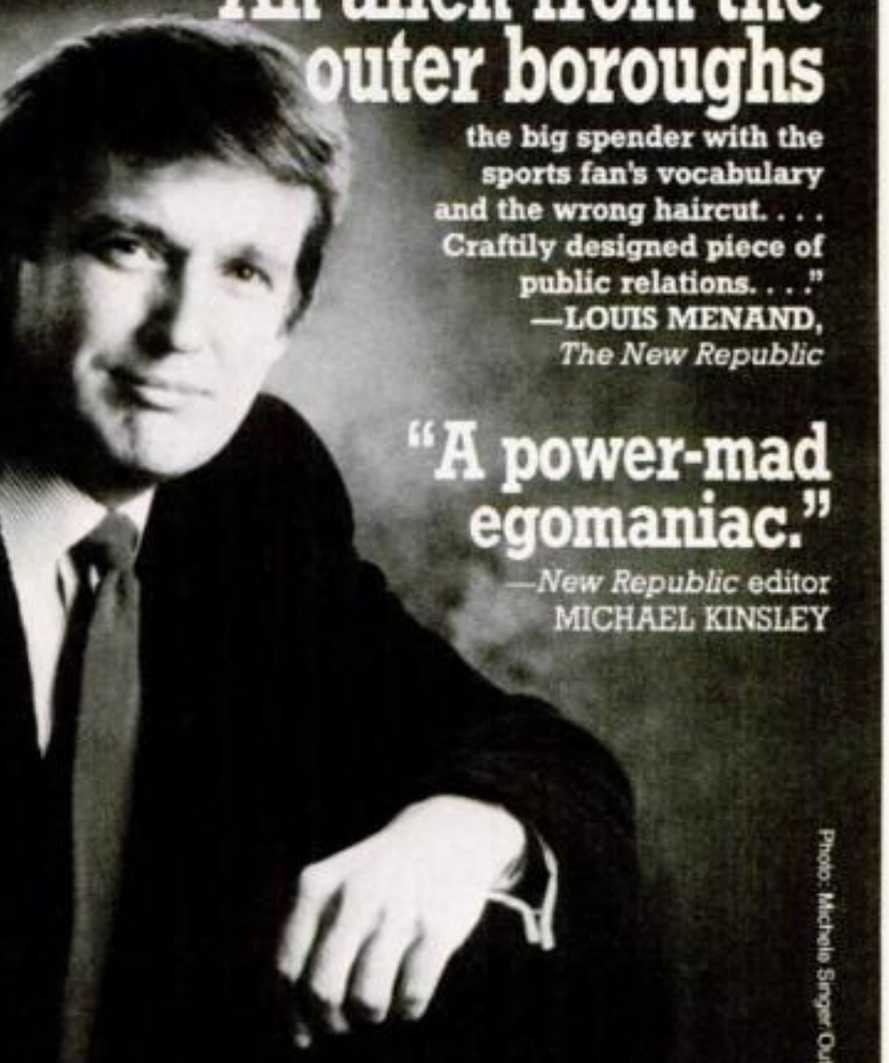
"Boastful"
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Exercise in self-congratulation."
—TED MORGAN, *N.Y. Times* Book Review

"WORST BOOK . . . WORST AUTHOR"
—BILL BASTONE, *The Village Voice*

"An alien from the outer boroughs
the big spender with the sports fan's vocabulary and the wrong haircut. . . . Craftily designed piece of public relations. . . ."
—LOUIS MENAND, *The New Republic*

"A power-mad egomaniac."
—*New Republic* editor MICHAEL KINSLEY


Photo: Michelle Singer Outline Press

TRUMP
THE ART OF THE DEAL
by Short-Fingered Vulgarian Donald J. Trump with Former Journalist Tony Schwartz

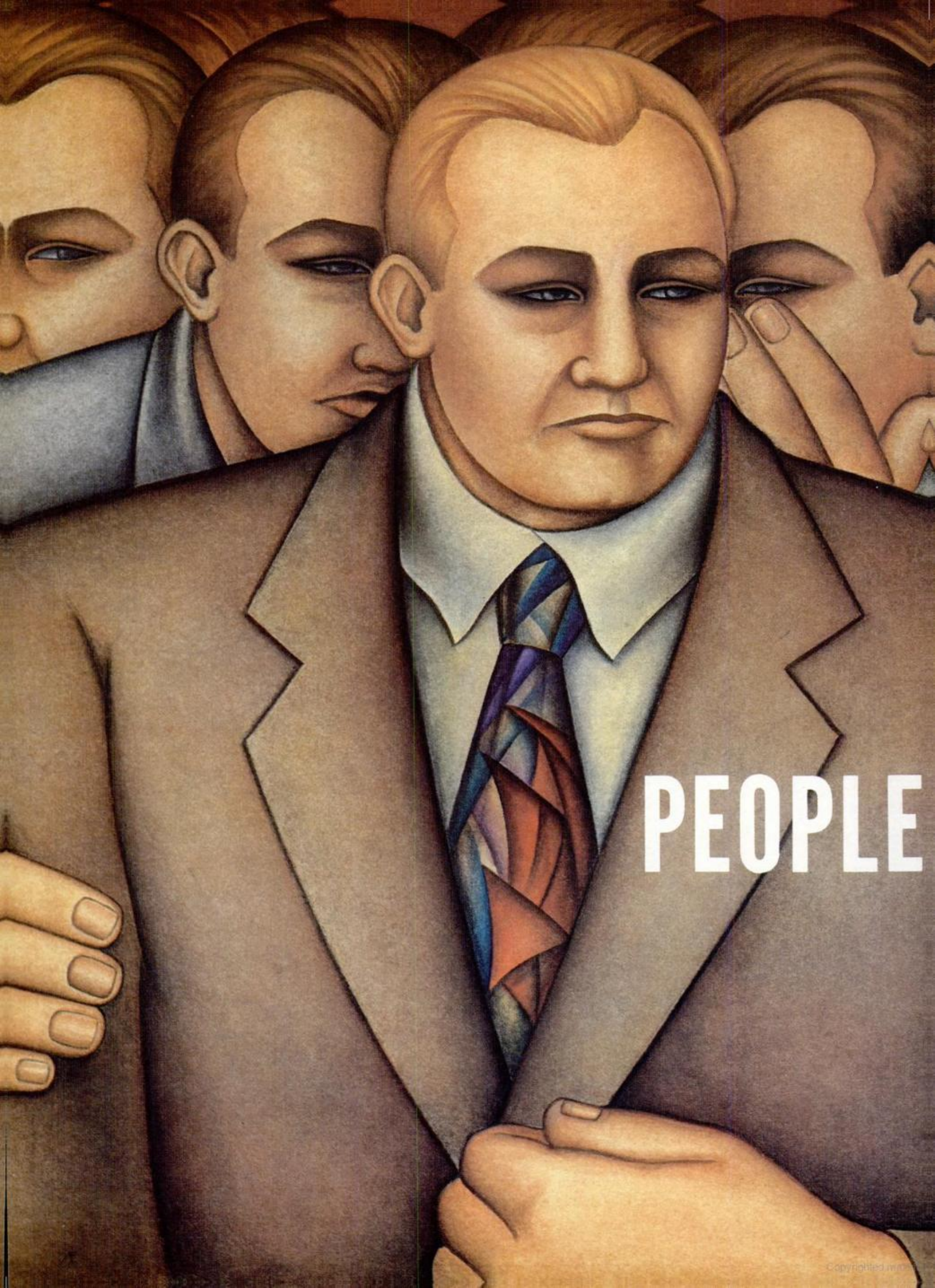


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PEOPLE

IT DIDN'T START WITH JERZY KOSINSKI. And it didn't end with Joe Biden. We're talking about what Kosinski and Biden and Paul Simon and Margaret Truman and the contras and Robert Longo have in common: *help*. They have all, at times, had help doing . . . *certain creative things* popularly ascribed to them. Help from anonymous people. ¶ Cynics might scream about plagiarism, about unfair, uncredited exploitation. Come *on*! Does anyone really believe that Malcolm X *couldn't have written* his own autobiography if Alex Haley hadn't done it for him? Or that, a decade later, Haley couldn't have written *Roots* if his researchers hadn't done a lot of it for *him*? All those "Warhols"—do you really think Andy couldn't have painted them himself if he'd wanted to? Likewise, Jennifer Beals certainly was adequate to the acrobatic tasks in *Flashdance*, and George Will *could* dredge for obscure allusions in solitude, but such pig- gishness has been declined. Instead,



who need PEOPLE

extras were employed, quote boys were enlisted—jobs created. The key to creative borrowing and shrewd delegating—working smart, not hard—is knowing that you really could do the job yourself just as well. *Better.* If you felt like it. ¶ In the pages ahead, MARK LASSWELL, who swears he wrote this article all by himself, takes a look at a few examples of ghosting—and not necessarily the most extreme cases. It is a story about teamwork. It is a story about *sharing*.

Illustration by Sandra Dionisi

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THE LOVELY THING ABOUT A SERVICE economy is that everyone is so *helpful*; the problem with a service economy is that for every helper, a master must be found. A limitless demand exists for much of the help—for the dog-walkers, White House staffers, personal shoppers/trainers, psychologists, decorators, Kennedy aides and sundry other drool catchers—but if the economy is to flourish, those helpers whose rarefied talents require a more...discerning class of service master must be given a chance as well. Someone has to employ those who would lend a hand not with the groceries but with the paintings, the novels, the music.

Many talented people have already pointed the way by generously surrendering their creative sovereignty to others. But what of the people who have modestly concealed such generosity, even though they should feel *proud* to have conquered the pushy creative urge? Selflessly signing their names to the efforts of others, these reluctant artists are the People Who Need People. They are the luckiest people in the world, because they know what it is to give the greatest gift of all: work.

Needy Person No. 1:

REX REED

Rex Reed's nasty experience with the *Daily News* a few years ago demonstrates how a man's best intentions can be cast in an ethically unflattering light by a perverse bureaucracy. Having achieved a self-proclaimed reputation for critical insight and responsible journalism, Reed apparently felt no need to continue the embarrassing practice of conducting celebrity interviews in which his own celebrity inevitably overshadowed that of the star being interviewed. He let others carry his mantle. *The man from Rex Reed* became the catchphrase, throughout the film industry, for his emissaries. Publicists across the country showed his eager, thankful apprentices every consideration usually reserved for Reed.

Incredibly, the *Daily News* relieved Reed of the very duties he had quietly, but honorably, assigned to others. Mere editors cannot be expected to appreciate the noblesse oblige of a man who doesn't even write the interviews he doesn't conduct. Their action is particularly galling because, having soured Reed on the idea of allowing others to share his fabulous professional life, they have deprived the American public of the real Rex Reed: on the syndicated television show *At the Movies* last winter, Reed confessed that he had not seen *Throw Momma from the Train*, one of the movies being reviewed that week.



REED

"I'll have to take your word for it," Reed glumly told co-host Bill Harris. A few short years ago, Reed might not have seen the movie, but he still would have had an opinion.

Needy Person No. 2:

ROBERT A.M. STERN

Some People Who Need People need *dozens* of people. Unable to draw convincingly and no longer fettered by original ideas about buildings, architect Robert A.M. Stern is, like his mentor Philip Johnson, lucky that his primary interest seems to be something greater, more difficult, *bigger* than mere architecture.

"You are always conscious when working in Bob's office that the point is not to do a good piece of work but to contribute to Bob's reputation and fame," says one of his former architects. "Fame is what he wants more than anything else."

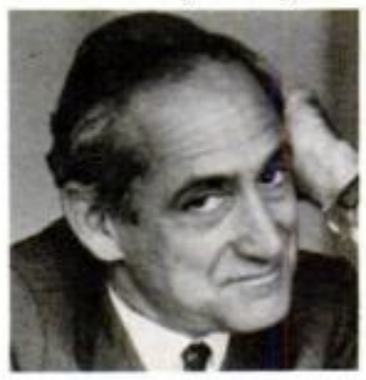
It seemed that household-name-ism was within Stern's grasp when he landed the 1986 PBS series *Pride of Place: Building the American Dream*. The universally ridiculed eight-part travelogue not only failed to win the public's enthusiasm, though, it also left the architectural world convinced that the greatest public forum ever made available to the profession had been handed over to "a no-talent with a big mouth, not to put too fine a point on it," as an architectural writer who worked on the *Pride of Place* book described him.

The happy result of Stern's obsession with fame is that although he employs some 100 architects to produce his lite-classical architecture—as well as two full-time writers to produce Robert A.M. Stern books—he, thoughtfully, does not hang around the office tampering with their designs. Stern teaches at Columbia, where he lets his students share the excitement of tracking down arcane architectural information by assigning them papers on topics he or one of his staff ghostwriters happens to be writing about. And he spends much of his time on airplanes, commuting between clients and public appearances. But when Stern *is* in the office, he sometimes finds it hard not to dabble.

He will "come to your desk, glare at it, look at what you're doing for about 30 seconds and then demand a change—usually for the worse—and he will then go away," says a former Stern architect. "After a while, it becomes clear that the reason Bob demands a change is to demonstrate, largely to himself, that he is still in charge."

Most of the time, though, things run smoothly as Stern goes about the serious business of becoming more famous. His respect for the talents of his employees is so great that when a show of the firm's drawings was being mounted in Chicago a few years ago, he was horrified to discover that two of his *own* drawings had been included by an assistant who had mistakenly assumed a Robert A.M. Stern show should include work by Robert A.M. Stern.

"Even he was ashamed of them. Bob is actually very sensitive about the fact that he can't draw," says another architect who was once employed by him and describes the work from Stern's hand as "hideous, messy drawings that look rather as if someone had stuck his thumb in graphite and smeared it on the page."



STERN

If Stern isn't interested in little drawings, he takes an active interest in the bigger picture—in architectural history—sometimes even improving upon it. In 1980 the University of Cincinnati's School of Architecture and Interior Design hosted a symposium called "History and Architectural Education." When the school later decided to publish a transcript of the symposium, as a formality a copy of the transcript was sent to all the participants, including Stern, for approval. Stern read the transcript and sensed that posterity was not being served. He instructed a staff ghostwriter to rewrite his remarks from scratch.

Needy Person No. 3:

PAUL SIMON

Paul Simon loves to share the spotlight. Some might call it the Garfunkelization of Paul Simon, but it's really kind of nice—

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France

Wish You Were Here

The Cote d'Azur. Warm, welcoming and so much more than sun and sea. Here you can have a gourmet lunch by the water's edge for a song. Sailboats bob in front of luxury palace hotels while small inns are hidden away in olive groves. The arts flourish here, once home to Matisse, Picasso, Chagall, and Renoir!

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even when it leads to the sort of rancorous backbiting that attended the release of *Graceland*. The good intentions of People Who Need People are not always enough. Sometimes people need grateful people.

The sniping about Simon's methods and politics in recording South Africans for *Graceland* is well known. The criticism stung him even more than if someone had remarked on his height or hairline. Potentially just as stinging but less well publicized are the complaints of Los Lobos, the then only moderately successful rock 'n' roll band Simon invited to play on *Graceland*.

"He said he'd been a fan for a while and would we be interested in getting together," Los Lobos guitarist Cesar Rosas told *Musician* magazine last year. "We said sure; we thought he'd have a couple of songs or something. So we got into the studio, but there were no songs."

Rather than imperially commanding Los Lobos to play a Simon tune, the artist was willing to grant them the liberty of creating their *own* song for *his* album—*and they resented it!* Or perhaps they were embarrassed at not being prepared with a song to contribute. So they threw one together, using parts of new songs they had been writing. Simon, in an instructive display of artistic chivalry, wrote some lyrics and put the song, which he'd decided to call "All Around the World or the Myth of Fingerprints," on the album. In the liner notes Simon wrote that Los Lobos was "a well known East L.A. band whose music I admire." The group feels it should have shared the songwriting credit.

If Simon were as devious as the churlish Los Lobos seem to think, though, would he have sincerely complimented the group in his personal note on the album? Of course, Simon didn't actually *write* this erudite essay, which appears over his name alone. He allowed *New York Times* book critic Michiko Kakutani to write it for him.



SIMON

Needy People Nos. 4 and 5:

STUART BERGER AND BARBARA EDELSTEIN

Physicians, as a rule, do not write. Oh, a William Carlos Williams or a Walker Percy might come down the pike with a knack for dashing off an amusing story or two, but most doctors are far too busy dealing with life-and-death issues (such as whether to use a sand wedge or a mashie niblick) to be able to bother with the printed word. Occasionally, though, a doctor is moved to reach out to the world with a profound message—a new diet, for instance—and requires the assistance of a scrivener.

Stuart Berger and Barbara Edelstein are two such doctors. That they have not performed the rote work of recording their inspired ideas about eating strikes some as further proof that most diet doctors are descended from snake-oil salesmen. But these are crackpot critics, such as those in the *Harvard Medical School Health Letter* who called *Dr. Berger's Immune Power Diet* "a collection of quack ideas . . . of errors, both of fact and interpretation." This about a man who has helped George Hamilton stay thin and powerfully immune.



BERGER

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Berger speaks for all diet doctors in the acknowledgments pages of his books when he thanks David Nimmons in *Immune Power Diet* and Linda Murray in *How to Be Your Own Nutritionist* for doing "the actual writing." The *actual* writing. The writing itself, the *mental* writing, had been done by Berger throughout his career, beginning with a medical education at Harvard and Tufts. (Tufts shares Harvard's disturbing affection for backstabbing; the *Tufts University Diet & Nutrition Letter* says *Immune Power Diet* "attests to the fact that you can't always rely on an author's credentials.")



EDELSTEIN

Even though Berger no doubt cherishes the memory of having mentally written *How to Be Your Own Nutritionist*, a certain melancholy must attach to his assigning the actual writing to someone else, particularly, as in this case, when that person *subcontracts the job to yet another actual writer.* It is like leaving a child with a stranger's friend.

Barbara Edelstein has found a solution to that problem: she lets the child write the book.

Village Voice movie reviewer David Edelstein started helping his mother over a decade ago, as a teenager, with *The Woman Doctor's Diet for Women*, and he has continued to lend his not inconsiderable talents over the years to each new diet book by his portly mom.

"His mother would write a really bad draft, and he would fix it," says someone who knew Edelstein well in the early 1980s and suggests that with a glance in the books "you'll see passages that come straight from his mouth."

Open *The Woman Doctor's Medical Guide for Women*, read a chapter called "The Problematic Pelvis," and you'll agree. Edelstein, whose father is a gynecologist, has a proven gift for writing about women, but he humbly declined to let his name appear on his mother's best-selling books. Barbara Edelstein, not to be out-humbled, has always thanked David in her acknowledgments, usually for his editing. Even that much credit may have alarmed the painfully self-effacing movie critic.

"He didn't want anyone to know he was writing diet books," says the acquaintance. "He was afraid it would end his career." Meaning his reviewing career, of course, which would certainly suffer in the face of the inevitable market clamor for *David* Edelstein diet books.

Needy People No. 6: THE CONTRAS

From 1983 to 1986 the State Department's Office for Public Diplomacy for Latin America and the Caribbean championed the cause of the contra leaders by using every available instrument of truth, even ghosting their op-ed pieces.

Johnathan Miller, a State Department official, wittily called the media campaign "white propaganda" in a 1985 memo to then White House director of communications Patrick Buchanan. The memo described earnest efforts to win the hearts and minds of America by, among other things, collaborating with a Rice University professor in writing an op-ed piece about a Nicaraguan arms buildup that appeared in *The Wall Street Journal* on March 11, 1985, and writing op-eds signed by three contra leaders for *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*.

When the spoilsport General Account-

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ing Office scolded the State Department last fall just for doing what amounted to some patriotic media consulting for the contras, the *Times* scrambled to assure itself that an op-ed piece signed by contra leaders Alfonso Robelo, Adolfo Calero and Arturo Cruz and published in the *Times* on December 13, 1985, had not been written at the behest of the State Department.



CONTRA

"Nobody likes to be suckered or duped, least of all me," says *Times* Op-Ed page editor Robert Semple Jr. He says the *Times* "only got the piece a few days before we ran it, which suggests to me that there was no connection with whatever the State Department was doing."

The essay is a beautifully crafted defense of the contras and surely reflects the thinking of the leaders even if they didn't have time to write it. Fighting communism is, after all, a full-time job, what with Ortega offering peace talks at inopportune moments, planes loaded with CIA operatives crashing into the underbrush left and right, and *Do this/Don't do that* memos incessantly arriving from Washington.

The State Department memo suggested ghostwriting op-ed pieces for The New York Times *and* The Washington Post *signed by three contra leaders*

Although there is nothing in the piece that gives any clue to when it was written, Semple is confident that the nine-month interim between the planning and the actual arrival at the *Times* was plenty of time for the leaders to draw it up themselves.

Needy Person No. 7:

HAL ASHBY

The Slugger's Wife is more than a stillborn screenplay. It is the uplifting story of how a movie director's job can be done for him by an underling to the benefit of both auteur and surrogate, and without any after-the-fact whining about credits. It is the story of People Who Need People—and vice versa.

As Neil Simon wrote it, *The Slugger's Wife* (1985) was set in Houston until someone pointed out that the Astrodome was not a hitter's ballpark. So the setting was changed to Atlanta, site of a more commodious stadium and world headquarters of Coca-Cola, the company that owns Columbia, the studio making the movie.

Now, Hal Ashby hasn't had much luck since directing *Being There* in 1979. And he "didn't get along with Ray Stark [the producer], so he just didn't care," says Matt Bearson, one of the movie's assistant directors. Stark worked tirelessly to nurture his relationship with his Coca-Cola bosses, at one point even volunteering to help find a sculpture to put outside a new Coke headquarters building. He graciously insisted on shooting a movie scene at the Varsity Drive-In, an Atlanta fast-food landmark. The Varsity is physically a difficult location for a film crew, Bearson says, but it *does* boast of selling more Coca-Cola than any other restaurant in the world.



ASHBY

Some directors would have considered *The Slugger's Wife* a challenge and leapt into the fray despite the brownnosing producer, despite the stupid rock 'n' roll 'n' baseball script by Simon, despite Rebecca DeMornay, all in a valiant yet doomed effort to prove something. Not Ashby. He chose a course twice as noble and ten times crazier. He turned the movie over to someone who had overweening directing ambitions: the talented director of photography Caleb Deschanel.

"Caleb does beautiful camera work," says Bearson, "but he's a terrible director. Have you seen *The Escape Artist?* That's his. Awful."

Entrusting *The Slugger's Wife* to Deschanel ended what little hope anyone might have had for the movie and ensured that Ashby (and Simon) would again be mauled by the critics. Yet with one magnanimous stroke, Hal Ashby had made a man's dream come true. And so, on a typical day in the making of *The Slugger's Wife*, one could find Deschanel busily directing Randy Quaid batting at home plate while, out in left field, the movie's ostensible director was shagging the actor's fly balls. Ashby may have done wrong by the box office, but he did right by his heart.

Needy People Nos. 8 and 9:

ROBERT LONGO AND MARK KOSTABI

Long before artists began suffering the collective delusion that an artist's work should be the result of a uniquely personal vision, painting was a *job*. From medieval workshops to Renaissance studios, art provided a decent wage and the opportunity to work without the threat of dying the sort of messy, violent death that was so popular back then. Being an artist meant having a salary and not, as it came to mean, having an interesting wardrobe and a knack for self-important conversation.

Consider the case of Mariotto di Bigio di Bindo Albertinelli. Born in 1474, he became a painter only after having studied in the workshop of Cosimo Rosselli—not because, say, his boyfriend worked at a gallery or because his rock band had broken up. He and a workshop pal, Fra Bartolomeo, eventually decided to open an art-making business together.

With the help of several staff painters, the entrepreneurs turned out quality *Madonna and Child*s at fair prices. Business boomed. Then, as so often happens, friction developed between the two old friends. They parted ways. But Albertinelli had become "so dependent on [Fra Bartolomeo's] style that in 1512, when they separated, he was unable to continue alone and therefore abandoned painting," writes Federico Zeri in the *Catalogue of the Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*.



LONGO



KOSTABI

If Albertinelli lived today, he could just go into video. Or become Robert Longo.

"It would be preposterous to present work as if it were a sole individual effort," Longo explained a couple of years ago to *The New York Times* on the occasion of a show at the Metro Pictures Gallery, where

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by way of crediting his collaborators he had recorded 25 names on the gallery wall.

In his refreshing return to collaborative art, Longo is a welcome antidote to the Romantic posturing of other contemporary artists. He signals an end to the aberrant, more-than-century-long Artist as Genius period that reached its nadir late last year when a collector was cowed into

One of Kostabi's assistants is paid $168 a week to turn out two Kostabi paintings, each of which sells for at least $10,000

paying tens of millions of dollars for a work by Vincent van Gogh.

Among the raft of new artists who laudably claim to have almost nothing to do with their own work, Mark Kostabi is the brashest. "Ultimately, I would like to be able to walk into a major museum like the Modern or the Met," he says, "and see a painting or two with my signature on it but that I've never seen before."

He employs one set of people to think of ideas, another set to paint them (one assistant turns out two $10,000–$50,000 paintings a week for $168), and still another to do his interviews. Or so he says. A visit to his studio recently during his absence (he had flown to the island of St. Barthélemy after instructing his artists to "just make Kostabis") did not reveal a place bustling with the activity of art manufacture.

Instead there was desolation. One of the painters, Claude, stared out the third-floor window at 36th Street in a worrisome way. Others in the room looked up eagerly when the door opened, then sadly turned away.

Soon it became clear why Kostabi's assistants were so dispirited: he does much of the work *himself*. "He takes a much more active role than is generally thought," says one of his assistants. What emerges is the depressing fact that certain people who claim to need people really *don't*.

Kostabi has boasted that his paintings are signed by "trained forgers." But his own brother says, "I've never seen anybody except Mark sign his name." So, despite posing as an artist who declines to be creative in order to win a public that believes he relies entirely on others, Kostabi appears unable even to delegate his signature to someone else.

This cautionary tale of rapacious ambition—the artist himself applying paint to canvas—only heightens our appreciation of those creative people whose need for other people is uncompromising.

Needy People Nos. 10 and 11:

MARGARET TRUMAN AND ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Even before her name began appearing on a popular series of mystery novels in 1980, Margaret Truman had given much of herself to this country. Concert singer from 1947 to 1954, tenacious celebrity interviewer with Mike Wallace on NBC Radio's *Weekday* in 1955, dowager daughter during the Truman administration, supportive wife of former *New York Times* managing editor Clifton Daniel, Margaret could have happily retired from public life. But when a publisher offered her $80,000 in 1955 for her memoirs, the 31-year-old agreed. (Truman's radio experience had prepared her for the literary life: before NBC producer Allen Ludden became the original *Password* quizmaster, he often saved Truman and Wallace hours of drudgery by doing the interviews himself, then dubbing in the voices of the cohosts.)



TRUMAN

Rejecting the unseemly public self-display required of singers and radio hosts, Truman, as an author, could labor in private until she tired of that life and then surrender to others the heady thrill of seeing something they'd written in print.

It isn't clear whether she made the grand gesture in her nonfiction, such as *White House Pets*, but with her fiction she threw open the gates of opportunity.

Donald Bain runs a public-relations business on Long Island, but his first love is writing. Success eluded him for years; bestsellerdom did not smile on his portrait of radio personality Long John Nebel or on his study of southern Illinois Prohibition gangsters. Then Margaret Truman—and "her" Washington mystery series—beckoned.

"I know for a fact that he wrote the most recent one," says a fiction editor interested in giving credit where, in Truman's case, it is long overdue. "And probably the last few."

Even though Bain must have reveled in the unprecedented circulation of his writing last year with the publication of Truman's *Murder in the CIA*, he retains the misplaced tetchiness of someone who worries that a sudden windfall will be perceived as welfare. He refuses to discuss the work that the greathearted Truman has enabled him to do. (Q: "Have you worked with Margaret Truman?" A: "You'd better talk to the Scott Meredith Agency about that." *Click*.)



CLARKE

Sadly, Truman is unable to nurture the career of every deserving writer—people cannot need *all* people. The decision to launch a mystery series in 1979 seemed like manna for young Katherine Ann Davis Roome, whose first novel had been published that year to little acclaim. Seemingly doomed to a career practicing law, Roome found a lifeline proffered by Margaret Truman: Roome's

"It was my impression that I'd be doing all of the writing," says Katherine Roome of Margaret Truman's Murder in the White House

agent, Scott Meredith, had news from book packager Bill Adler of what would become *Murder in the White House*.

"Bill Adler came to Scott Meredith looking for someone to write the book for her," says Roome. "It was my impression that I'd be doing all of the writing."

Tingling with the special frisson reserved for those who anticipate writing a novel for a famous person for no credit, Roome drafted a proposal and awaited the signal to proceed. It never came. "Negotiations broke down on several levels," she says.

Apparently tainted by her association with the failed deal, Roome could only watch

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as Truman decamped Adler, signed on with Scott Meredith directly and made other arrangements for the novel's writing. *Murder in the White House* sold for a six-figure advance, Dick Clark Cinema Productions bought the film rights and Fawcett paid $215,000 for the paperback rights. Roome would never have the honor of writing for Truman enjoyed by, say, Donald Bain; nor would she know the pleasures of, as one fiction editor calls it, "the nice thing he's got going with Truman."

The thing is particularly nice because when one of her writers trips up in print, Truman must quietly suffer the derision that results. *The Washington Post* chided her recently—if they had known the truth, would they have been so cruel?—for having a character in *Murder in the CIA* take a short stroll that anyone familiar with Washington would know was a marathon trek. Does Truman experience a gnawing uncertainty when she vouchsafes her good name to a ghostwriter? She graciously declines to comment, through a form letter issued by her agent. ("Mrs. Margaret Truman Daniel appreciates your thoughtfulness and good wishes, and regrets that she's unable to write you personally. However, her busy schedule simply prevents her doing so.")

The former *Life* magazine cover girl maintains a very private life today, modestly avoiding the praise she so clearly deserves for her encouragement of less fortunate writers. A true author, she lets their work speak for itself.

The publishing industry distinguishes between authors and writers. Authors sell books, writers make them. For logistical reasons, publishers prefer that the author and the writer be the same person, or no more than two people. But, happily, there are occasions when *many* writers share the work on just one author's project.

A dozen writers toiled to make *Arthur C. Clarke's July 20, 2019* a prescient look at the future of science. Macmillan, blushingly reluctant to toot its own horn for making this gesture toward full employment, sent out galleys to reviewers with nary a reference to any writer other than Arthur C. Clarke. The publisher doubtless looked forward to marketing the book as something new from the author of *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Then human nature clouded this sunny publishing venture. Clarke, writing from Sri Lanka, protested a good review of the book in *Publishers Weekly*.

The review "gives the unwary reader the impression that I am the sole author," he wrote, adding that his involvement consisted only of writing an introduction, discussing the book with its editor and critiquing the chapters. Clarke then shamelessly thanked the people who wrote *Arthur C. Clarke's July 20, 2019* and demanded that Macmillan "give due credit to the many distinguished writers who made it possible." He had reached across the entire Pacific Ocean to offer handfuls of credit, caring little that charity loses its value when done for the wrong reasons.

Macmillan acceded to Clarke but artfully salvaged the company's integrity. The jacket copy says the book "springs" from Clarke's "vision," leaving open to speculation the question of from whose word processor the book had sprung. Macmillan printed the names of the writers on the acknowledgments page. They are thanked not for their writing but—People Who Need People are always so decorous about this delicate, delicate business—for their *contributions*. ❫

STILL MORE PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

We regret not having been able to pay tribute to *all* the hundreds of well-known People Who Need People. And so, although it is frustrating to know that we're not doing them justice, let us here mention just a few more People Who Have Needed People.

►Photographer **Bert Stern** sometimes actually sleeps while assistants set up lighting, handle makeup, get the subject ready, and position and focus the camera—so that Stern is refreshed for the arduous, creative challenge of putting his finger on the button and pressing down.

►In California, relatively obscure artist **Jim Turrell** has apparently signed and sold artwork done by an even more obscure artist.

►**Gerald** and **Betty Ford**—not a genuine writer between them. The former president used **Trevor Armbrister** to do *A Time to Heal*, which we've all read again and again, and by many accounts the former first lady's *Times of My Life* was written by—not *with*—former *Times* reporter Chris Chase.

►New York University president **John Brademas** uses three speech writers. In fact, beside each speaking engagement listed in his calendar, Brademas notes the writer of the speech he will deliver that day—very, very discreetly giving credit where credit is due.

►If some benighted art director hires **Francesco Scavullo**—*Scavullo*—to do a simple $10,000 panty hose advertisement, the celebrated fashion and portrait photographer will commit the ultimate act of faith and allow his assistants to do the entire job. It is not as if Scavullo lets his helpers loose in the studio and hopes for the best: the floor is carefully marked for the placement of lights so that his trademark lighting can be reproduced by anyone—even Scavullo.

►On the other hand, **Martha Swope**, who has a virtual monopoly on theater and dance photography in New York, does take her own pictures—many of them, anyway. The others are snapped by assistants who, for the photo credits, adopt the nom de camera Martha Swope.

►Last June, when **Philip Johnson** was casting around for a swan-song architectural show to present at his MoMA, he talked to *Times* design writer **Joseph Giovannini** about Giovannini's book-in-progress, the first group study of Frank Gehry, Peter Eisenman and several other unorthodox architects. Last fall Johnson asked about the book's name. "*The Deconstructivists*," Giovannini told him. "That's *it*!" Johnson replied. Johnson's MoMA show, which opens this June, will be a group study of Gehry, Eisenman and several other unorthodox architects and is to be called "Deconstructivist Architecture." The person doing the real curatorial work is not Johnson but Princeton lecturer **Mark Antony Wigley**. Last December, Giovannini complained in the *Voice* about Johnson's treatment of him ("Johnson's receptive to ideas because he hasn't got any"). Johnson phoned Giovannini—and asked him to read his vituperative quote aloud. People Who Need People, again and again and again.... ❫



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SPECIAL

Promotional Supplement

WE DO!

GETTING MARRIED AND STAYING SANE

PLANNING A WEDDING in New York can be easy—all you need is an infinite amount of patience and a finite number of relatives. Otherwise be prepared to go crazy.

Gone are the days when the mother of the bride took charge of the whole affair, allowing the couple a few token responsibilities, like picking a flatware pattern or choosing the cake-topping ornament. In the old days, the couple could simply write down the date in their calendar and then stand back while Mom did it all with the grace of Letitia Baldrige, the industriousness of Thomas Edison and the tactical brilliance of General Rommel.

Today, the bride and groom are left to their own devices, quickly discovering that arranging a wedding is no Sunday-school outing. Every aspect requires as much forethought and strategy as preparing for the START talks — and the potential fallout from a mishap is almost as dangerous. Mom's duties have been scaled back to flying in the week before and mercilessly criticizing every detail.

Despite all this, the marriage rate in New York continues to rise, and every wedding is a grand and festive occasion. What are the affianced to do? Luckily, our Countdown to Infinity Planner will at least assure that your wedding will be no one's fault but your own.♥

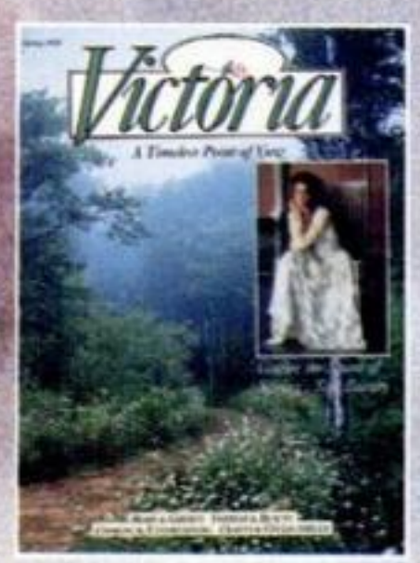




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THE GREAT NEW YORK WEDDINGS

WHERE SHALL WE WED? The island of Manhattan has hosted weddings everywhere from the former Debtors' Prison on Ludlow Street to the esplanade of Battery Park. Debtors' Prison hosted Rev. John Stanford when he married Margaret Atteridge and James Harrington there on June 27, 1828. Battery Park was the site for the September 28, 1986, wedding of Jane Zeichner, 28, a furniture manager at Bloomingdale's, and Malcolm McLaughlin, 28, a chemical consultant. McLaughlin explained his choice: "It has everything: trees and shrubs, right next to the water, and the best view of the statue." Nonetheless, for many the first thought will be a religious venue. But which one? And which religion? Grace Church, at Broadway and 10th, is a handsome Gothic Revival construction. It was in this Episcopal landmark, in 1863, that the marriage of the Charles Sherwood Strattons (better known as midgets Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren) was celebrated. The irrepressible P. T. Barnum arranged the ceremony. Despite this brush with sensationalism, Grace Church was a prestigious choice for late nineteenth century high society. It was, however, far from the only game in town. St. Thomas's Episcopal church at 53rd and Fifth was another popular venue, both then and now. St. Thomas's offers an appropriate architectural fillip: a special "Bride's Entrance" to the left of the main doors. It is decorated with a carving of symbolically joined hands, a wedding scene, and the suggestion of a dollar sign designed into one panel (in the tradition of architectural side-comments).

WE DO! *GETTING MARRIED AND STAYING SANE* WAS WRITTEN BY ALISON FRIESINGER HILL AND THOMAS HILL. MR. AND MRS. HILL ARE AUTHORS OF A SOON-TO-BE PUBLISHED HUMOROUS GUIDE TO GETTING MARRIED, *OTHERWISE ENGAGED: OR, HOW TO SURVIVE THE HAPPIEST TIME OF YOUR LIFE* (WARNER BOOKS, MAY 1988).

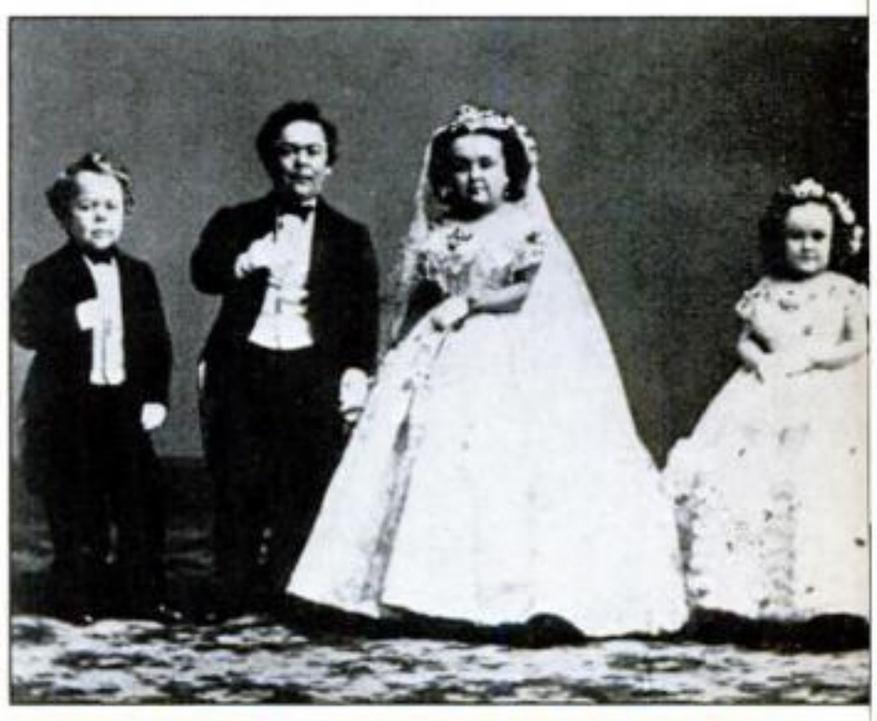


MAMA-BEATEN CONSUELO MARRIES A DUKE

St. Thomas's was the site of one of New York's most scandalously unhappy weddings. Eighteen-year-old Consuelo Vanderbilt was sweet on a certain Winthrop Rutherford, but her mother, Alva, had other plans for the young heiress. Marrying foreign nobility was all the rage among New York society in the late nineteenth century, and Alva had picked out Charles, the Duke of Marlborough, to be her son-in-law. When her heartbroken daughter begged for mercy (according to Consuelo's account), Alva threatened to kill Winthrop and to fling her consequential imprisonment and hanging upon her daughter's conscience.

Consuelo gave in—though the tabloids and public furor supported her—and on November 5, 1895, she was transported through barricades manned by over 250 policemen from her East 72nd Street home to St. Thomas's. As she was escorted up the aisle by her father the choir sang "O Perfect Love." The Duke received close to $15 million as a dowry, including $100,000 a year for life.

During the same era another Vanderbilt, Gertrude, did choose to marry an American, becoming Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and went on to found the Whitney Museum. In the midst of the reception, her orchestra leader, Nathan Franco, struck up a bouncy rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." He later explained that "it is so rare that an American society girl marries one of her own countrymen that I thought the selection was decidely in keeping with the occasion."



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with history, Salem United Methodist Church on 129th Street was the site of a spectacular union of Harlem Renaissance notables. Countee Cullen married Nina Yolande DuBois (W. E. B.'s daughter) in a lavish ceremony to which 1,300 guests were invited. The extraordinary decorations—supervised and directed by Countee—included canaries in gilt cages that filled the church with twittering song during the ceremony.

There are plenty of beautiful Roman Catholic churches in Manhattan—the simple, austere St. Joseph's on lower Sixth at Washington Place, St. Vincent Ferrer at Lexington and 66th, St. Ignatius Loyola at Park and 84th—but nothing beats the sheer grandeur of St.



THE UNIFICATION OF 4,150 FOLLOWERS OF DR. MOON

Patrick's Cathedral, the Gothic Revival monument where the F. Scott Fitzgeralds swore to be faithful on Easter Saturday, April 3, 1920, before spending their honeymoon night at the old Biltmore. They had a small ceremony in the rectory. Zelda's sisters attended, and Scott had one friend there to serve as best man, but their parents did not attend. Zelda wore a suit and matching hat of midnight blue and carried an orchid bouquet.

St. Pat's was also host to the April 17, 1986, wedding of ex-stewardess Peggy Johnson to Lee Iacocca. The May-December romance between the 35-year-old bride and 61-year-old groom (which ended in, uh, divorce 19 months later) was celebrated in the Cardinal's Chapel in a brief early-morning ceremony.

Whether you'd like to be a celebrity or just look like one, the best spot for a wedding might be "the Little Church Around the Corner," officially the Church of the Transfiguration, at 1 East 29th. It is currently one of the most popular venues for weddings in Manhattan, not least because of its congregation of show-biz types. The stained glass windows depict theater greats, such as Edwin Booth as Hamlet and Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle. Tawny Elaine Godin, Yonkers-born Miss America in 1976, married a wealthy New York doctor there. It didn't work out. Her second wedding, by the way, took place at another non-denominational show-business shrine, the set of *The Dukes of Hazzard*. The location was suggested by the groom, John "Bo Duke" Schneider.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine at Amsterdam and 112th is nice, as is Calvary Baptist at 123 West 57th. The Church of the Ascension at Fifth and 10th Street was good enough for President John Tyler when he married Julia Gardiner in 1844. St. Nicholas on Cedar Street is the church of choice for Greek Orthodox weddings. Temple Emanu-El on Fifth and 65th can seat 2,500.

Still, it would be foolish to restrict yourself to a religious venue. Imagine something completely different. Grant's tomb? The Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Gardern? The Puck Building Skylight Ballroom? Belvedere Castle in Central Park? The Brooklyn Bridge?

Madison Square Garden has been the site of at least two memorable weddings. The Reverend Sun Myung Moon presided over the marriage of 2,075 couples under the auspices of the Unification Church in a mass ceremony on July 1,



LIFE IS A CARNIVAL, BELIEVE IT OR NOT

1982. The participants hailed from more than 60 different nations. On a smaller scale, a clown wedding was thrown by the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus on May 2, 1986, solemnizing the vows of Jon Weiss, 23, a clown, and Laura Litts, 22, a dancer with the circus. The bride wore a dress of white lace with

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COUNTDOWN TO INFINITY

-95 *Establish the budget. (If you feel that the budget might influence your choice of soulmate, you may want to privately take this step first. Some of you singles already have, we expect. And perhaps that's why you're still single.*



Well, loosen up, or you'll never reach step one in the Countdown to Infinity Checklist Planner.)

-85 *Assemble the guest list. This is the critical step, and it will immediately take on a monstrous life of its own. It will make you by turns excited, furious, guilty, regretful, crazy and just plain fed up. To help you winnow out the chaff, take as your motto: "Yeah, but what have they done for me lately?"*

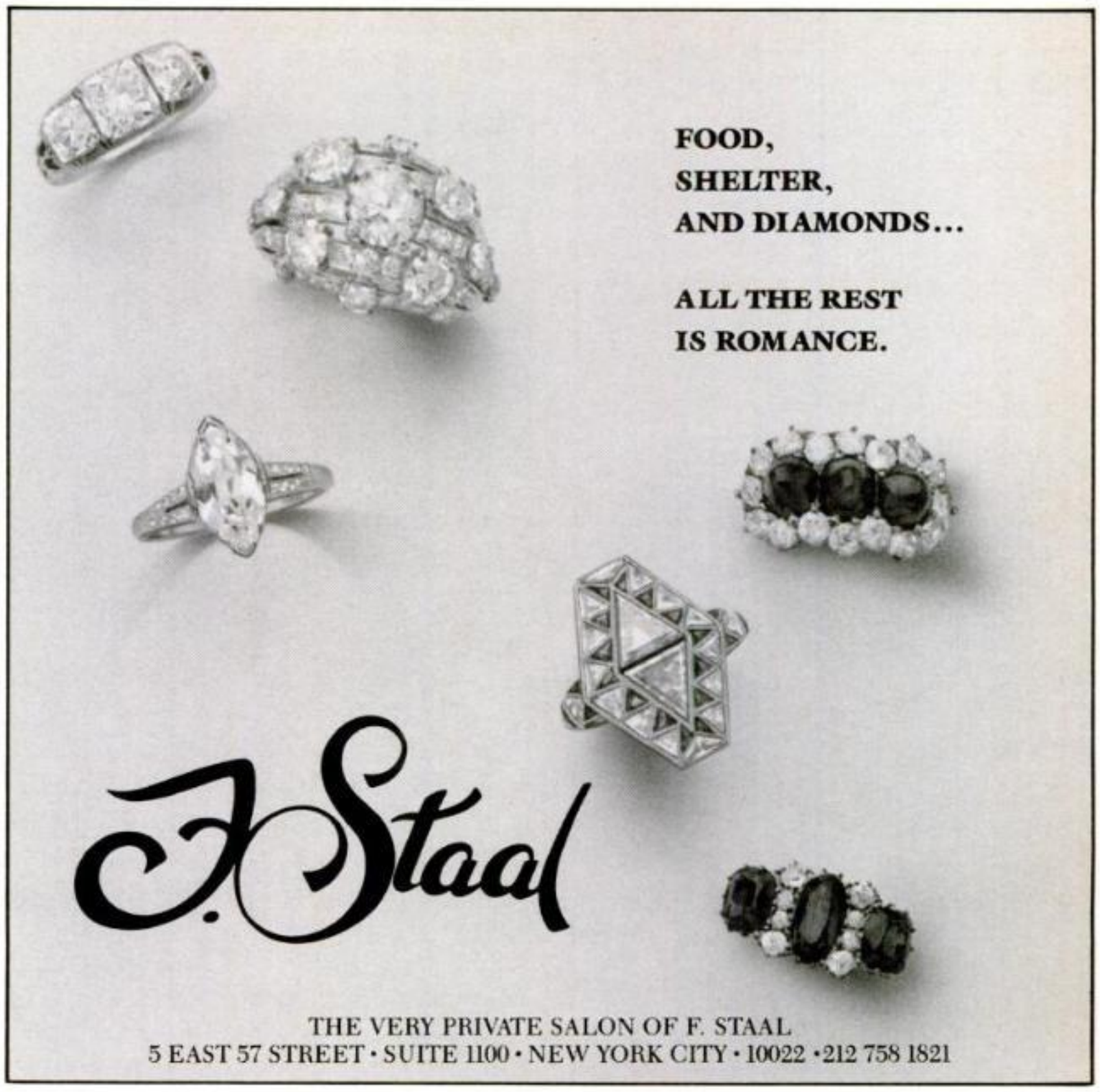
-80 *Choose the venue. Change the wedding date to accommodate the schedules of both ceremony and reception sites. Be prepared to change not only the date but the season of your wedding. Then go back and check on local events. If you choose a glamorous Fifth Avenue church like St. Thomas's, St. Patrick's or Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, keep in mind the dates of the unglamorous Fifth Avenue events that take place annually: the St. Patrick's Parade on March 17, the Puerto Rican Parade on June 12, the "New York is Book Country" fair on September 18 and the Halloween Parade.*

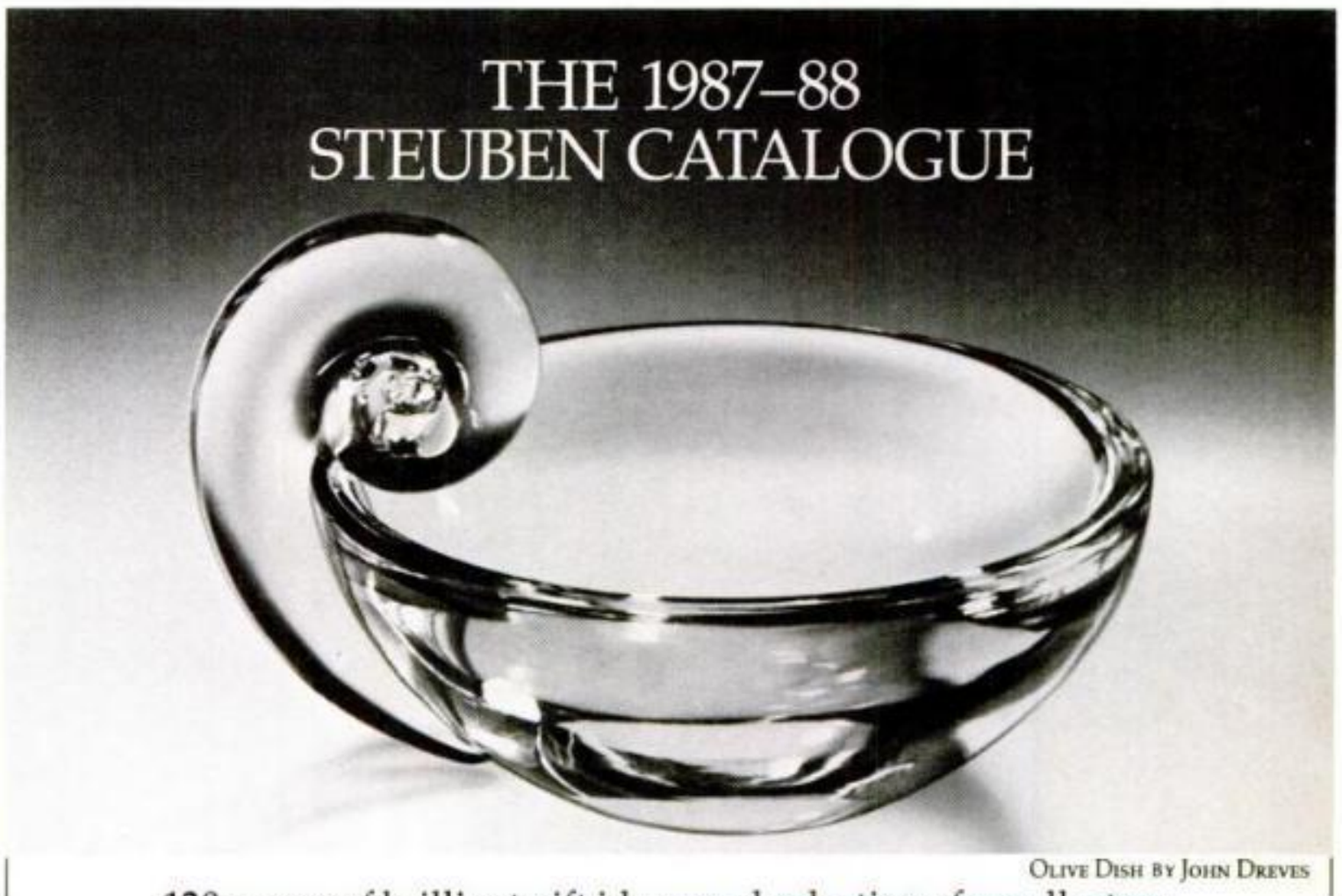


-75 *Order the invitations. There are many options here. Traditional couples go for engraved invitations, with conventional formal wording. If you want something different, how about the familial charm of your pet's paw print, the raw affection of self-portraits in crayon, or a simple poem written by your future mother-in-law?*

-60 *Choose the wedding party. As you approach your final selection, you may be amazed at the lengths your friends will go to in order to stay in the running: college roommates calling daily, co-workers covering for you, drinks, dinners, party invitations, unprecedented win streaks in poker and squash.*

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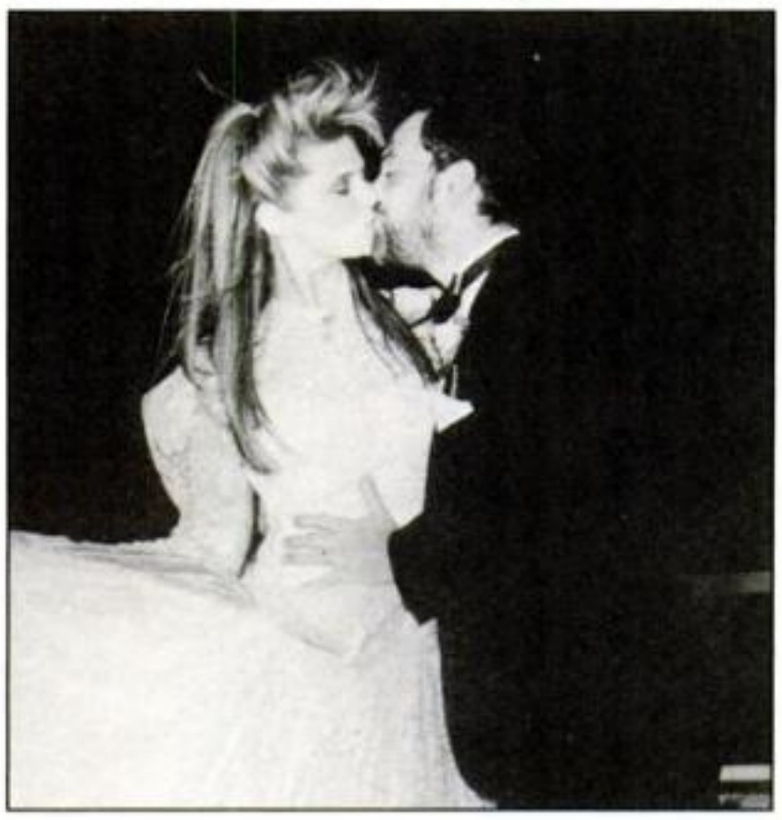
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BIG SHOTS: BILLY AND CHRISTIE SET SAIL

their wedding trip in the Hamptons. If you think the arena might be right for you, contact Madison Square Garden public relations at 563-8000.

Christie Brinkley and Billy Joel came up with a nifty solution to having a New York City wedding and ducking the paparazzi. They said their vows—"to honor and respect" each other's "goals and ambitions"—while afloat on the 147-foot *Riveranda* in New York Harbor on March 23, 1985. The boat was covered with a thousand white tulips and Christie somehow hauled 50 long-



50 WAYS: PRINCESS CARRIE AND RHYMIN' PAUL

stemmed roses down the aisle.

Perhaps the grandest of all New York weddings, by any objective measure, was that celebrated by bride Frima Rabinovich and groom Rabbi Yosef Horowitz at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center on June 10, 1987. Twenty-thousand guests were invited to celebrate the marriage of the only daughter of Moshe L. Rabinovich, Grand Rabbi of the Hasidic Munkaczer dynasty. David Scharf Caterers served four tons of kosher food and then trucked 35,000 dirty dishes back to their own kitchens, thus bypassing the nonkosher dishwashing machines at the Javits Center. If you like the idea of marrying in a major convention center but don't have enough friends, scale back. Just a short way down the pier is the U.S.S. *Intrepid*, always available for social events, and every major hotel has convention rooms available.

But what if you can't afford the Grand Ballroom at the Plaza or were too late to reserve the lower level at Bowlmor for your wedding day? If you have the space,



BEFORE THE FALL: ARTHUR AND MARILYN EXCHANGE VOWS

getting married at home is a temptingly simple option. On July 1, 1956, Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe said their connubial vows—the traditional Jewish ceremony—in the home of a Westchester friend before a congregation of just 25 friends. Paul Simon's luxurious pad on Central Park West was the scene of his August 16, 1983, wedding to Carrie Fisher.

If all the rigamarole just seems too much—what do a couple of poets like you need with wedding bells, Mendelssohn, silver meat forks or crystal vases?—be spontaneous! The whole New York marriage can be done in a day. E. B. White and Katharine Angell managed it when they suddenly decided to be wed in 1929. The only hitch they ran into was having no one to take care of her Scottish terrier. Daisy accompanied the elopers downtown to City Hall, then to a budget jewelry store on Sixth Avenue to shop for a ring, and finally on the drive upstate to small church where, mid-ceremony, she got into a scrap with the minister's dog.♥

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-59 *Hire the photographer. Do not hire a friend's little brother; champagne and focus don't mix.* ***Expressions in Photography*** *is a good bet. In addition, you might want to arrange to videotape the proceedings. To downplay the nouveau aspect, think about getting an NYU film student to do something experimental; your out-of-town guests will feel very avant-garde.*



-58 *Hire the caterer. Be as specific about the menu as you can. Explain that you want really thin pumpernickel, not the slivers that fall apart, but almost that thin. Order* **Taittinger** *champagne for the reception. Describe the wine you'd like—perhaps a white, something full-bodied but crisp, something you don't have to be embarrassed to serve your oenophile friends, something like* **Libaio**. *Stay involved with* all *the details.*

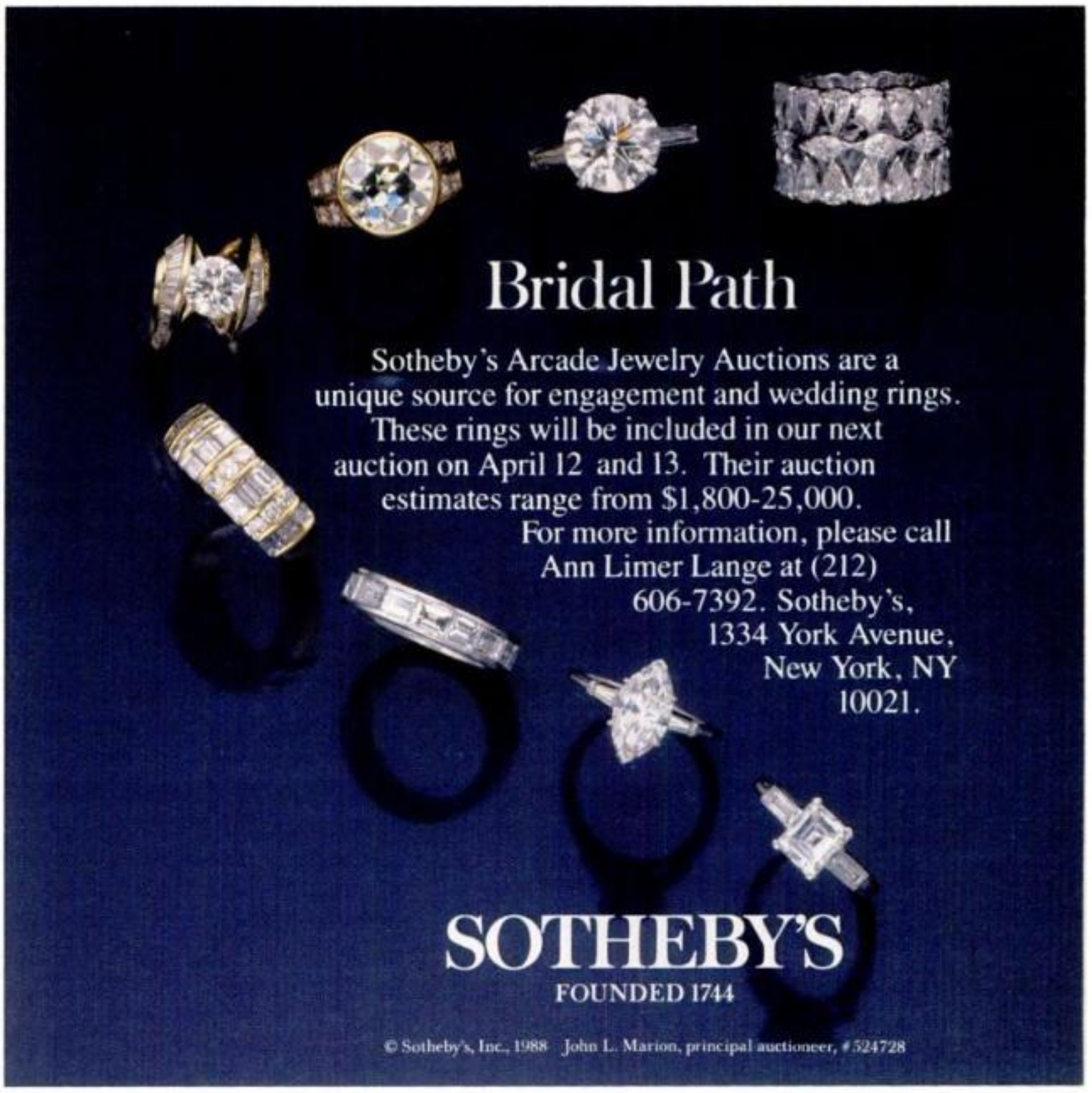
-57 *Fire the caterer. Anyone who calls you "unreasonable" doesn't deserve the job.*

-55 *Reconsider the budget. Would you rather have (a) five trips to the Caribbean, a sporty but practical four-door sedan, the cutting edge in stereo technology and a new set of* **Mandarina Duck** *luggage, or (b) a nice wedding?*

-50 *Compose the toasts. You'll be making toasts for your wedding day, your rehearsal dinner and other impromptu occasions. Don't assume that spontaneity, the spirit of the moment and fine* **Taittinger** *champagne will carry you. Write them now. If you wait, you may be overcome with cynicism.*

-48 *Hire the florist,* **Castle Pierpont**, *perhaps. Try to appear dignified and discerning as he discusses acacia, limonium and calla lilies. Now is the time to decide on a color scheme. Coordinate* everybody*! After all, what's the point of carefully matching the pastel blues in the ushers' carnations to those in the lace trim of the bridesmaids' dresses if the minister shows up with a crimson shawl?*

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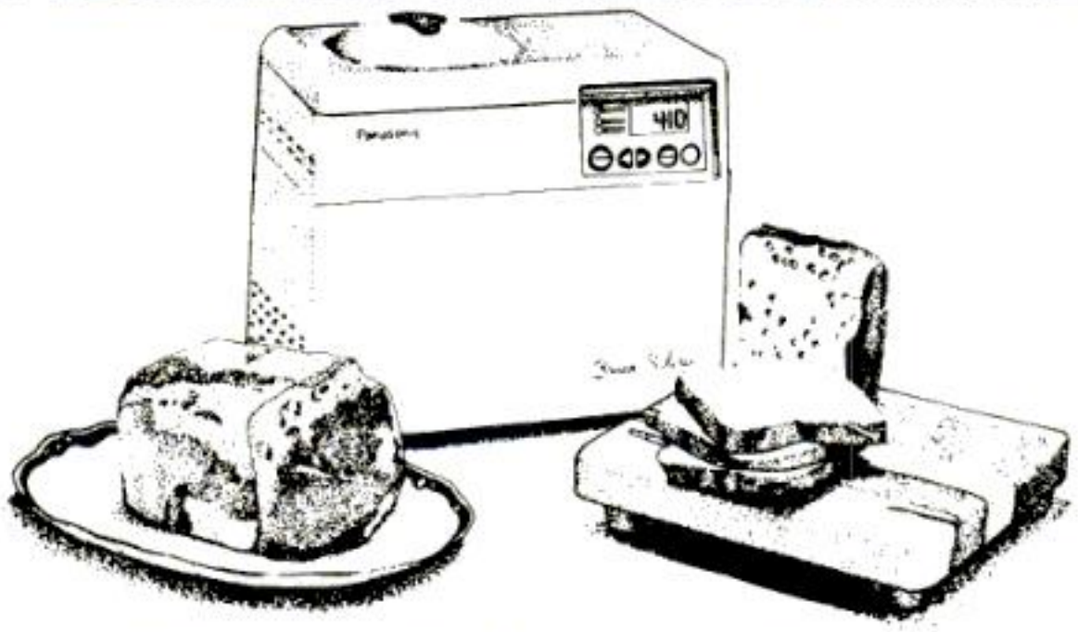
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on Fifth Avenue,
on the arm of
a blonde girl from Bologna,
and in the back of
a red Ferrari
with two gentlemen from Verona?

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-47 *Hire new caterers. Discover that their menu is exclusively macrobiotic. Fire them that day.*

-46 *Plan the honeymoon. A week or two in the islands—perhaps a retreat at the* ***Elbow Beach Hotel*** *in Bermuda—would be nice. If you're feeling more peripatetic* ***Regency Cruises*** *could be the ticket. Resist leaving now, but feel free to daydream incessantly about white sand beaches, margaritas, single-item wardrobes—an obsession preferable to hors d'oeuvres and seating plans.*

-43 *Choose the music. You'll need both ceremony and reception music. In neither case should people be encouraged to sing along. Compose a list of "popular" wedding-band standards that the band should* not *play under any circumstances ("Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree," "Celebration," "Feelings," anything by Barry Manilow).* ***The Kit McClure Big Band*** *is a classic choice.*



-41 *Choose the attire. Explore all the options: veils, tiaras, illusions, mantillas, gloves, parasols, fans, hoods, petticoats and crowns for the bride; decorator cummerbunds, white scarves, vests, gloves, spats, top hats and canes for the groom. The best place for bridal gowns is* ***Next on Madison.*** ***Peter Fox*** *has both traditional and eccentric footwear for all participants.* ***Zeller Tuxedos*** *can outfit the men with style and grace.*

-39 *Mail the invitations. This assumes, of course, the highly unlikely event of the printer delivering a flawless product on time.*

-38 *Write the wedding announcement. Send it to the* Times *(see tips on page 9W), your hometown newspapers and alumni journals. Amazingly, some announcements will appear without your intercession thanks to mothers, uncles, aunts and former roommates.*

CONTINUED

Copyrighted material

April

WEDDING COUNTDOWN: *If you had to do it in a month: Who to Call, Where to Shop, What to Serve*

					1	2 *On His Majesty's Service*
3 *Victoria*	4 *Expressions in Photography*	5 *Mark Fahrer Caterers*	6 *Taittinger Comtes de Champagne*	7 *Castle Pierpont*	8 *Elbow Beach Hotel*	9 *Regency Cruises*
10 *Kit McClure Big Band*	11 *Next on Madison*	12 *Peter Fox*	13 *Zeller Tuxedos*	14 *Stupell*	15 *Mandarina Duck*	16 *Sotheby's*
17	18 *F. Staal*	19 *Hammacher Schlemmer*	20 *Michael J. Fina*	21 *The Museum of Modern Art Gift Shop*	22 *Remy Martin*	23
24	25 *Jerrystyle*	26	27 *211 Resaurant*	28	29 *La Grande Passion*	30 *Doral Court Hotel*

TWO ELEVEN

211 RESTAURANT Where warm, personal service makes your wedding ceremony or reception exceptional (212-925-7202).

CASTLE PIERPONT

CASTLE PIERPONT The finest floral and party design service in New York. Uncommon elegance and quality(212-570-1284).

DORAL COURT

DORAL COURT HOTEL The intimate new hotel in the heart of Murray Hill. Elegant settings and complete catering services (212-755-1200).

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EXPRESSIONS IN PHOTOGRAPHY A new generation of party photographers — fun, spontaneous and unobtrusive (212-929-0445).

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HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER Groom him for a lifetime of bests. Register him for the finest housewares and appliances for your new home.

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KIT McCLURE BIG BAND Sixteen-piece all-female big band (or smaller ensembles) for wedding receptions and parties (212-864-6759).

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LA GRANDE PASSION French armagnac and passion fruit. For gift delivery call 1-800-CHEER-UP (except where prohibited by law).

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PETER FOX Opening this spring, a new shop devoted exclusively to bridal footware at 105 Thompson Street.

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How Do You Rate?

GETTING A *NEW YORK TIMES* ANNOUNCEMENT

What makes one wedding good enough for *The New York Times*, another second-rate? While there is an inherent subjectivity to this issue, we have tried to apply rigorous statistical analysis rather than trust hearsay and speculation.

From a sampling of 49 listings in the Sunday *Times* of June 7, 1986, we have analyzed four qualities: location, the Ivy Factor, careers and breeding. Percentage breakdowns are presented below, along with index numbers, which were arrived at through computations too complex to explain in detail (see below).

LOCATION OF CEREMONY

	%	INDEX
Manhattan	18	78
Boroughs	—	0
New York State	16	62
Bermuda	2	90
Other	63	38

THE IVY FACTOR

DID THE COUPLE ATTEND AN IVY LEAGUE UNIVERSITY?

	%	INDEX
Neither	60	14
One	26	98
Both	14	185

CAREERS

	%	INDEX
Business	24	74
Communications/ Publishing	23	118
Law	14	79
Medicine	8	72
Sales	5	27
Engineer/Architect	4	57
Education	1	36
Farming	1	25
Other	18	16

BREEDING

(WITH ACTUAL EXAMPLES FROM THE JUNE 7, 1986, LISTINGS)

	%	INDEX
Have a genuinely famous relative *(Pierre du Pont, William Colby)*	6	313
Have an impressive relative *(Dean Witter, a congressman, a guy who was Governor of the Territory of Alaska, 1906-1909)*	18	123
Have a relative worth mentioning *(Judge, novelist, seat on New York Stock Exchange)*	31	84
No genealogy to speak of	45	29

HOW TO FIGURE YOUR ODDS

To calculate your own odds, follow these simple steps:

1. Add all your index figures together (adding in both careers).

2. Divide by five to arrive at your TOTAL AVERAGE ("TA").

3. Add 60 to TA if you know someone who works at the *Times*.

4. Divide TA by three if neither you nor your family has ever lived in New York.

The figure you arrive at represents the odds of having your announcement printed. Obviously, any figure over 100% means that you are a shoe-in. A 25% figure would mean the odds are 4:1 against you. To take an example, if a lawyer (79) married a housewife (16) in Long Island (62) and neither attended an Ivy League college (14) but between them had a relative worth mentioning (84), then their TA would be 51.0%. A better than average chance.

TIPS TO IMPROVE YOUR ODDS

1. Get married in an off-season. Avoid June and September and you'll avoid being outclassed by hordes of blue bloods. The fewer marriages, the better your odds. Ruth Robinson, an editor of the *Times* society pages, though reluctant to estimate how many of the submitted announcements are printed, said that "in January, when no one is getting married, we might print every announcement we receive, while in June, there are just too many weddings."

2. Have a professional publicist write your press release and undecorously hound the society page.

3. Send fresh-baked cookies to the Society News Department. How could it hurt?

(Explanation of Index: By comparing these percentages with national average percentages for wedding couples, we arrived at a differential and then calculated that into a probability. For example, 40% of these couples had one or more Ivy graduates while only 2.7% of all married couples nationally included one or more Ivy graduates. Having an Ivy grad in your marriage thus improves the odds of getting a *Times* announcement nearly 15 times. We have telescoped some figures for normality.) ♥

The Museum Store



Chambourd Coffee Set
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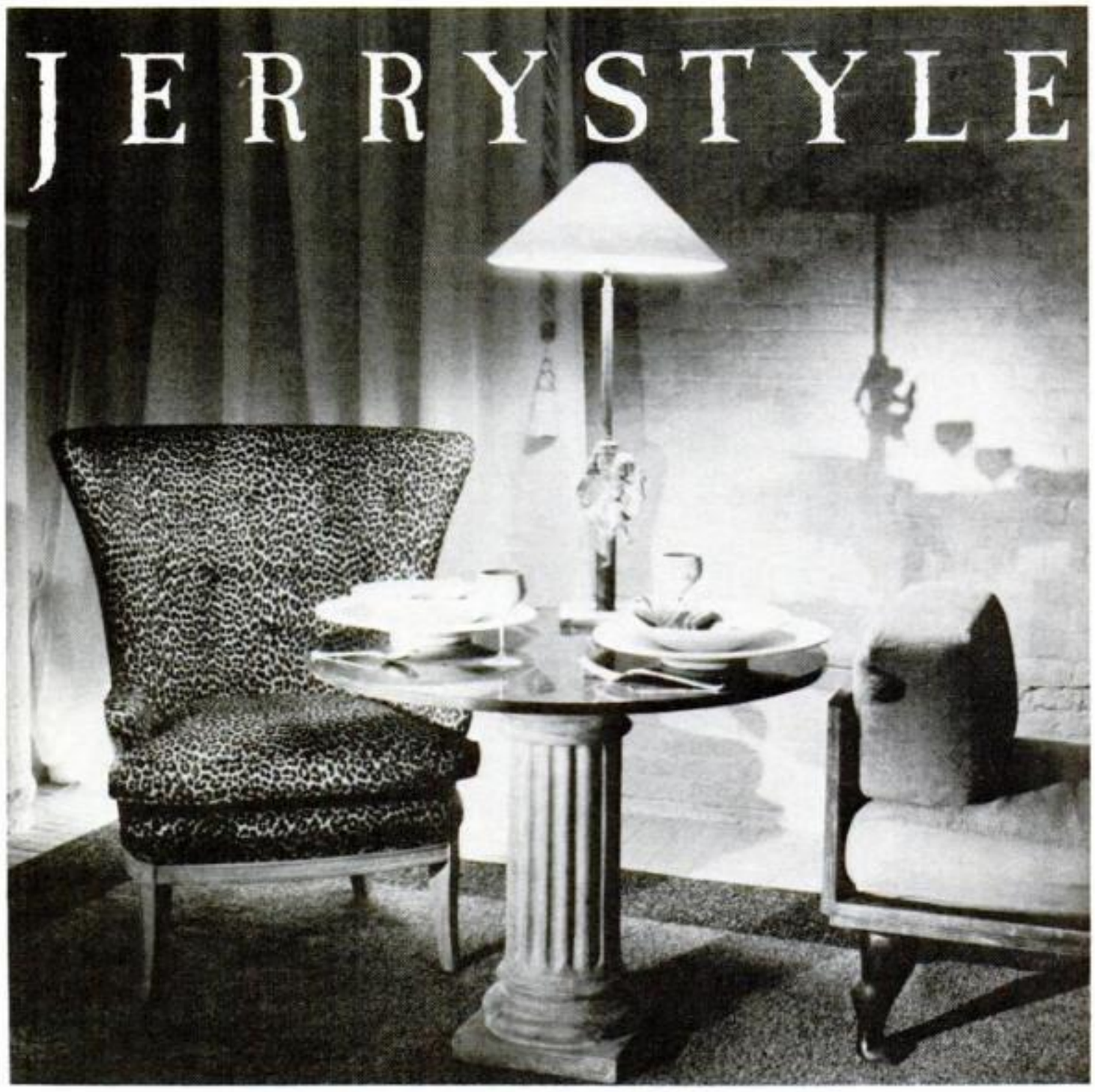
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COUNTDOWN TO INFINITY

-35 *Register for gifts. Remember, it's your choice, not your mother's, aunt's, sister's, roommate's (see tips on page W12).*

-33 *Start writing thank-you notes. Do this as soon as the presents arrive. You'll be sorry if you put it off. Be sure to get one of those filing systems that supplies you with little sticky numbers to put on the bottom of each present, with a corresponding note in your little book. Also handy if you decide to auction off selected gifts.*

-30 *Order wedding rings. Whether you want a platinum ring with diamonds or your basic gold band,* ***F. Staal*** *represents the ultimate luxury in settings.*



-28 *Bride's wedding shower. Send your friends with taste to* ***Michael C. Fina****. Prepare for the first major in-law-to-be problem: Invite his boring sisters and aunts and watch them try to smile through her friends' lewd jokes, or don't invite them and offend them forever. Smooth out any rough spots by serving* ***La Grande Passion****.*

-25 *Shop for wedding attendants' gifts. After you fail to find something original and apt, get something classic. Try the gift shop at the* ***Museum of Modern Art*** *for ideal bridesmaids gifts, and* ***Hammacher Schlemmer*** *for ushers.*

-19 *Relax. Spend a long quiet evening with your loved one reminiscing about the "good old days" before you were engaged.*

-16 *Desperately hire a kosher-Chinese caterer.*

-12 *Get a marriage license. The Marriage Bureau is at 1 Centre Street, downtown. It costs $10. They don't take checks. Or credit cards.*

-11 *Call from kosher-Chinese caterer. They didn't notice that the date was a Sabbath. So sorry.*

-7 *His bachelor party. At best a rollicking, bacchanalian roast capped off by a round of* ***Remy Martin****, and at the very least one last chance to stay up past*

CONTINUED

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Get Me to the Clerk on Time

There were 82,199 wedding licenses issued in New York City in 1986. Of those, 33,844 were issued in Manhattan. A New



York marriage license does not require blood tests and is good for 60 days but cannot be used until 24 hours *after* it is issued. A civil ceremony is available for $5.00 at the city clerk's office (Open 9-11:30 and 1-4). One witness is required, though recruiting a stranger is allowed. And weddings cannot be performed outdoors. There were 39,499 marriages performed by New York City clerks in 1986—15,435 in Manhattan (48.1% and 45.6% of the totals, respectively).



The boom periods are June and September, with the winter months generally slow. Valentine's Day—which in 1986 set a one-day record with 257 marriages—"would be kind of a spike if you charted it out," according to the Marriage Bureau. Although some marriage bureaus hand out "gift packs" of promotional merchandise supplied by manufacturers for newly-licensed couples, New York City has no such system. Furthermore, there is no soliciting of any sort allowed in the city clerk's offices.♥

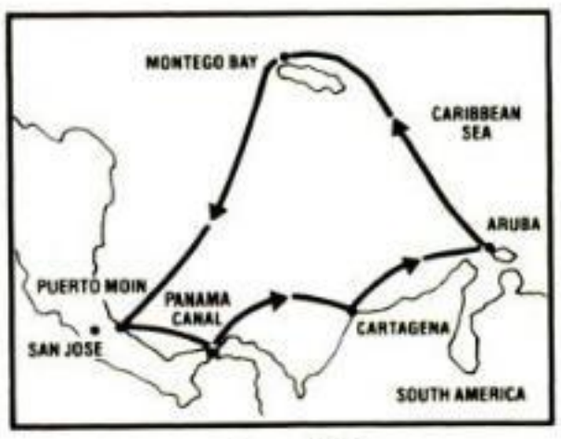


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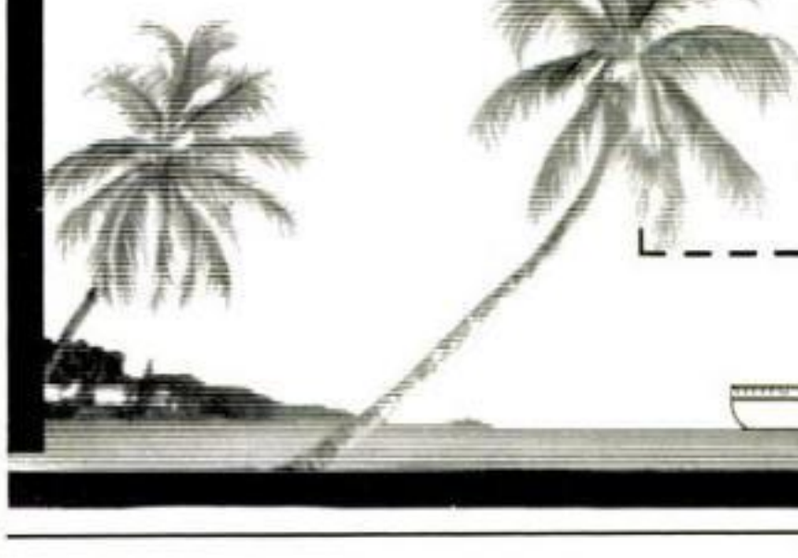
Prices per person double occupancy.
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I Thought I'd Get You Something a Little Different;

OR,

THE CASE FOR REGISTERING

REGISTER FOR GIFTS. If you do not register, and even if you do, you will get four electric crepe makers, three fondue sets, nine sets of grapefruit spoons and a Hummel figurine entitled "Rainy Day." Registering will cut out at least a quarter of those. Anyway, registering is fun. It's like playing *Wheel of Fortune* at home. Not the letters part—the spending-your-prize part. Just walk into Steuben or Stupell and say, "For $450 dollars, I'll take the crystal decanter. . . ." It's a massive spending spree that doesn't cost you a penny. ✍ Though you should be sure to register for a few reasonably priced items, don't be afraid to be extravagant—a few friends might like to chip in on something. When Paul Simon and Carrie Fisher tied the knot, Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley got together to get them a jukebox loaded with Beatles, Sinatra, Elvis and Rolling Stones hits. The famous Stuyvesant-Fish residence, a grand exemplar of Federal architecture at Stuyvesant Street near Third Avenue, was a wedding gift to Elizabeth and Nicholas Fish. Why the hell shouldn't you list the Cuisinart with all the extras? Or the antique sterling tea service? ✍ And don't be limited to house wares. Ignore the silent critics. Register for what you want, not what your grandmother thinks you need. If silverware isn't your style, register for power tools and a pottery wheel. If you're self-employed, sign up for an office–supplies registry. The only limitations are the stores themselves, but even a store that doesn't usually register wedding gifts might be talked into it. Here are a few well-known New York City emporiums you might try.

HAVE A BRIDAL REGISTRY

B. Altman & Co.,
361 Fifth Avenue at 34th

Barneys New York,
106 Seventh Avenue at 17th

Bloomingdale's,
1000 Third Avenue at 59th

Hammacher Schlemmer,
147 East 57th Street between Lexington and Third Avenue

JerryStyle,
23 East 4th Street between Lafayette and Broadway

Lazy Susan,
1049 Third Avenue at 62nd

Macy's,
Herald Square

Michael C. Fina,
580 Fifth Avenue at 47th

Saks Fifth Avenue,
611 Fifth Avenue at 50th

Steuben,
715 Fifth Avenue at 56th

Stupell,
29th East 22nd Street

Tiffany,
727 Fifth Avenue at 57th

DO NOT CURRENTLY HAVE A BRIDAL REGISTRY

ABC Carpet,
888 Broadway at 19th

B. Dalton Bookstore,
396 Avenue of the Americas at 8th

Berger Bros. Furs,
115 West 30th Street at 6th Avenue

May Rosa Cigars,
866 Broadway at 17th

Modell's (Fishing Tackle),
280 Broadway at Chambers

MOMA,
11 West 53rd Street

The Strand Bookstore,
828 Broadway at 12th

Think Big,
390 West Broadway at Spring

DOESN'T CURRENTLY HAVE A BRIDAL REGISTRY, BUT WOULD BE HAPPY TO ARRANGE SOMETHING

Gotham Book Mart,
41 West 47th Street

Magickal Child (Occult Supplies),
35 West 19th Street at 5th Avenue

Mishon-Mishon,
410 Columbus Avenue at 79th

Reminiscence,
74 Fifth Avenue at 18th

Simon's Hardware ("World's largest selection of decorative hardware"),
421 Third Avenue at 29th Street

Vinyl Mania Compact Disc Center,
43 Carmine Street ♥

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Love is Grand.

Gallardo

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*midnight. **211 Restaurant** is an appropriate venue. Schedule sufficient time for both recovery and a major argument about bachelor party excesses.*

-6 *Phone an ex. Indulge your desire to call up that star-crossed lover from your past to cry hysterically or sulk despondently, as appropriate.*

-5 *Call deadbeats. Politely remind the non-RSVPs that the caterer needs an accurate count and, without derision, that this is not a barbecue in the park.*

-4 *Confirm everything. Twice. Call everyone to make sure they will be there: The Caterer (**Mark Fahrer**, who came through splendidly at the eleventh hour), florist, photographer, band, wedding party, officiant, spouse-to-be.*

-3 *Pack for honeymoon. Bathing suits, tennis togs and evening wear, of course, but also naughty underwear, sunscreen, a few romantic novels You might want to think of your trip as a kind of symposium on life-planning: bring along an official guide to the revised tax code, real estate investment manuals,* back issues of Today's Marriage *magazine, the works of Maria Montessori and* The New Age Baby Name Book.

-2 *Have one final argument. It's important to find time for a huge, desperate, high-pitched, late-night battle. Subject can be anything from the psycho-sociological implications of his refusal to get a haircut to her putting too much pressure on the children-to-be.*

-1 *Rehearse the ceremony. Don't worry about memorizing your lines; the officiant is there for the sole purpose of cuing you. You won't remember what you say anyway.*

-0 *Try to look good. Bride: manicure, pedicure, morning hair stylist. Groom: shave, flatten cowlick, buy flowers for mother-in-law-to-be. Show up. Remember the rings. Even in a stupor, it counts. Walk the aisle, spend an indulgent night at the **Doral Court Hotel**, and live happily ever after.* ♥





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Are You ALREADY Married?

IF YOU HAVE BEEN COHABITATING WITH YOUR intended for four or five or more years, you may be concerned that you have already established a common–law marriage. What are your legal rights and responsibilities?



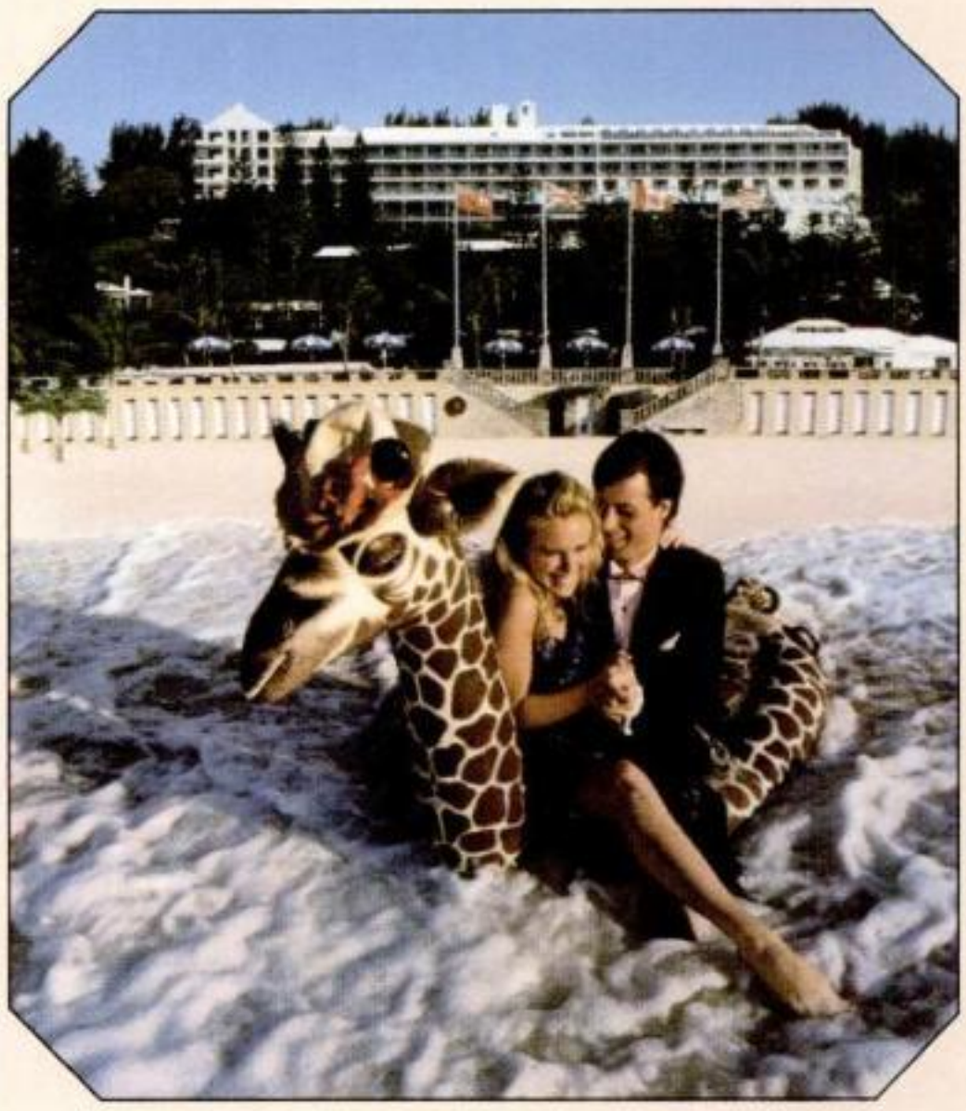
Unless you were cohabitating before April 29, 1933, you have no worries in New York State. Common–law marriages consummated before then are legally valid, but state law will not recognize common–law marriages established after that date. New York courts *will* recognize common–law marriages established in jurisdictions where they are legal. (They are legal in a number of states, such as Connecticut and Florida.)

Even if your relationship was established prior to the cutoff date, or in a state where common-law marriages are still valid, you are probably not already married. "Common–law marriage" is often used colloquially to refer to living as though married for an extended period of time. In fact, the legal definition is far more narrow. *Black's Law Dictionary* outlines three requirements: "positive mutual agreement, permanent and exclusive of all others to enter into a marriage relationship," "cohabitation sufficient to warrant a fulfillment of the necessary relationship of man and wife" and "an assumption of marital duties and obligations."

So go ahead and book *The Skylight Ballroom at The Puck Building*. Unless you have actually made a positive mutual agreement to be married, while living in a common–law state, you are not already married.♥

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(It's the style that made Bermuda famous.)



At Elbow Beach you'll find the most mercurial blend of casualness and formality that is the hallmark of Bermuda's lifestyle. This 34-acre tropical estate is the only complete resort with its own real ocean beach—a splash of pink sand a smile wide and a dance deep. There are three glorious restaurants and an up-to-the-minute health club. Elbow Beach has it all. It's everything you expect of Bermuda. Just ask your travel agent.

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A Wedding Survey

To help us better understand the state of marriage in New York City, we ask that you complete the following survey. If you are a hopeless loner, devotedly single or pathetically afraid of commitment, we appreciate your interest, but these questions don't really apply to you.

Please be candid. Send your answers to Wedding Survey, SPY Promotions, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, NY NY 10012. Your responses guarantee you some really thoughtful gift, like SPY sunglasses.

1. Are you:
 - *a.* Married
 - *b.* Engaged
 - *c.* Sort of thinking about it

2. Are you:
 - *a.* Female
 - *b.* Male

3. How old are you?
 - *a.* 18-24
 - *b.* 25-34
 - *c.* 35-44
 - *d.* 45 or older

4. Where were you born?
 - *a.* New York City
 - *b.* Northeast
 - *c.* Other U.S. (Where?): _____
 - *d.* Outside U.S. (Where?): _____

5. What is your household income?
 - *a.* Less than $20,000
 - *b.* $20,000 to $40,000
 - *c.* $40,000 to $75,000
 - *d.* $75,000 or more

6. What is the last level of education you have completed?
 - *a.* High school or less
 - *b.* College
 - *c.* Graduate school

7. Which will you have first?
 - *a.* A pet
 - *b.* A child
 - *c.* A pet that you treat like a child
 - *d.* A spouse

8. Where do you spend most of your quality time as a couple?
 - *a.* The kitchen
 - *b.* The dining/living area
 - *c.* The bedroom
 - *d.* Restaurants
 - *e.* Vacations
 - *f.* On the road
 - *g.* On the phone

9. Rank these forms of entertainment from most to least frequently enjoyed (12 for most, 1 for least frequent):
 - ___ Movies (in Theater)
 - ___ Movies (Videotaped)
 - ___ Stage plays
 - ___ Concerts
 - ___ Dance performances
 - ___ Opera
 - ___ Comedy clubs
 - ___ Sports events
 - ___ Network TV
 - ___ Cable TV
 - ___ Books
 - ___ Magazines

10. On a scale of 1-10, rate these influences on the bride's decision to change her name or not (10 for very influential, 1 for not a consideration):
 - ___ Professional reasons
 - ___ Mate's expectations
 - ___ Family's expectations
 - ___ Peer pressure
 - ___ Feminist dogma
 - ___ Sound of names

11. How long did you live together before you were married?
 - *a.* Not at all
 - *b.* Less than a year
 - *c.* One to two years
 - *d.* Two to five years
 - *e.* Forever

12. At the time of your marriage, what was the state of your houseware (flatware, china, glassware, appliances...)?
 - *a.* Non-existent
 - *b.* Lacking
 - *c.* Workable
 - *d.* Complete
 - *e.* Luxurious

13. Will you register?
 - *a.* Yes
 - *b.* No

14. Will you make your registry decisions jointly?
 - *a.* Yes
 - *b.* No

15. What is your idea of an ideal annual vacation?
 - *a.* A trip to Europe
 - *b.* A trip to the Caribbean
 - *c.* A New England ski trip
 - *d.* A weekend in the Poconos
 - *e.* A visit to her mother's
 - *f.* Driving around Staten Island

15. In column A, indicate (with a check) the items you currently own. In column B, indicate the items you consider essential once you get married.

	a	*b*
coffee maker	___	___
coffee grinder	___	___
blender	___	___
food processor	___	___
pasta maker	___	___
smoke alarm	___	___
toaster	___	___
binoculars	___	___
VCR	___	___
personal copier	___	___
personal computer	___	___
answering machine	___	___
auto-dialing machine	___	___
cordless phone	___	___
humidifier	___	___
air purifier	___	___
fine china	___	___
sterling silver	___	___
crystal stemware	___	___
CD player	___	___
dustbuster	___	___
lettuce spinner	___	___
juicer	___	___
microwave	___	___
matching BMWs	___	___
rowing machine	___	___

16. Where did your current flatware/tableware come from?
 - *a.* Wedding gift
 - *b.* Inherited
 - *c.* Purchased
 - *d.* College cafeteria
 - *e.* Was in the apartment when you moved in

17. What is your strongest decorating influence?
 - *a.* Your mother
 - *b.* Fraternities/sororities
 - *c.* Country Living magazine
 - *d.* Jackson Pollack
 - *e.* Necessity
 - *f.* The way the apartment was when you moved in

18. When you buy wine/champagne for yourself, what is the most important factor in your selection?
 - *a.* Critical praise in media
 - *b.* Bottler and vintage
 - *c.* Price
 - *d.* U.S. trade deficit
 - *e.* How dignified the label looks

19. How long do you expect to stay in New York City?
 - *a.* Forever
 - *b.* 5 to 10 years
 - *c.* 1 to 5 years
 - *d.* As long as it takes to pack my bags

Name: _____

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Here

Wedding Survey

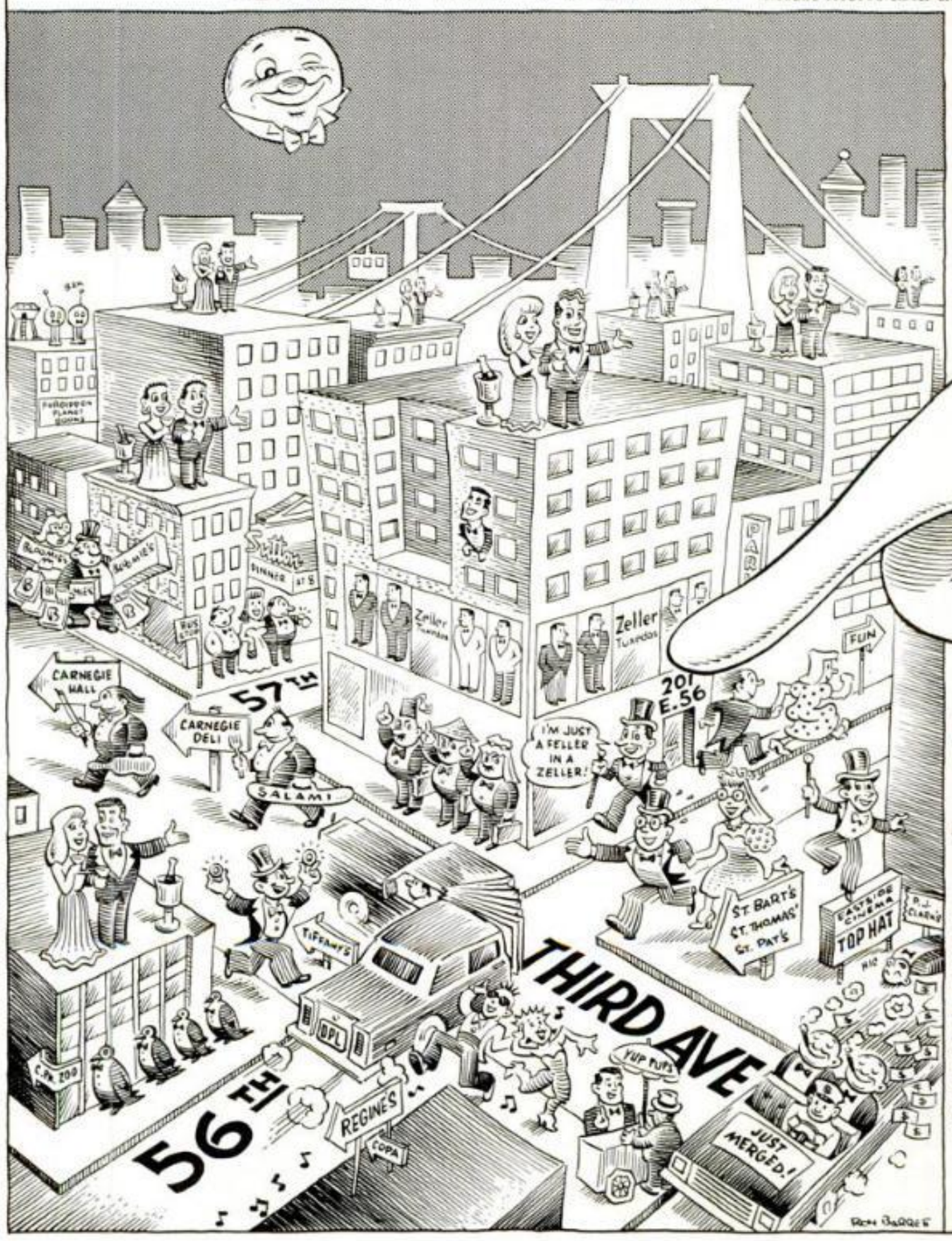
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Leave Your Announcement at the Tone

If you call *The New York Times* to ask about wedding and engagement announcements, you will be connected to a prerecorded set of instructions. This well-worn tape is packed with information. To save you the trouble of calling three time to decipher all the details, the following is the message verbatim:

This is the Society News Department of *The New York Times*. Wedding announcements appear only on the day after the ceremony. Engagement announcements appear only on Sundays. We request that (unintelligible) information be submitted at least three weeks prior to publication. (unintelligible) should contain at least four telephone numbers where the parties can be reached during the day and evening. The release should include the date and day of the ceremony, where the wedding will take place and who will perform the ceremony. Please include the education and occupation of the couple, the occupation and titles of parents, even if retired or deceased. Please indicate former marriages and how they ended. Pictures should be at least five by seven inches, black and white glossies. The preparer of the information should (unintelligible) the announcement release. There is no guarantee of publication and there is no charge for the items we do print. Items should be sent to: The Society News Department, *The New York Times*, 229 West 43rd Street, New York, New York, 1003 (last digit cut off) BEEP.





It isn't clear whether you can leave a message at that point. ♥

MAKING *the Tabloids*

For some, the staid honorific of three inches of *New York Times* column may not be enough. Those seeking more may want to consider the undeniable cachet of a mention in *The Daily News* or *Post*. But how?

If you are not a bonafide celebrity, like Paul Simon or Carrie Fisher or Liz Taylor, or a child of a celebrity, like



Carrie Fisher, or a friend of a columnist, you can pretty much write off Page Six or Liz Smith. Suzy does handle Manhattan society types, though only those who combine their social registration with genuine glamour, but if you needed to be told that then there probably aren't enough Rhinelanders, Whitneys or Belmonts in your family tree anyway.

There is, nonetheless, one sure way into the tabloids—a stunt wedding. You know: "They got married where they met—on a crosstown bus." If you're inventive enough you'll probably make the eleven o'clock news.

Sure it's not exactly the stately, romantic, traditional ceremony you grew up expecting, but think of the possibilities. "I take you, Susan . . . out to the ballgame?" might caption your photo if you choose the Shea Stadium grandstand for your nuptial rites.

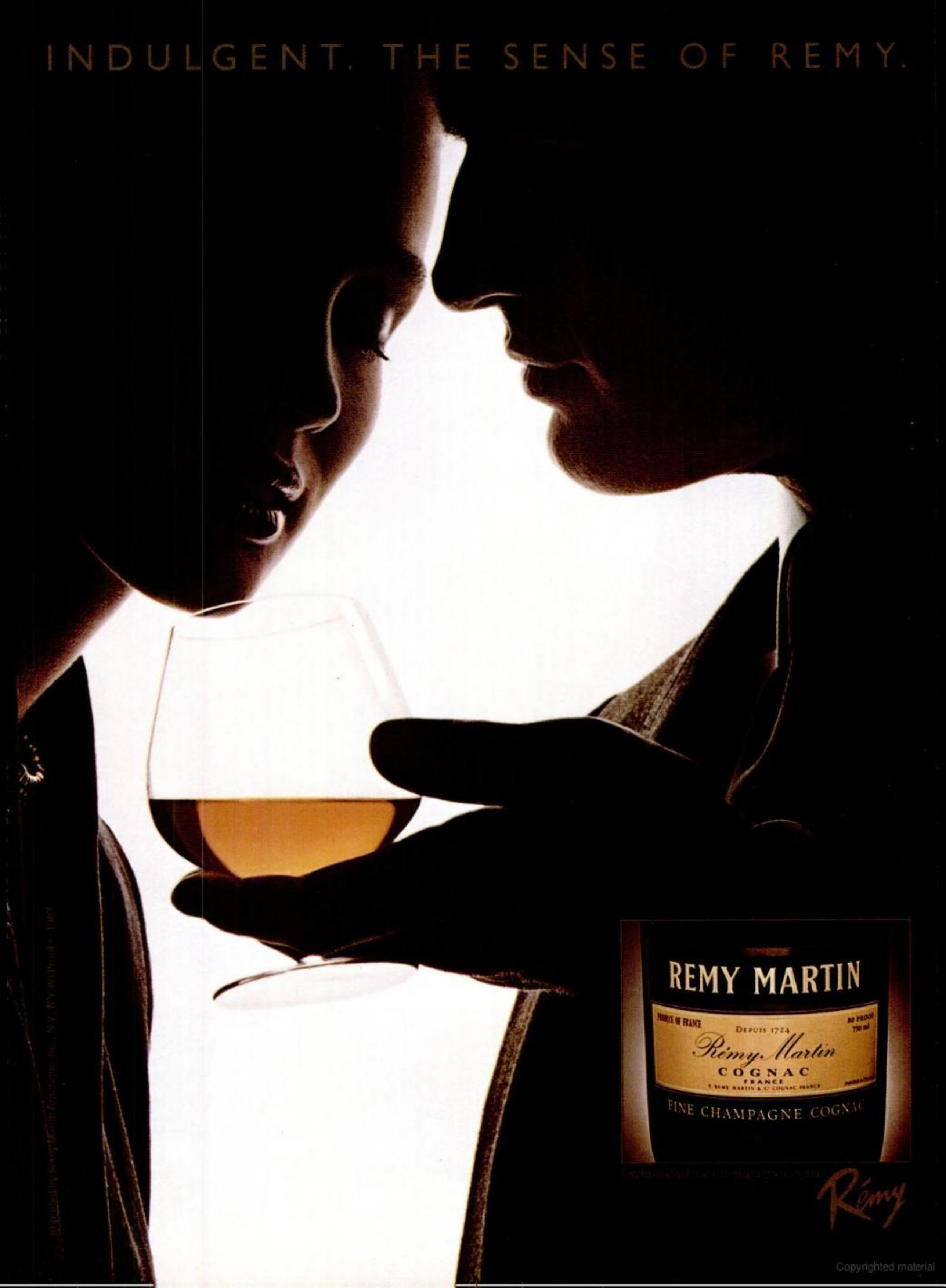

Celebs in
PAGE SIX
Keeping fit

If you really come up with a doozy, you also have a shot at making the national tabloids. "Falling in Love? That's what these newlyweds were doing during their skydiving, mid-air marriage ceremony." Other gimmicks that might do the trick: marrying someone 60 years your elder, getting married while in the astral plane during a neardeath experience, or having a double ceremony with your pet dogs. Sometimes even the simplest hooks draw tabloid coverage; this past autumn *National Enquirer* covered the story when five Swedish sisters were married to their respective sweethearts in a quintuple ceremony.

If you're really desperate, personal tragedy and bodily harm might do the trick. A recent National Examiner headline blared: "JEALOUS DOG SAVAGES YOUNG BRIDE AT ALTAR: Pit bull didn't want her master to marry!" ♥

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Rice: SYMBOL OF FERTILITY OR DEATH FROM ABOVE?

There have been various legal efforts to ban the practice of rice-tossing due to the alleged danger it poses to birds. Congresswoman Mae Schmidle of the Connecticut Legislature proposed a bill to ban it in 1985. The bill died. Later that year her daughter Lisa Schmidle, 27, and a friend formed Kel-Lee Enterprises, a mail-order company in Newtown, to supply "bird-related wedding items." Their first product was "feather-and-lace nuptial birdseed," a festive new medium for the wedding party adieu which "combines environmentally perfect rice-like birdseed with imported white lace and beautiful white satin ribbon in a handsome champagne glass—a conversation piece, a keepsake, and above all, a new tradition."

The assumption of Representative Schmidle and others who choose birdseed for their weddings is that uncooked rice would expand inside the digestive tracts of birds and choke or kill them.

Steven Sibley, the assistant director of educational programs at the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology in the Sapsucker Woods of Ithaca, New York, says there is absolutely no basis of fact for such assumptions. "Rice, even instant Minute Rice, is a simple starch that doesn't expand unless it is in boiling water. Birds often eat rice—as any rice farmer will tell you without any ill effects."

However, if you feed unpopped corn kernels to your cat, and then put it in the microwave.... ♥

Are You Old Enough?



YOU MUST BE EIGHTEEN TO BE MARRIED without parental consent in New York State, and if you are between eighteen and twenty-three you must present proof of your age when obtaining a license. Sixteen and seventeen-year-olds must have the consent of their parents, and both parents must accompany you to the license bureau. Fourteen and fifteen-year-olds must have both parental consent and a court approval signed by a Supreme Court judge or judge of Family Court. At any age, you must list all previous marriages, and there is no such thing as a marriage learner's permit. ♥

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page W7: FPG.

page W8: FPG.

page W10: Petrified Films (shower).

page W11: H. Armstrong Roberts (clerk, license); Frederic Lewis/NYC (watch).

page W14: The Granger Collection (bachelor party).

page W15: A. Devaney, Inc. (dishes); Frederic Lewis/NYC (argument).

page W18: AP/Wide World (bus, balloon).

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PUCK'S



MARRIED ON THE RAIL!
A Young Couple joined in wedlock on Top of a Passenger Car, going Fifty Miles an Hour!



A SEE-SAW CEREMONY!
The Odd Marriage of a Vermont Couple!

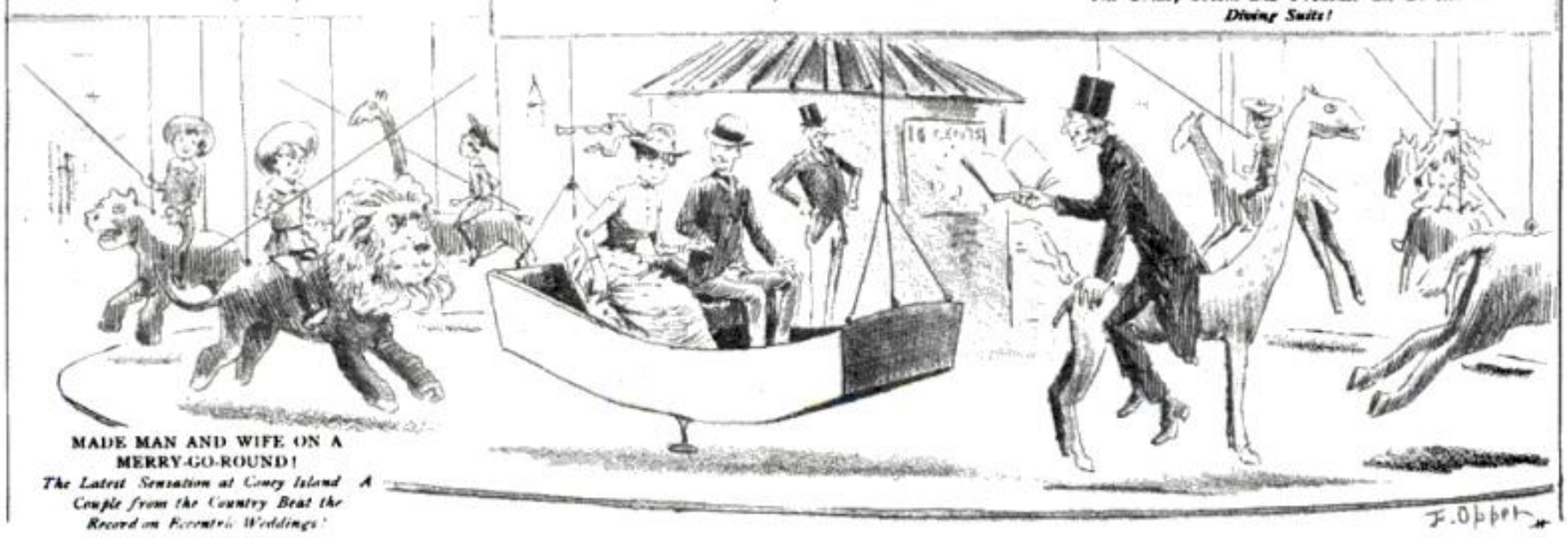
THE HOLY BONDS IN AN OPEN BOAT!
A Young Man and Woman in Detroit are Towed Behind a Tug, while the Minister Ties Them Hard and Fast!



WEDLOCK WAY UP HIGH!
A Happy Pair from Harlem Married on Top of the Statue of Liberty!



SPLICED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!
The Bride, Groom and Preacher all Dressed in Diving Suits!



MADE MAN AND WIFE ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND!
The Latest Sensation at Coney Island A Couple from the Country Beat the Record on Eccentric Weddings!

The newspapers contain frequent accounts of "A Wedding at a Country Fair," "Married by Telephone," "Wedded on Horseback," etc. Here are a few suggestions for novel nuptial ceremonies which would be sure to cover the participants with glory.

ECCENTRIC WEDDINGS
Can now happen on the Top Floor of The Puck Building!
The Skylight Ballroom

Private Rooms
Victorian Penthouse
New Bridal Changing Suite
New High Speed Elevators

On His Majesty's Service
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I Dos and Don'ts

WRITING YOUR OWN VOWS? *What a relief to dump those dusty ecclesiastical* plight my troths *and* honor and obeys, *but take care that you won't be embarrassed to reread the ceremony in twenty years. Here are some general guidelines:*

do quote from Ecclesiastes: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven."

DON'T quote from Deuteronomy: "How can I myself alone bear your cumbrance, and your burden, and your strife?"

do emphasize the solemnity and inviolability of the institution of marriage.

DON'T outline the details of your prenuptial agreement.

do make it poetic.

DON'T make it rhyme.

do express your individuality.

DON'T express your quirky sense of humor.

do have the officiant mention the many guests and loved ones gathered to celebrate your vows.

DON'T have the officiant point out the fire exits.

do use highly veiled metaphors for sex, if you feel you have to allude to it at all.

DON'T use euphemisms for God, especially not "the Infinite" or "the Universal Soul." Leave Him in or take Him out.

do keep it to a minimum, short and sweet.

DON'T cut out words altogether in favor of expressionist dance.

If Tuesday Weld Married Fredric March, Their Daughter Would be Tuesday March, the second

On the one hand, changing your name is an affront to the most basic tenets of feminism. On the other hand, the convenience, the simplicity, the sheer neatness gives a shared last name undeniable allure. Rather than face the prospect of raising a hyphenate family, many women would rather switch than fight.

However, for some this is impossible. The result would be too darn silly. For example:

If Cornelia Guest married Henry Cabot Lodge,
she'd be **CORNELIA GUEST LODGE.**



If Oprah Winfrey married Isaac Bashevis Singer,
she'd be **A FAT OPRAH SINGER.**



If Lally Weymouth married Iggy Pop,
she'd be **LALLY POP.**

If Brooke Astor married Sid Bass,
she'd be **BROOKE BASS.**

If Mary Hart married David Byrne,
she'd be **MARY HART BYRNE.**



If Ella Fitzgerald married Darth Vader,
she'd be **ELLA VADER.**



If Donna Summer married Jack Kemp,
she'd be **DONNA SUMMER KEMP.**

If Martina Navratilova married Dwight Stones,
she'd be **A STRAIGHT MARTINA ON THE ROCKS.**



If Lady Bird Johnson married Nicholas Cage,
she'd be **LADY BIRD CAGE.**



If Sandra Goode married Jim Nabors,
they'd be **GOODE-NABORS.**

If Coco Chanel married Orson Bean,
she'd be **COCO BEAN.**

If Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme married Christian Dior,
she'd be **SQUEAKY DIOR.**

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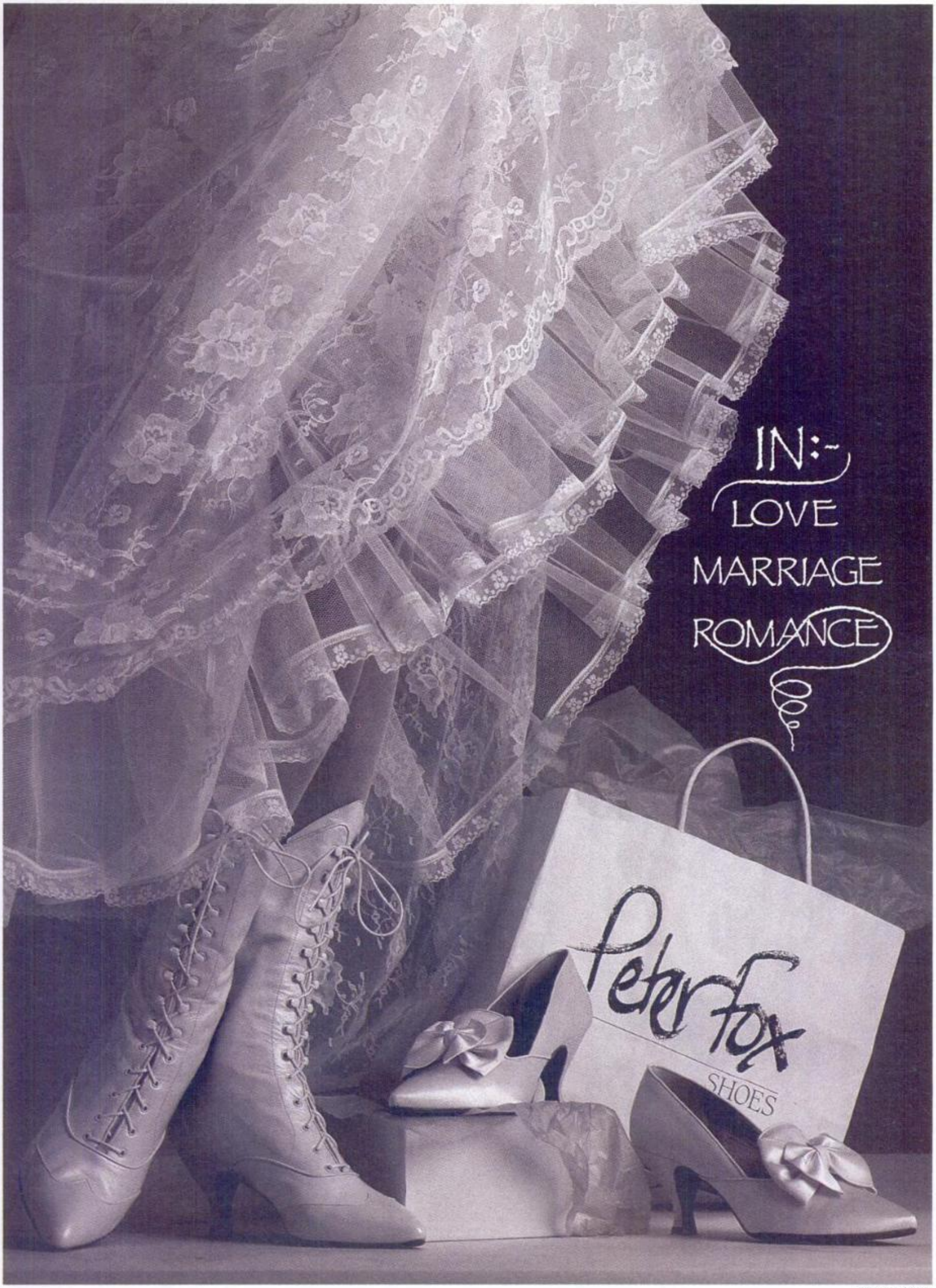


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THE NEW URBAN

BESTIARY

Vol. 1



fig. 1 Urban Woodpecker

Being a compendium of unusual
and exotic modern creatures

BY DEAN ROHRER

New York:

MCMLXXXVIII

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fig. 2 URBAN AARDVARK



fig. 3 URBAN ZEBRA



fig. 4 URBAN LEMMING



fig. 5 URBAN SNOW HARE

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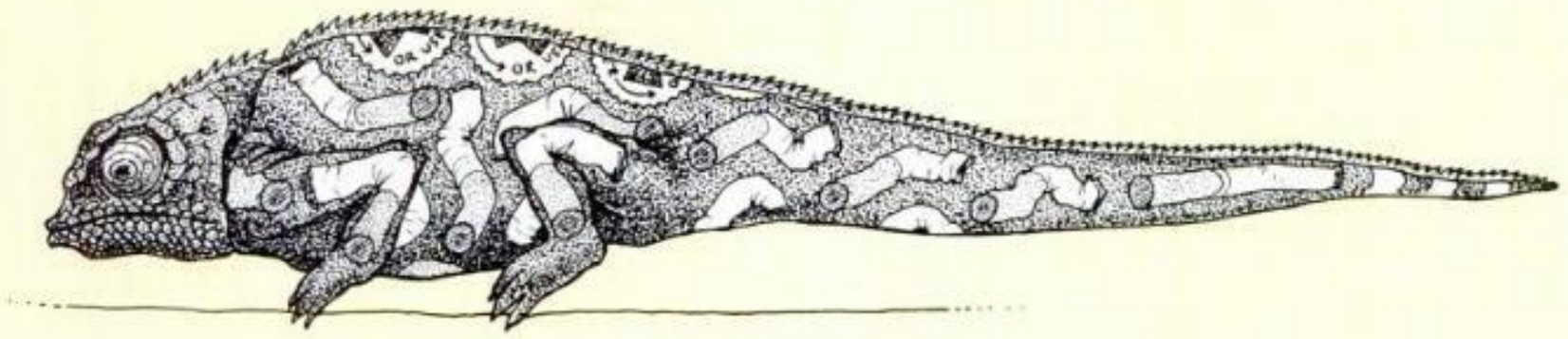


fig. 6 URBAN IGUANA



fig. 7 URBAN KOALA



fig. 8 URBAN RACCOON

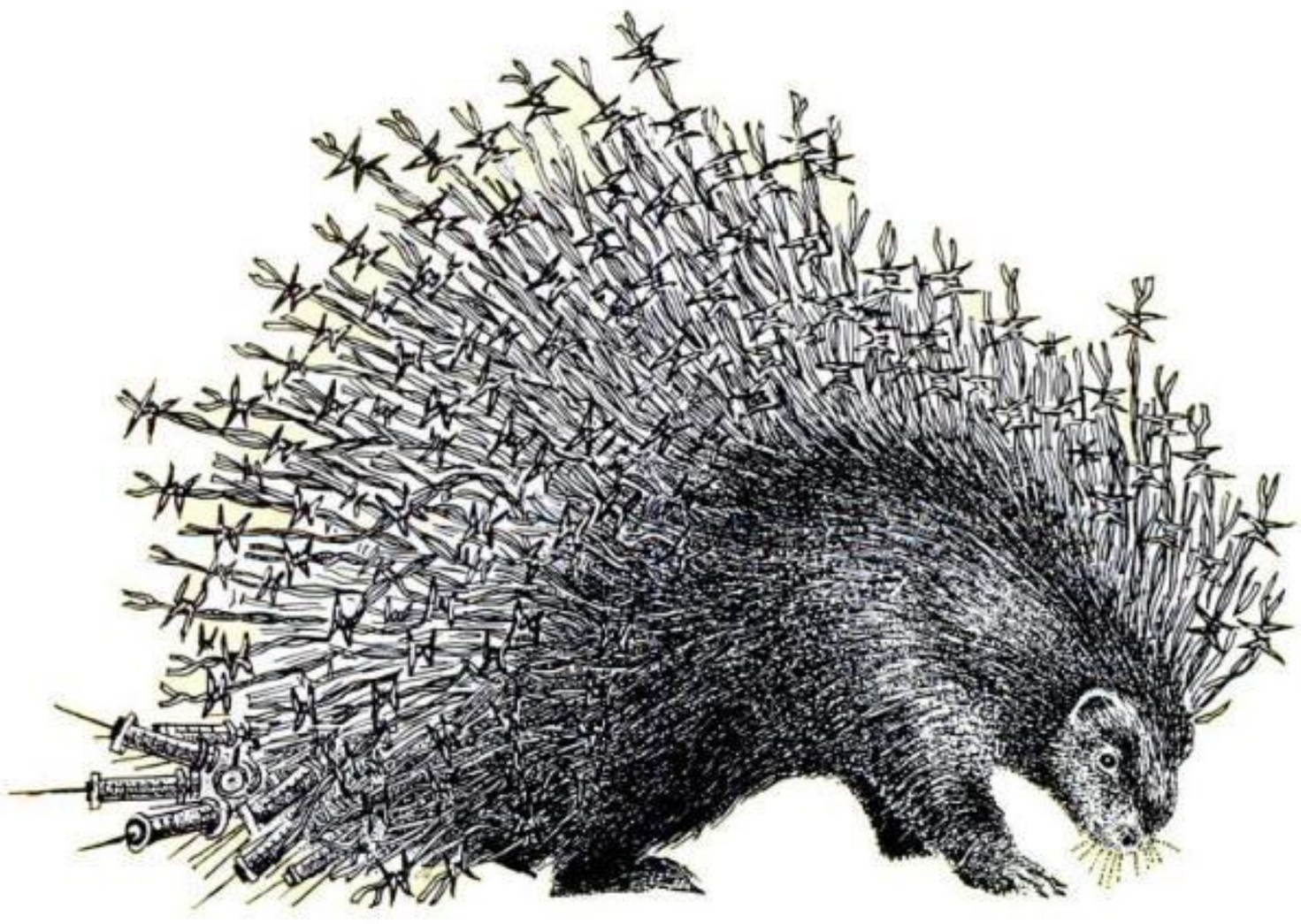


fig. 9 URBAN PORCUPINE

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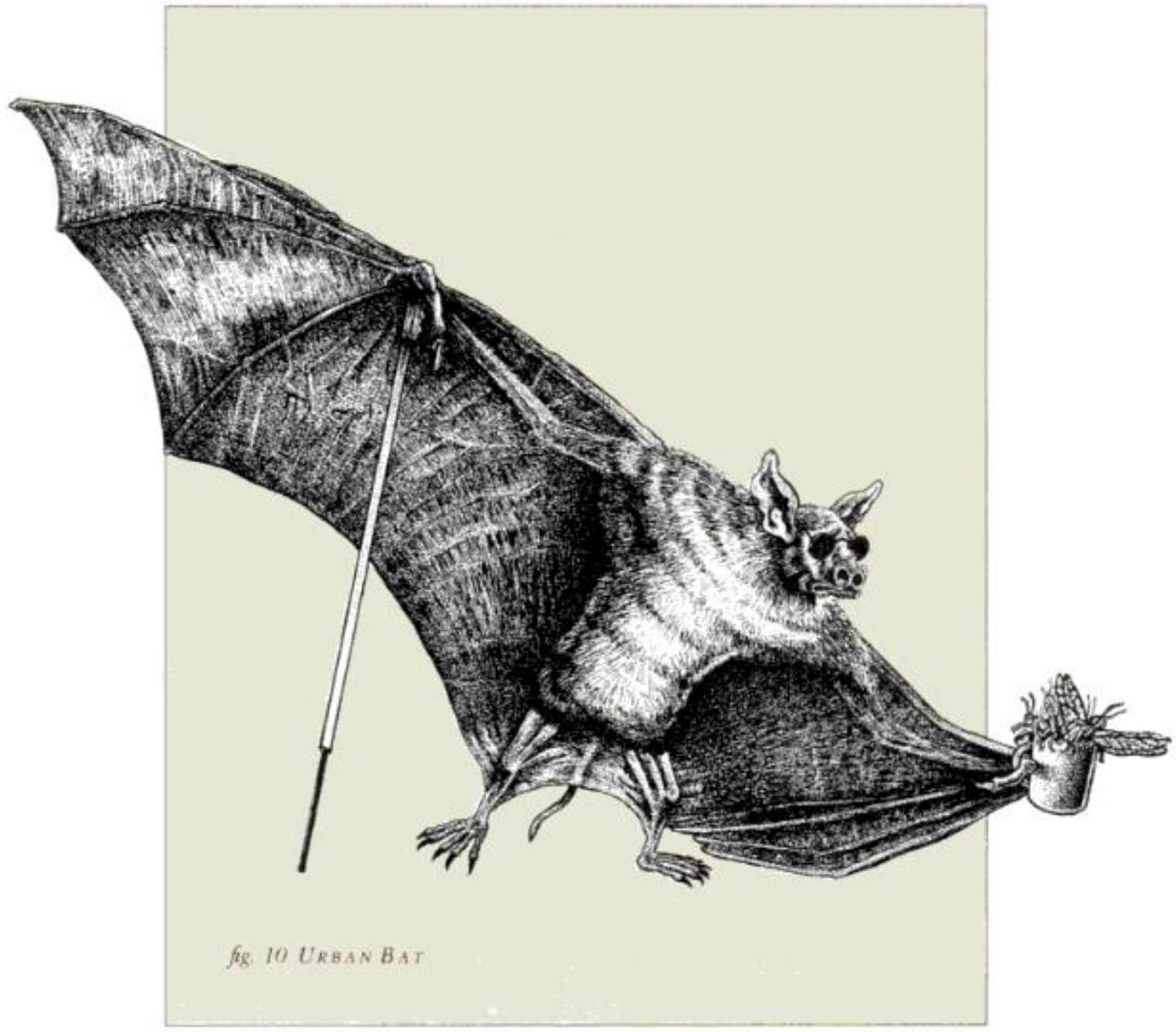


fig. 10 URBAN BAT

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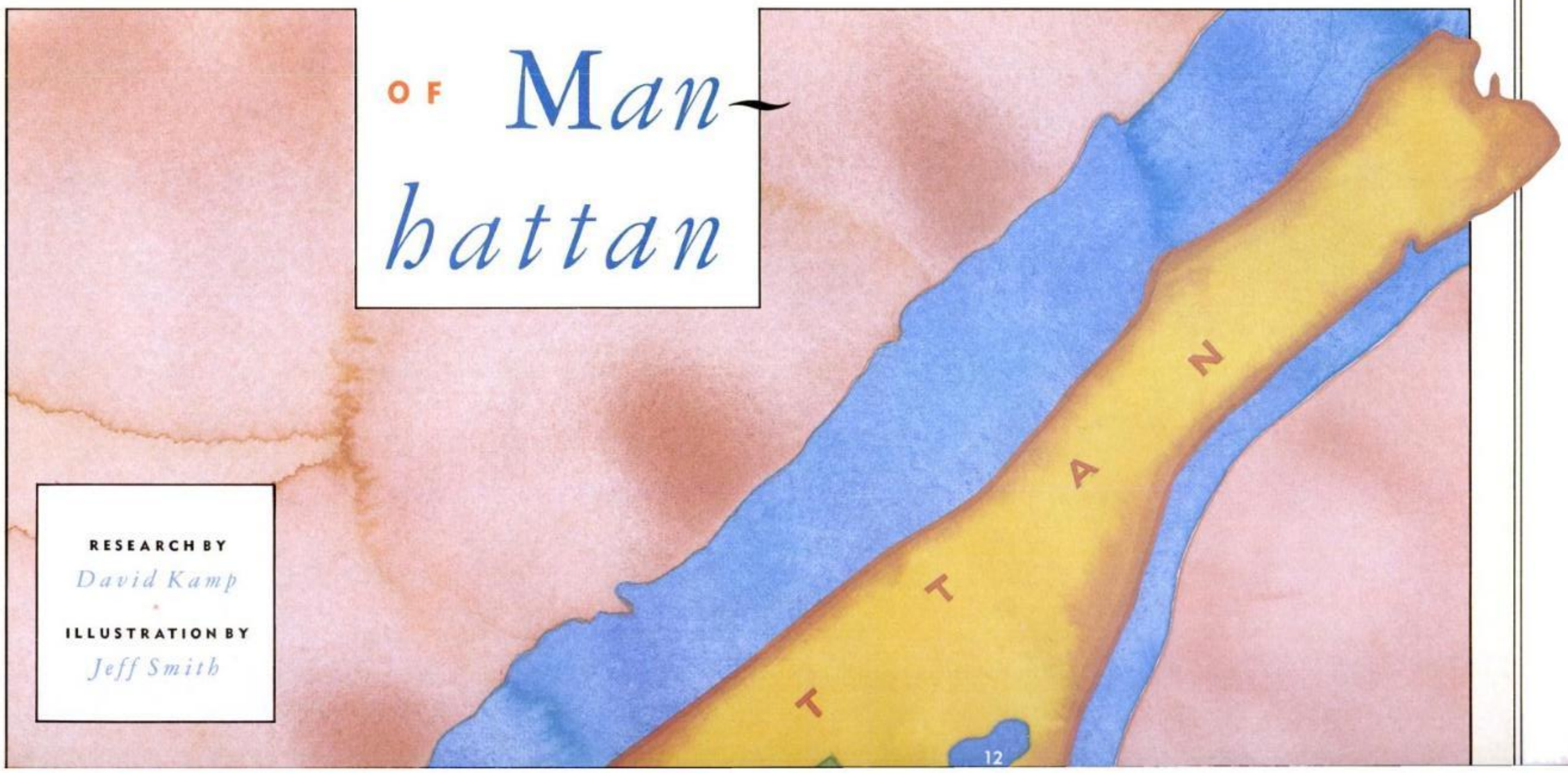
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The Lake District of Manhattan

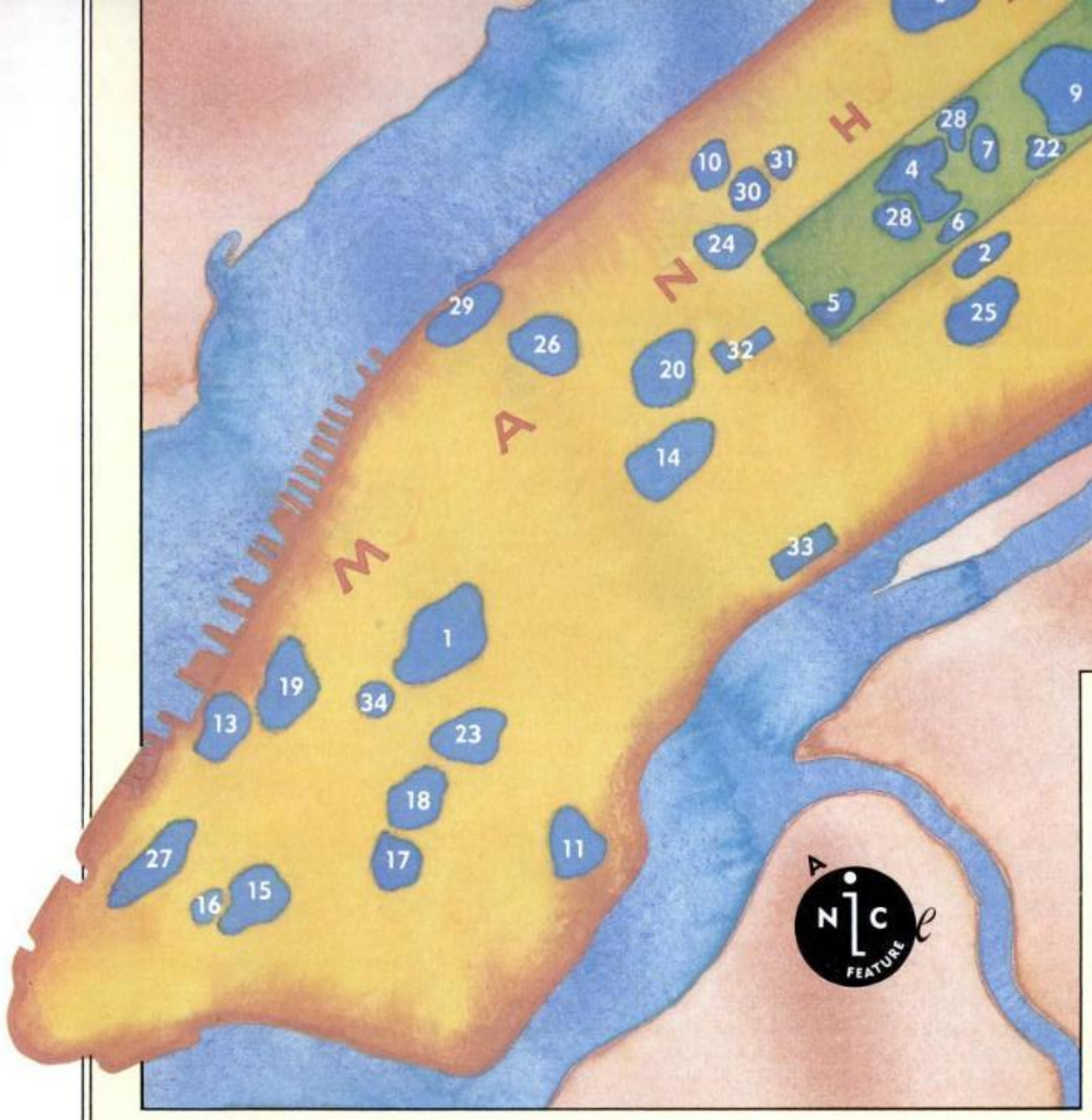
It's easy to forget that Manhattan is an island, that just over there somewhere is an *ocean*. Water of any sort seems far, far away. Negotiating a crosstown block in midtown, the Manhattan pedestrian understands how it feels to be landlocked just as the pedestrian in, say, Evansville, Indiana, does. (It's *almost* the same; in a pinch, you can probably reach the seashore quicker from Evansville.) But the cityscape, as John Tauranac brought to our attention, is chockablock with bodies of water—fresh water, tap water, *inland* water. Water is in the Reservoir in Central Park, in the fountain at Lincoln Center, around every base on every sandlot ball field, backed up and spewing out from the city's quaint water mains and old-fashioned sewers. Manhattan really is lake country—a bucolic, Wordsworthian paradise where dragonflies dart like bicycle messengers, water striders march to and fro, and, for even this is not a perfect world, large mosquitoes flap lazily through the darkening dusk.



RESEARCH BY
David Kamp

ILLUSTRATION BY
Jeff Smith

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HAPPILY, NEW PONDS AND LAKES ARE CREATED CONTINUALLY IN NEW YORK. LAST YEAR, FOR INSTANCE, THERE WERE 535 WATER MAIN BREAKS IN THE CITY—MORE THAN ONE A DAY. ONLY A FEW, HOWEVER, DEVELOP INTO GENUINELY SCENIC MARINE ATTRACTIONS.

1. *Union Square*
JULY 31, 1987. A TWO-FOOT-DEEP, SEVEN-ACRE POND. MILLIONS OF GALLONS SPILLED INTO THE STREETS FROM A 36-INCH PIPE LAID A CENTURY AGO.

2. *72nd and Madison*
JANUARY 11, 1988. A ONE-ACRE POND. MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF WATER GUSHED FROM A 48-INCH PIPE LAID IN 1912. WATER FLOWED AS FAR AS 75TH STREET.

3. *84th and Broadway*
JANUARY 15, 1988. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF WATER SPILLED INTO THE STREETS FROM A 36-INCH PIPE THAT WAS LAID IN 1898.

4. *Central Park Lake*

5. *Central Park Pond*

6. *Conservatory Water*

7. *Belvedere Lake*

8. *Harlem Meer*

9. *Central Park Reservoir*

10. *The West 59th Street Gym and Pool*

11. *Szold Place Pool*

12. *Marcus Garvey Pool*

13. *The Carmine Street Gym and Pool*

14. *Murray Hill Reservoir*

15. *The Collect Pond*
FILLED IN 1817.

16. *Manhattan Company reservoir*
THE MANHATTAN COMPANY WAS CONTROLLED BY AARON BURR.

Recurring puddles

17. CHRYSTIE AND HOUSTON STS.; **18.** BOWERY AT HOUSTON (WHERE WINDSHIELD-WIPING BUMS RINSE SQUEEGEES); **19.** GREENWICH AND SEVENTH AVES.; **20.** SEVENTH AVE. AT 43RD ST.; **21.** LEXINGTON AVE. AT 96TH ST.; **22.** BRIDLE PATH NEAR RESERVOIR STEPS, CENTRAL PARK; **23.** 8TH ST. BETWEEN B'WAY AND FOURTH AVE.; **24.** EIGHTH AVE. AT 57TH ST.; **25.** LEXINGTON AVE. AT 68TH ST.; **26.** NINTH AVE. BEHIND PORT AUTHORITY; **27.** ENTRANCE TO HOLLAND TUNNEL; **28.** CENTRAL PARK TRANSVERSES.

29. *Artificial trout pond*
AT ANNUAL DODGE'S NATIONAL SPORTSMAN SHOW AT JACOB K. JAVITS CONVENTION CENTER (THIS YEAR IN EARLY FEBRUARY).

30. *Lincoln Center Fountain*
FILLED WITH 30,000 GALLONS OF WATER AND SHAPED LIKE A WEDDING CAKE.

31. *Lincoln Center Reflecting Pool*
FEATURES 150,000 GALLONS OF WATER *AND* A HENRY MOORE SCULPTURE.

32. *Fountain pools at Time & Life Building*

33. *Fountain at the United Nations*

34. *Washington Square Fountain*
FROM MAY THROUGH LABOR DAY IT'S FILLED WITH 8,000 GALLONS OF WATER AND FEATURES A PLUME THAT CAN REACH 30 FEET HIGH.

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Whenever a quaint notion like "Astoria" or "Red Hook" bobs up in conversation, Manhattanites grimace and wag their heads, convinced that their cramped, crime-ridden, horrifically expensive borough is the only place to be. Their automatic scorn explains why Brooklynites and Bronxers — and, for that matter, Pasadenans and Alexandrians — falter when they attempt to describe why they reside where they do. (*Fresh air! A real house! A yard for the kids!*...Oh, never mind.) In fact, hardcore haute New Yorkers don't believe these pictures of cheerful normality. They are convinced that life across the river is a mixture of *All in the Family*, *Little House on the Prairie* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. (*Tract-raisings! Saber duels by torchlight! Flying Camaros!*)

Is There Life on Outer

***Sure there is. Really. Honest.**

Our tour of New York City's forgotten zones is meant to assure you that *this simply isn't so*. We really do believe the valiant Borough Apologists who sideline dinner parties and office chats with their explanations of why it is so great to live where they live. And if, while you're out with us, you see a wagon train crossing Bruckner Boulevard, or if you get lost in a bazaar in Brooklyn amid a sea of red tarbooshes, don't be alarmed. We will always be at your elbow, helping you shop for the necessities you thought you could find only in Manhattan (arugula, Roland Barthes books, ultrasonic humidifiers) — and reminding you in a soft voice that the Staten Island Ferry is a restful voyage into the past, and that sometimes, in the farthest regions of the Bronx, you can see the stars at night.

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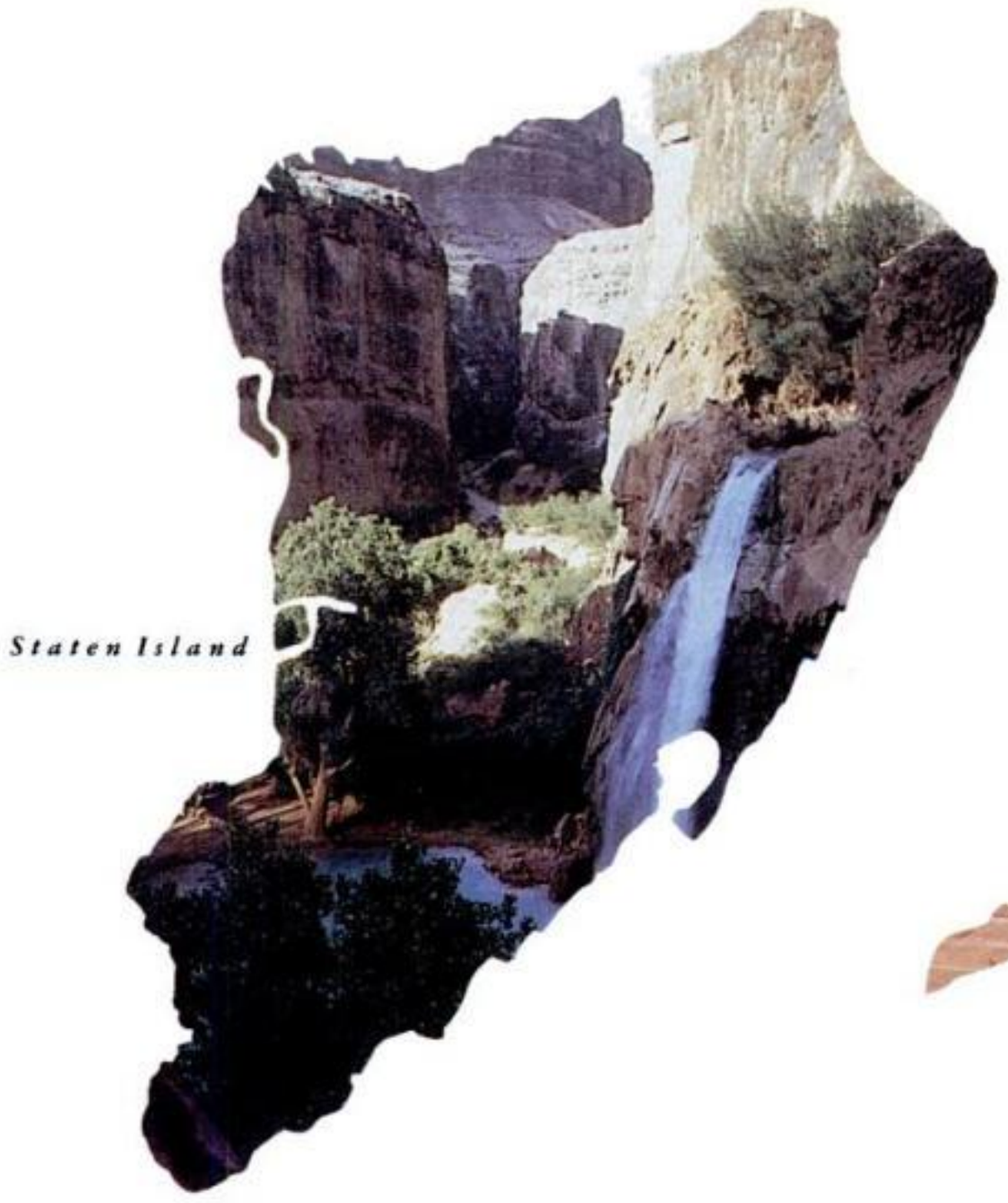




A Bridge and Tunnel Celebration

Boroughs?*





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PART I

Confessions of an Outer Borough EXILE

BY EDWARD ZUCKERMAN

OKAY, YEAH, I LIVE IN QUEENS, but you think I mind being out of Manhattan? Forget it. I'm so close to Manhattan I can hit it with a rock. I could be on East 96th Street in two minutes—if there were a bridge across the East River at 96th Street, which there happens not to be at this moment, or if there were a ferry there, which there also isn't (although there's a lot of talk about reviving ferries nowadays). My friends Maureen and Glo, who live in Red Hook, Brooklyn, are expecting final word on the Red Hook–Manhattan ferry any day now. They're people who really understand the advantages of not living in Manhattan. Five years ago they bought their house in Red Hook for $6,000, total. (I think they took a cash advance on their credit card to get the money.) Sure, they had to replace every door, window, fixture, pipe, wire, wall and ceiling in the place, and for a couple of months the entire house had to be held up by a giant jack, but remember, *we're talking about a house for $6,000.* Maureen admits she felt a little defensive at first about living in an Outer Borough; her Manhattan friends made faces. "I'd say, 'Brooklyn is a more interesting place than Manhattan.'" (*For a comprehensive catalog of Borough Apologies, see page 94.*) Interesting? Sure is. The first time I went to visit her and Glo, I made the mistake of traveling by bicycle. I was chased out of Red Hook by a pack of wild dogs.

I was living in Brooklyn myself at the time. I'd always sworn I would never do such a thing. If I was going to leave Manhattan, I said, I'd as soon move to Ithaca as Brooklyn. I had to move somewhere; my then girlfriend objected for some reason to living with me and 10,000 mice in a fifth-floor walk-up in Hell's Kitchen. As for Ithaca, she pointed out that a 200-mile commute was a little steep. So Brooklyn it was.

We lived in Carroll Gardens on President Street, like in the song "Joey" by Bob Dylan ("The sun turned cold over President Street/ And the town of Brooklyn mourned"). Our landlord, a cop, advised us that if we ever encountered anything like a mugger, we shouldn't bother calling the police but should just hop into the car-service storefront, where a bunch of men hung out all the time and there never seemed to be any cars. The neighborhood was safe.

"I like the diversity of people on the street," says my friend Kathy, who has lived in Carroll Gardens for ten years. "On one corner you'll have a guy with a briefcase. Across the street it's 'Yo, Vinnie!'" Also, she says, "it's easy to have a car here. You can park on the street. You can zip in and out of town [Manhattan]. We have a big house." And there is the requisite great ethnic shopping—fresh pasta, homemade sausage, hot baked bread, hand-waxed vegetables. I don't know why anybody would want to live in Manhattan when they could live in a great neighborhood like Carroll Gardens.

As soon as I could, I moved to Chelsea.

When it became clear that minor-league Donald Trumps were about to drive me out of there, I took out a map of New York City to consider my options. There was Brooklyn, which by this time had become certifiably chic. Why were people paying a fortune to live in Park Slope, I wondered. Look how far it is from Manhattan. No chance of a ferry, either.

Then I noticed this other borough, separated from the heart of Manhattan by a skinny little river. I'd never actually heard of anybody living in Queens except taxi drivers and secretaries, but I was open-minded.

I found myself half a house in a neighborhood that I believe is called West Astoria. I'm 15 minutes from midtown, and I'm closer to the Village than I would be if I lived on the Upper West Side, and if I take the Triborough and catch the traffic just right, I can get to the East Side before I leave. I swear it.

But I still have to put up with Manhattan ignorance. Shortly after I moved out here my friend David called and asked me to meet him at Elaine's (on Second Avenue at 88th Street) for a drink. I must have hesitated, because he said, "You can spend the night at my place afterward, so you won't have to drive back to Queens." Now, David lives on the Upper West

Is There Arugula on Staten Island?

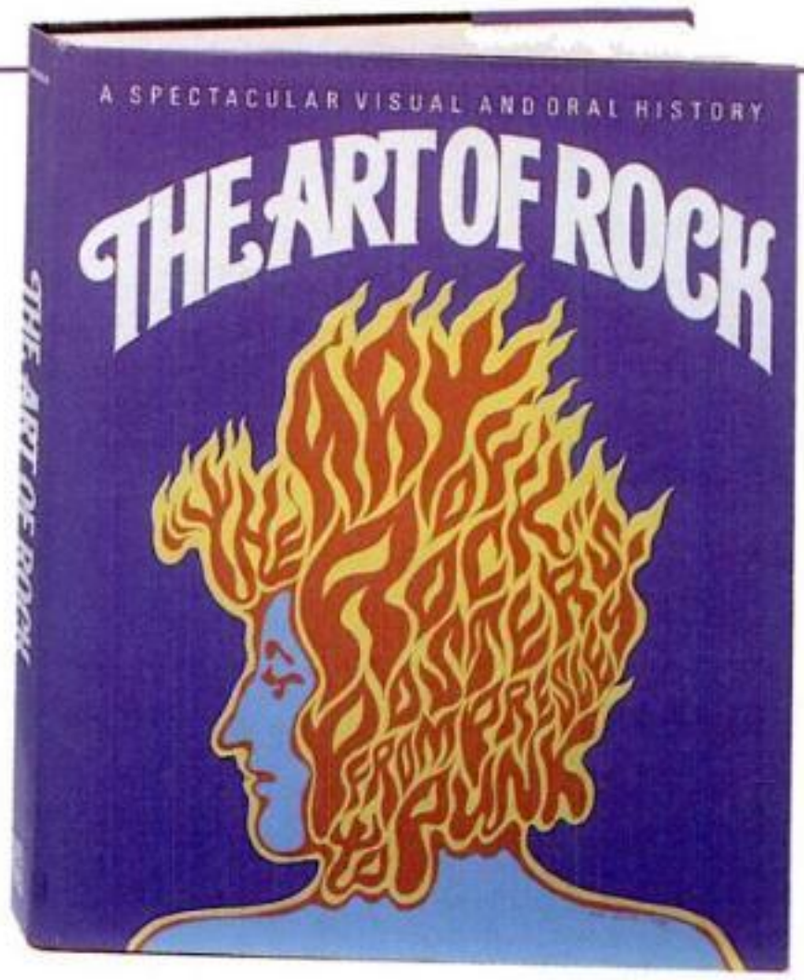
SPY acknowledges that its universe has always been defined by Lafayette Street to the west, Mulberry Street to the east, Houston Street to the north and a thoroughly unpleasant and odoriferous alley to the south. What goes on *out there*—out toward Broadway, and Mott, and Bleecker, and Prince, and even beyond—has always been a mystery to us. So we decided to educate ourselves. We sent a team of reporters on a scavenger hunt through the Outer Boroughs. Their mission was to see how many of the bare necessities of Manhattan life—arugula, Ramlosa water, blue margaritas, collagen skin-care products, any of the works of Roland Barthes or any of the Vintage Contemporaries series, George Winston CDs, jukeboxes with no Madonna songs, videocassettes of either *Mildred Pierce* or *Zabriskie Point*, all-cotton men's dress shirts, ultrasonic humidifiers, decaffeinated coffee beans, natural sea sponges and, of course, *The New York Observer*—they could track down in sections of Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx and even Staten Island. Equipped only with Baedekers, boxes of raisins ▸

"AS A GENERAL RULE, MR. MAILER AVOIDS DISCUSSING LIVING IN BROOKLYN." — NORMAN MAILER'S SECRETARY

I'm 15 minutes from midtown, and I'm closer to the Village than I would be if I lived on the Upper West Side, and if I take the Triborough and catch the traffic just right, I can get to the East Side before I leave.

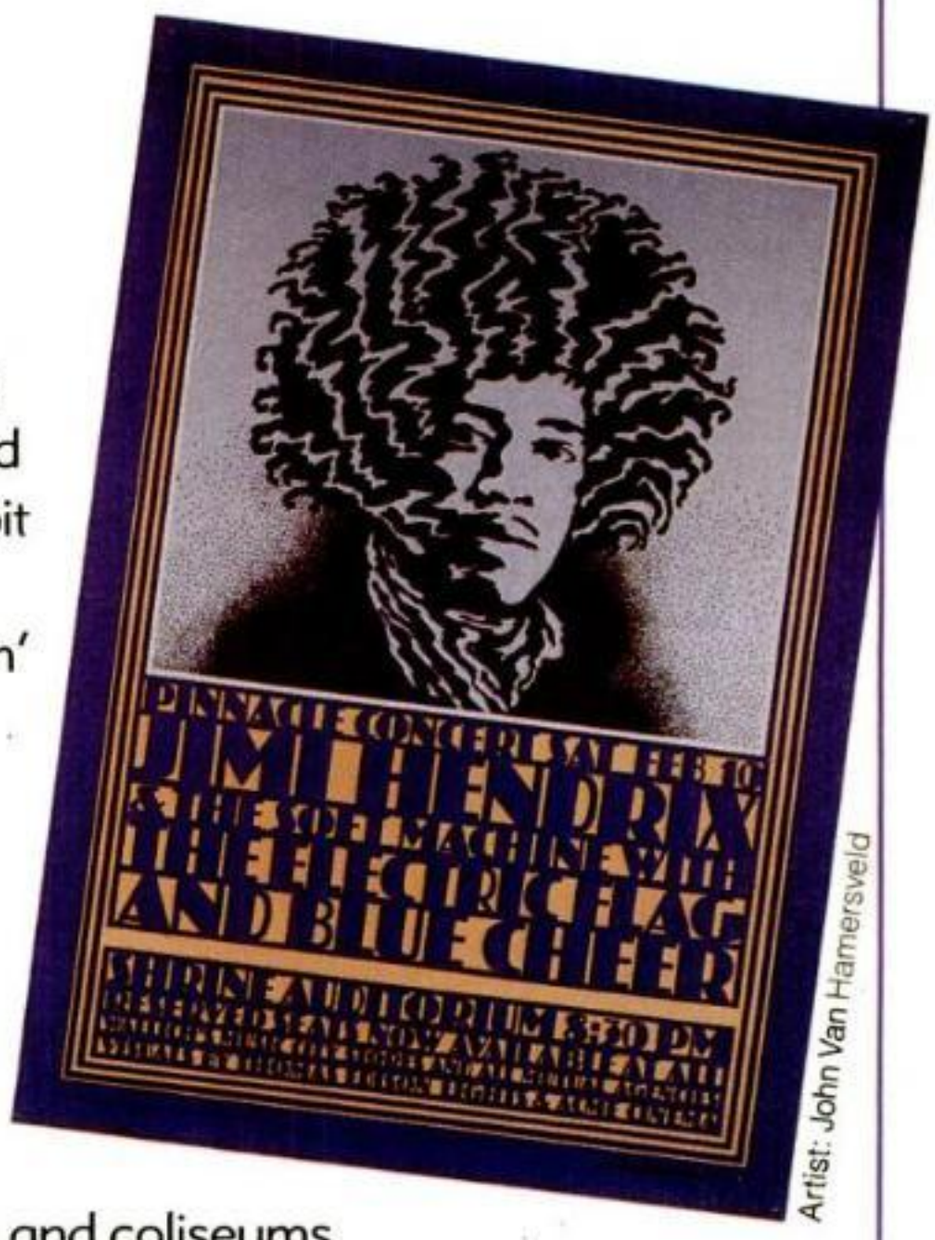
"HERE ARE THE EVENTS THAT MARKED OUR LIVES..."

—DETAILS





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"BROOKLYN IS MORE MULTIRACE THAN MANHATTAN, AND I LIKE LIVING IN A MIXED-RACE PLACE. THERE ARE MANY JEWISH PEOPLE WHO LIVE THERE AND WHO GO HOME EARLY ON FRIDAY, WHICH MAKES IT EASIER FOR ME TRAVELING."—DITH PRAN, *NEW YORK TIMES* PHOTOGRAPHER

and their own street smarts (no mosquito netting, no powdered milk), they went. And they returned, having discovered the following.

1. *Arugula.*

Found on Staten Island, after an hour's search in both the Four Corners and Stapleton sections, at Victory Farm Fruits and Vegetables on Victory Boulevard. Not found in the Fordham Road area of the Bronx, despite inquiries at both Metro Food and 188 Fruit and Vegetable. Found in the Astoria section of Queens at the 30th Avenue Fruit Market. In Brooklyn, where the search encompassed both Flatbush Avenue and Park Slope, Key Food (on Flatbush) was discouraging—"It's the wrong neighborhood for that"—but Two Kims Grocery and Fruit just two blocks away proved them wrong: they had it.



Score: Staten Island, 1; Queens, 1; Brooklyn, 1; the Bronx, 0.

2. *Ramlosa water.*

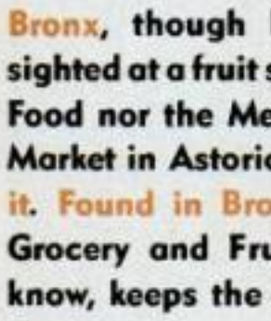
Unavailable on Staten Island—not at the Victory Boulevard A&P and not, surprisingly, at the arugula-crazy Victory Farm Fruits and Vegetables. Not found in the Bronx, though Naya water was sighted at a fruit stand. Neither Key Food nor the Mediterranean Food Market in Astoria, Queens, carries it. Found in Brooklyn: Two Kims Grocery and Fruit, which, as we know, keeps the Slope in arugula, has it.



Score: Brooklyn, 2; Staten Island, 1; Queens, 1; the Bronx, 0.

3. *Blue margarita.*

At Staten Island's Victory Lanes, where it was apparently Old Ladies' Bowling Day, you couldn't get one at the bar ("I can't say that I've ever heard of a blue margarita. Next time you come by, bring the recipe. I'd like to know how they do that"). Nor could the Bay Cafe make it, nor Guido's Tavern ("I couldn't make a margarita blue if it begged me to"). Not found in the Bronx, where brave inquiries were made at Mannion's Bar and Sublime Inc., two Fordham Road establishments. At Chauncey's II in Queens, the barmen were willing but seemed to require coaching ▸



Side, but *I live closer to Elaine's than he does.* I raced over there with my New York City map, unfolded it and began circling locations and measuring routes to prove my point. I think I knocked over George Plimpton's drink, but somebody has to stand up to these people.

My friend Kent is straightforward about it. He and his wife, Eva, live in the ex–Ex-Lax Building on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. The Ex-Lax Building is now a warren of fancy renovated co-op apartments, but it used to be a very important place in the world laxative establishment. Kent and Eva have an apartment that opens onto the roof, and on the roof there is a glass-brick building, where the Ex-Lax people used to keep the monkeys they tested the Ex-Lax on. Eva is an artist, and the monkey building is a perfect studio for her. *There is no way she could get anything like that in Manhattan.* As for Kent, when people say, "Why do you live in Brooklyn?" and make that face, he replies, "It's not that far from the city, and I have a big apartment with 13-foot ceilings, instead of living in a little white cube like *you*."

But there's no need to be rude about it. Let me tell you two stories about living in Queens.

1. About a week after I moved in, I got in my car one night to drive to Manhattan to have dinner with friends. My car wouldn't start. I got out to have a look at it, and a stranger came along the sidewalk. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Won't start," I said. "Maybe you can use a jump," the stranger said. "I'll go get my car. It's only a couple of blocks away." He trotted off.

I was still standing there dumbstruck when my downstairs neighbor, Frankie, appeared. "What's the matter?" Frankie asked. I told him. "Sounds like you need more than a jump," Frankie said. He reached into his pocket. "Take my car tonight. Here are the keys."

At this point I had known Frankie less than a week.

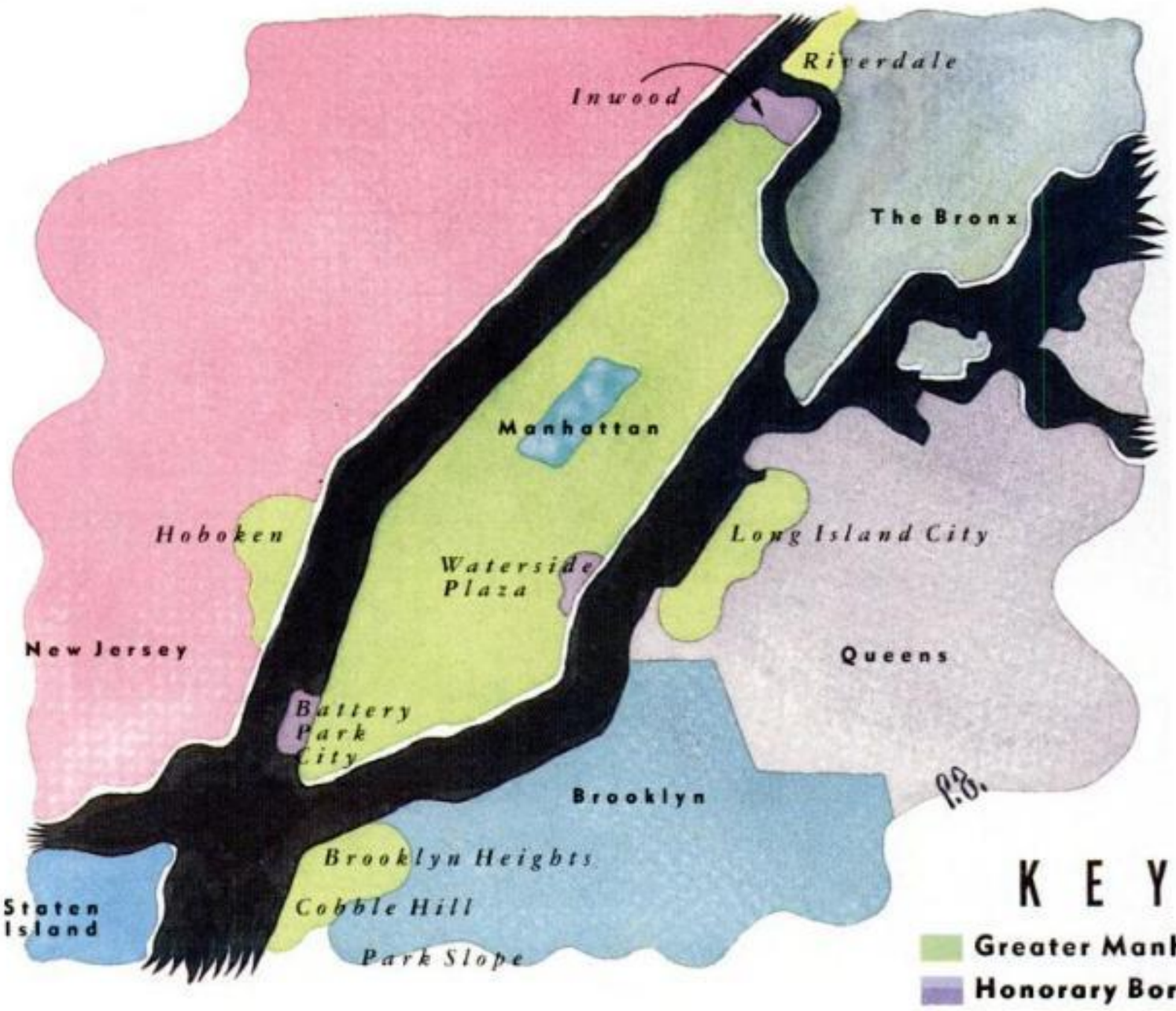
This happened in New York City in the latter half of the twentieth century.

2. I invited some people out to my place for brunch. After explaining to them about taxis and subways and bridges and tunnels for about 45 minutes, they agreed to come. On the appointed weekend I went shopping. I found the lox and the bagels. Then I went looking for the fresh-squeezed orange juice that can be bought on every corner in Manhattan. At one of my neighborhood fruit stands, I tried to explain what I wanted to a man who didn't speak much English. Oh, he finally said, and pointed to the Tropicana. No, no, I said. *Fresh-squeezed.*

He pointed to a pile of oranges.

I realized what a pass my Manhattan sophistication had brought me to. Only in Manhattan is fresh-squeezed orange juice not extracted from oranges. In a simpler borough, I was put back in touch with the earth.

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PART II

Borough Apologies: An Exile's Primer



BY HOWARD KAPLAN

There may come a day when you and your loved ones are forced to live in one of the Outer Boroughs. A warning: when that day comes, be prepared to explain your actions convincingly. As the veteran Borough Exile knows only too well, it is wise to have a battery of classic justifications at the ready. Never, in any case, admit the truth, which is that of course you'd prefer to live in Manhattan—you just can't afford it. Never say that. No. Rather, defend your new neighborhood with predictable, formulaic rationalizations—in other words, become a Borough Apologist. Many of these veiled apologies you already know *instinctively*. But why not have a full array at your command? In the interest of smoother borough-to-borough relations, SPY has prepared a systematic, scientific study of these phrases as they've appeared in print—in *New York* magazine between 1981 and 1986, as well as in *The New York Times*, *Town & Country*, *Parents*, *The Village Voice* and *U.S. News & World Report*. (For the purposes of this guide, the neighborhood of Inwood in northern Manhattan is treated as a de facto Outer Borough.)

I. The NOSTALGIA Defense

"I grew up in Cleveland. I love it here. It reminds me of home."

—Queens Apologist, *The New York Times*, June 8, 1985

II. The BIG FISH IN A SMALL POND Defense

"If we'd opened this restaurant in Manhattan we'd be lost. But *here* we have something special to offer."

—Park Slope Apologist Kathleen Johnston, owner, Seventy One Seventh (now defunct), *New York*, April 21, 1986

"[In Manhattan] we'd be competing with...the Metropolitan Opera."

—Brooklyn Apologist Gerry Eastman, artistic director, Williamsburg Music Center, ibid.

III. The THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE Defense

"I'm not the kind of person that meets people in bars in the East Village anyway."

—Brooklyn Apologist, *New York*, April 21, 1986

IV. The FRIENDLY SHOPKEEPER WITH A GOOD MEMORY Defense

"I go into a store with {my son} Joseph—'Ah, Giuseppe!' they cry, and they immediately give him the biggest cookie."

—Carroll Gardens Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

"In Manhattan, I lived in the same building for four years and never knew who lived across the hall. Here, my dry cleaner knows my name."

—Park Slope Apologist, *U.S. News & World Report*, December 12, 1983

V. The WHO SAYS OUR SOCIAL LIFE IS HURTING? Defense

"In fact, we entertain more. *People come to dinner a lot. They started coming here as soon as they found that the train ride is not what they thought."*—Windsor Terrace (Brooklyn) Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

"Most of my old friends don't live in the city anymore, anyway. And people who are your good friends are going to be your friends anyway, no matter where you live." —Sunnyside Apologist, ibid.

VI. The RAINBOW COALITION Defense

"It's a hodgepodge in terms of backgrounds. There are Hispanics from different countries—Cubans, Puerto Ricans, South Americans, Central Americans—as well as Indians, Philippinos [sic], Blacks....It's a nice mixture." —Sunset Park Apologist, *Parents*, May 1985

"We have a Moslem temple right down the street. You don't find that kind of a mix everywhere." —Brooklyn Heights Apologist, *Town & Country*, September 1985

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VII. The FRIENDLY VIGILANTE NEIGHBORS Defense

"It's the kind of neighborhood where people watch out for each other, and when there is a robbery, it's so unusual that everybody talks about it for days."

—Inwood Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

"People watch out for you. Our neighbors across the street move our car for us every day." —Windsor Terrace Apologist, ibid.

"Here . . . people watch your house when you go away."

—Park Slope Apologist, *U.S. News & World Report*, December 12, 1983

VIII. The COSMOPOLITAN Defense

***"You can still get* The Village Voice!"**

—Inwood Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

"In the past three months, two Chinese restaurants have opened up." —Carroll Gardens Apologist, ibid.

"The local Key Food store has responded to the changes in the neighborhood, and now they have a cheese-and-deli counter." —Windsor Terrace Apologist, ibid.

IX. The NO HASSLES Defense

"The ferry is a lot more reliable and relaxing than the subway."

—Staten Island Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

"I love going to see Shakespeare in Prospect Park. You don't have to wait in line or have a shopping bag from Zabar's to get in."

—Brooklyn Apologist, *The Village Voice*, December 11, 1984

X. The OLD WORLD CHARM Defense

"You think you're in southern Italy sometimes."

—Carroll Gardens Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

XI. The WE DID IT FOR THE KIDS Defense

"I liked it because it had a residential character—a family community atmosphere. In the summertime you hear the kids outside, running up and down the block playing stickball."

—Sunset Park Apologist, *Parents*, May 1985

"There's such a sense of neighborhood. The kids play stickball and jump rope. It's safe."

—Inwood Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

XII. The STONE'S THROW Defense

"If your child is out playing, you know the neighbors will keep an eye on him, but you're still only ten minutes away from Wall Street."

—Brooklyn Heights Apologist, *Town & Country*, September 1985

"You have the best of both worlds here. I'm 20 minutes from Manhattan, and I have a backyard."

—Hoboken Apologist, *The New York Times*, March 8, 1987

XIII. The BACK TO NATURE Defense

"I didn't expect it to be so wonderfully rural. We can see the stars at night. I'm aware of the clouds passing."

—Inwood Apologist, *New York*, September 7, 1981

"Here you have nice houses that people can have for a minimum investment and be right near the beach. And it *is* a beautiful beach."

—Far Rockaway Apologist, *New York*, September 2, 1985

from the customer. We're tough graders: no points. The Santa Fe Grill on Seventh Avenue in Brooklyn had it, but under the alias "Blue Marlin." Let's call that good (we're not *that* tough).

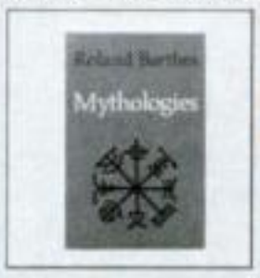
Score: Brooklyn, 3; Staten Island, 1; Queens, 1; the Bronx, 0.

4. *Collagen skin-care product.* Couldn't find one on Staten Island, at least not at Frank's Pharmacy or Liggett Drugs. In the Bronx, Stanley's, on the Grand Concourse between Fordham Road and 188th Street, had one made by Revlon. So did the Genovese Drug Store on 30th Avenue in Queens. Brooklyn delivers again: we found one at Nature's Hut on Flatbush Avenue.



Score: Brooklyn, 4; Queens, 2; Staten Island, 1; the Bronx, 1.

5. *Any book by Roland Barthes or any of the Vintage Contemporaries.* There appears to be no bookstore on Staten Island anywhere near the ferry; rumors placed one at "the mall," 45 minutes away by bus. Life is too short: not found. Ditto for the Bronx, where, at the Book Place on the Grand Concourse, the closest thing to Vintage Contemporaries we ran across was a paperback of *Bright Lights, Big City*—with Michael J. Fox on the cover. Bookstores in Queens? None were noticed, though we suspect they exist. The two bookstores we located on 17th Street in Brooklyn did carry Vintage Contemporaries, but alas, no Barthes.



Score: Brooklyn, 5; Queens, 2; Staten Island, 1; the Bronx, 1.

6. *George Winston CD.* On Staten Island, this mythical, distant "mall" seems also to be *the* place for music. We'll never know: not found. The Alexander's at Fordham Road in the Bronx had heard of CDs: "Where were you before Christmas? We had CDs before Christmas, but we didn't sell one. Now we don't have any." The Wiz at Steinway Street and Broadway in Queens was all out, they claimed. At Sound Track on Seventh Avenue in Brooklyn, "all three" tedious Winston CDs were in stock. ▸



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Score: Brooklyn, 6; Queens, 2; Staten Island, 1; the Bronx, 1.

7. A jukebox without any Madonna songs.

On Staten Island, the juke at Joe & Pat's Pizza had three, but tastes at Guido's ran elsewhere: no Madonna songs. Mannion's Bar in the Bronx had three on the juke, including "La Isla Bonita." (Can we dock this borough a point?) In Queens, finding a Madonna-less jukebox proved impossible. Brooklyn—specifically Mooney's Pub—came through: no Madonna songs.



Score: Brooklyn, 7; Queens, 2; Staten Island, 2; the Bronx, 1.

8. Mildred Pierce *or* Zabriskie Point *videocassette.*

Not found at Manor Video or Victory Video on Staten Island. Not found at the kung fu–heavy JMJ Video in the Bronx. Not found at Takis Video on 30th Avenue near 31st Street in Queens. Brooklyn? Not found—and a perfect score is ruined. With all the revival houses around town being forced to close, this is bitter news indeed.



Score: Brooklyn, 7; Queens, 2; Staten Island, 2; the Bronx, 1.



9. *All-cotton men's dress shirt.*

Steckman's Sporting Goods, Bay Street: "That's gonna be a tough one. I have all-cotton flannels, but no dress shirts." Larry's Men's Shop, Bay Street: "I don't know where you'll find all-cotton around here." In short, not found on Staten Island. The same for Los Latinos at 2477 Grand Concourse and Alexander's at Fordham Road in the Bronx (although 100 percent silk was available). The Casanova Men's Shop in Queens didn't have one, but Kenny's, right across Steinway Street, did. Ace Discount on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn had a whole rack of them at $6.99 each—used.

Score: Brooklyn, 8; Queens, 3; Staten Island, 2; the Bronx, 1. ▸

PART III

How to Win Friends and Influence People

A True Story of $400,000 Outer Borough Brownstones, Sun-Dried Tomatoes, Criminal Mischief and Urban Brotherhood

BY A SPY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

CAN I HELP IT if I was born an oppressor? Armed by my parents with a social upbringing and an educational investment of $30,000 to $50,000, I have been groomed for a life of accrual. Many things will be given to me in advance, on a sort of tacit oppressor schedule, with little effort on my part. You know how it is . . . *good things just happen to people like me.*

Here are a few items on the ledger: cars, hunting dogs, houses, wives, furniture from the ancestors, a drinking habit from the ancestors, tuxedos, a few friends, the whole show winding down in several decades and, if I am very lucky with my father's money or extremely good at my work, a couple of inches at the end in the *Times. Another white man gone.* By then, though, my children will have attained their majority and, with other, *similar* children, will have assumed the reins of power in this fair nation.

Of course, I've already received a lot of things from this great ledger. Some of them have been given to me out of sequence. An excellent example is my house, a modest brownstone that I "bought" without having had anything resembling a paying job for the last decade. I live in this house with my first and (to date) only wife, a charming and lovely woman with a good job—the banks demand token compliance with their lending statutes, after all.

Because this is our first house, though, it's out in a borough, in one of *those* neighborhoods, formerly sleepy and working-class but now suddenly hot, a place with Dumpsters in front of the houses and much careful tuck-pointing of masonry facades. There are, however, those rarest of New Yorkers—*original inhabitants*—living in the neighborhood, although you could say their days are rather strictly numbered.

The basic M.O.: Somebody dies, loses his job or just decides to ditch it, and the house lands on the market, where it languishes for about 20 minutes before being snapped up by one of the many brisk, renovation-minded young couples who nose like barracuda through these streets. Three days later, the Dumpster is laid in place, the linoleum stripped, the fireplaces opened. The plasterers march in, the cabinetmakers march in, the painters wrap it up, the Dumpster is carted away. Then, on a Saturday in spring, the moving van bellies up to the curb, crammed with a stunning array of life-support equipment—equipment that looks like it belongs to an army but a really hip, *rich* army: monstrous black gas ranges, refrigerators made of stainless steel, backyard grills that look like artillery shells. The street hums with aggression and money. As the couple and a few of their friends supervise the placement of the collectibles, the *reely, reely fine* tonalities of Sting, of Paul Simon, of Suzanne Vega, waft out over the street. Elapsed time: 90 days. Average expenditure: $400,000.

For their part, the locals are baffled. Their faces twist in suspicion as they study the process, hoping to read some clue from it. There is no clue to be had. The setup is so blindingly quick, the buying muscle so hugely bunched, the detail of the dream so thoroughly attained—instant life, full and ripe! Brisk heels clicking en route to some alien form of work; brisk strollers zipping up and down with grotesquely pink babies; brisk whines as car owners disengage mercury-tilt alarms. But behind the briskness itself there lies a simple message for each local aspirant. The message is: *Fuck you, Jack, I* won *this contest already.*

This little urban drama has been repeated around here dozens of times. What strikes me, as a newcomer, is the generosity one still encounters. I mean, why don't the original inhabitants of this neighborhood simply rise up one morning with long knives and guns and kill all

Why don't the original inhabitants of this neighborhood simply rise up one morning with long knives and guns and kill all the gentry? I certainly would.

the gentry? I certainly would.

I fretted about this for a long time. I believed violence might be triggered by any public grafting of the new value system onto the old neighborhood matrix, by some small change in goods and services. A few months ago I was terrified to find little glassine packages of sun-dried tomatoes strewn over the counter of one of the local stores. I didn't know what the local reaction might be, but I prepared myself to explain to any protesters that if sun-dried tomatoes were let into the neighborhood without the people who ate them getting beat up, then everybody's real estate would appreciate.

This was instructive. I learned that a lot of differences between people just have to do with poor communication. It takes a while to explain to someone unfamiliar with real estate that the sale of sun-dried tomatoes within walking distance means an extra $15,000 to $30,000 on the asking price. Strange as it seems, it's not a connection that a lot of people make.

But this is just my point! The way for people to live together is to try to speak one another's language. Lately I've been encouraged that the cultural chasm may be bridged. My education began because my next-door neighbor owned a dog. It was a magnificent beast, rawboned and rambunctious—a vanilla shepherd that needed a place to play. The neighbors, Raymond and Louise (not, I'm afraid, their real names), couldn't let him out in the backyard because neither they nor I had a fence.

Ray was obsessed with the idea of a fence. Ray is a nice, quiet guy whose mother-in-law and sister-in-law live in the house with him, his wife, his baby and the dog. I believe the house belongs to the mother-in-law. I believe Ray saw the fence as one way he might reduce some of the mammalian pressure in there with him. He took me aside the day after we moved in to suggest that he and I split the cost of a fence between our properties. I said that sounded like a fine idea and promptly forgot about it.

It takes a while to explain to someone unfamiliar with real estate that the sale of sun-dried tomatoes within walking distance means an extra $15,000 to $30,000 on the asking price.

For a long time nothing happened, except that Ray would mention the fence every time I saw him, a minimum of once a day. Although I knew the fence was a good idea, we had begun to disagree about its style. Ray, being security-minded and thinking about the strength of his dog, wanted chain link. I, being who I am, wanted a white picket fence that I could paint once a year, in the spring.

The matter remained in this stalemate until one evening not long ago as I innocently set about preparing veal Marsala for my executive wife. I discovered that we had run out of butter. Louise flagged me down en route to the bodega and asked if I could help Ray for a few minutes. She said Ray had found some chain link fencing but couldn't get it into the house by himself.

"Sure," I said, "just let me get some stuff off the stove." This was not the right thing to say to Louise, who doesn't know any men who cook. For my part, I wasn't happy with the news about the chain link and berated myself for not taking preemptive white-picket action. And it was late anyway. What hardware store was going to be open past seven o'clock?

There was a chill in the air, so I grabbed a sweater. As it happened, my mother had just returned from England with a canary-yellow cashmere V neck for me, the sort of thing people like me wear when



10. *Ultrasonic humidifier.* **There was one left at Reiman's Hardware on Staten Island. The**



Bronx at last, has risen: Newmark & Lewis, Grand Concourse and 188th Street, has one. So does Bright Buyers on 30th Avenue in Queens. Though most Brooklyn stores were out of stock, we did find one, sort of—an antiquated model with the little cup on top for your mother to put Vicks VapoRub in. Tentative thought: fear of dry air in winter is no reason not to leave Manhattan. ***Score: Brooklyn, 9; Queens, 4; Staten Island, 3; the Bronx, 2.***

11. *Decaffeinated coffee beans.* **Plenty were found on Staten Island at the A&P, but none at Mediterranean Food Market in Queens. Met Food in the Bronx didn't have them But Super Ace Markets in Brooklyn did.** ***Score: Brooklyn, 10; Queens, 4; Staten Island, 4; the Bronx, 2.***



12. The New York Observer. **Checked three Staten Island newsstands for signs of pinkness: none in evidence. The Dynamic Grocery in the Bronx doesn't carry it. Optimo, in a subway station along the N line in Queens, held out some hope: "We're waiting for it." Better still: Gul's Grocery & Newsstand in Brooklyn was a veritable sea of pink.**



Score: Brooklyn, 11; Queens, 4; Staten Island, 4; the Bronx, 2.

13. *A natural sea sponge.* **On Staten Island, Liggett Drugs eventually came through ("A 'C' sponge? You mean a contraceptive sponge? Oh, a *sea* sponge. Yes, right here"). The Bronx no. In Queens, the Genovese we tried didn't have one. And in Brooklyn, Kings Pharmacy did.**



Final score: Brooklyn, 12; Staten Island, 5; Queens, 4; the Bronx, 2. ▸

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"WHAT I'D LIKE TO SAY ABOUT STATEN ISLAND PEOPLE IS THAT THEY HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR SECOND TO NONE AND AN INTELLIGENCE SECOND TO EVERYONE."—DAVID JOHANSEN

"IT'S NEAR MY JOB."—FERNANDO FERRER, BRONX BOROUGH PRESIDENT

Control Sample

Finding these items in the Outer Boroughs took hours of sweaty navigation. In Manhattan, of course, things are different. Or are they? We tried the same scavenger hunt, with these results.

***Arugula, Ramlosa water, decaffeinated coffee beans* and a *sea sponge* were all found at the Food Emporium on 68th and Broadway (elapsed time: 5 minutes, 33 seconds). A newsstand across the street showed telltale pink, and a copy of *The New York Observer* was duly purchased (elapsed time: 6:00). NBO, on Broadway between 66th and 67th, supplied the *all-cotton men's dress shirt* (elapsed time: 7:42). The next stop was Tower Records at 66th and Broadway, where a *George Winston CD* was found (elapsed time: 8:52). A Love Drugstore at 70th and Broadway provided the *ultrasonic humidifier* and a *collagen skin-care product* (elapsed time: 11:12). New Video, somewhat uptown on West 72nd Street, had videocassettes of *Mildred Pierce* and *Zabriskie Point*; they *would* (elapsed time: 15:22). The remaining items were located with one last lunge uptown. A plentitude of *Vintage Contemporaries* was found at Shakespeare & Co., at 81st and Broadway, along with five titles by *Roland Barthes* (elapsed time: 24:37). The KCOU Radio Bar, at 81st and Amsterdam, had a jukebox, and it, in turn, had *no Madonna songs* (elapsed time: 25:52). And a *blue margarita* (under the alias "blue whale") could, of course, be bought at Lucy's, over at 84th and Columbus.**

***Total items found: 13. Total elapsed time: 27 minutes, 49 seconds.* In other words, Manhattan is the sort of borough where you can run across a George Winston CD or a blue margarita or a sea sponge in just seconds. The Bronx, though virtually littered with ultrasonic humidifiers and collagen products, is looking better and better.**

Reported by John Brodie and Rachel Urquhart

they want to look like they're trying to relax. This was the perfect sort of errand for it.

Ray stood out front with two guys, next to an idling station wagon. They wore turtlenecks, dark chinos and hats pulled low. They were all smoking cigarettes. They had a kind of skittish pre-op military air to them, as if they were British commandos about to pull a raid on Rommel's ammo dump. They wore heavy gloves, and one of them carried those big wire clippers that British commandos used to clip their way in and out of places like ammo dumps.

Ray introduced me to Junior and Carl (not their real names, either) and then looked at my sweater. "If I was you," he said, pulling on his Marlboro, "I'd wear something dark, you know?"

I thought he meant that it was going to be a messy job and that I'd screw up my new sweater. I changed, and then we settled in the car. I was put ceremoniously in the front seat. They offered me a brotherly cigarette, and I took it.

I should have known that this cigarette was irrevocable. But I still wasn't worried, although I began to be concerned as Junior, a big, gravel-voiced fellow of about 50, nosed the car out of our block and down past the projects and the crack houses, past the inlet, where bodies are routinely found turtleback in the greasy water.

"Hey fellas," I said brightly, "I have to be home soon. How long's this job gonna take?"

For a moment there was no answer, then Ray said, "Oh, about three to five years."

Then everybody in the car laughed and loosened up. Except me.

To his credit, Ray seemed to feel he owed me an explanation. He said they had found a little park under renovation and had been waiting for the workers to take off the old chain link and roll it up nice and neat. That had happened a couple of days ago.

Sixteen minutes flat from the pale safety of my veal Marsala, I had become a crime boss. It felt great. And there was a special kick from being enmeshed in the hot teeth of a bad deed itself.

It being Junior's car, logic demanded that he be the getaway man, but he had peculiar ideas about that. "Yeah, look, man, I can't park *right next* to the place without attracting attention. So I'll just cruise around the block."

Carl wanted in on the no-risk angle. He said, "Hey, *yeah*! And I'll be the lookout. And if any of us sees a cop, we just *split up*, you know?"

This eagerness to run for it made me feel especially comfortable about being elected to shoulder the burden of the fence-gathering with Ray. Splitting up wasn't going to do me, the only white man within a 20-block radius, a whole lot of good.

We sprang out on a dark street—very few intact residences, a couple of factories—the full moon making us feel naked. I resolved not to let Carl pull any of his loose-lookout stuff when we needed an extra back, and I didn't want Junior going anywhere with that car.

I told Junior to stay put, and he did. Ray and I ran up a short slope and into the park. The chain link was there, all right—in 30-foot-long rolls of about 300 pounds apiece. Roughly one and a half times the length of our getaway car. We felt extremely foolish.

Ray studiously—and, I felt, insanely—got the big clippers ready. I hissed, "Are you crazy? It'll take hours to do that. Let's jam a couple rolls in the car. We can drag them home."

To my amazement, he did as I suggested.

Sixteen minutes flat from the pale safety of my veal Marsala, I had become a crime boss. It felt great. I'd met the challenge, and there was a special kick from being enmeshed in the hot teeth of a bad deed itself. We were a team.

There was a problem at the car, where Carl, in his haste to disappear, tried to shove a roll of wire in the back window without letting the tailgate down, but we got that straightened out. The rolls of wire hung eight feet out the back of the car. Junior sped off, past the crack houses, past the projects. We passed a cop idling by the projects, waiting for trouble.

Junior said under his breath, "Okay, Mr. Police, you have a good night in there, because they is a lotta *animals* trapped in the cages." And then he laughed like a wild dog. I remember wondering how close Junior must have lived to these projects to be able to talk like that. I remember thinking how beautiful the sparks were that flew up behind the car, where the chain link brushed the asphalt.

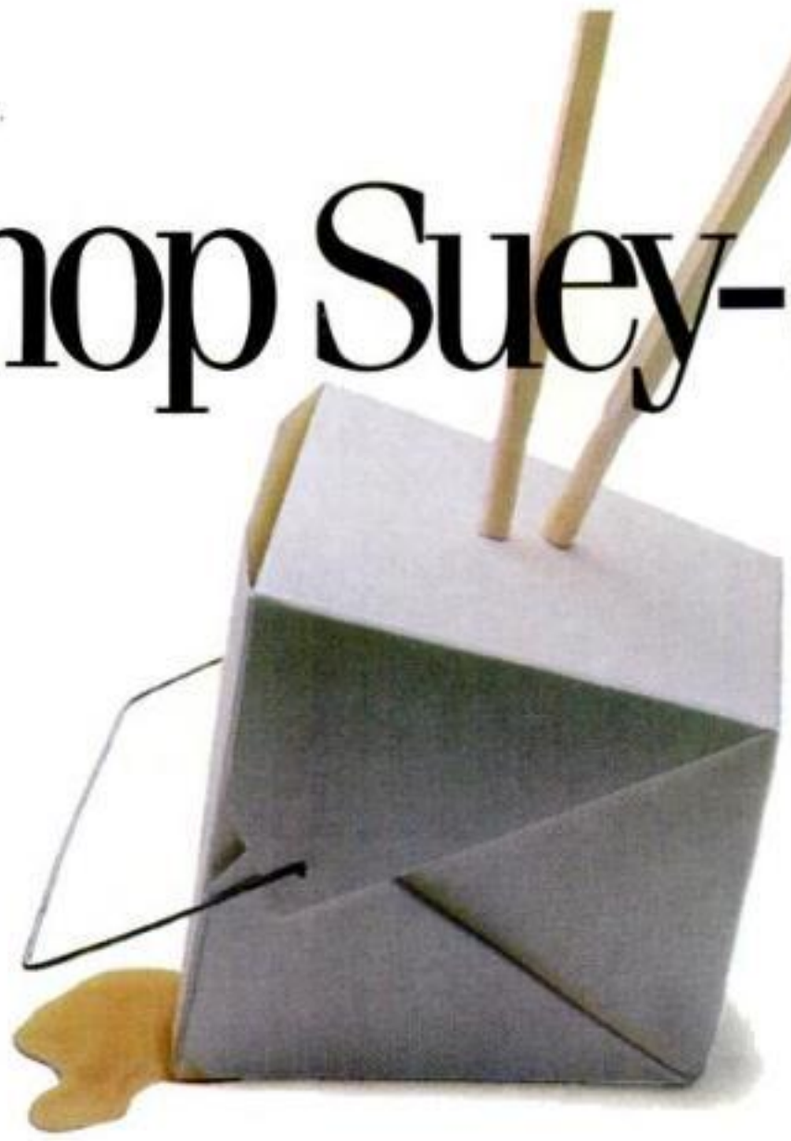
We got home, we unloaded, we shook hands. Ray's mother-in-law greeted him like a hero as we laid the big rolls of wire in his backyard.

I went home and found my wife hovering over the stove. Our house seemed the same. Our objects were in the same arrangement; there were no hard characters lounging about. My wife, looking very midtown and very beautiful, was pleased we were having veal Marsala.

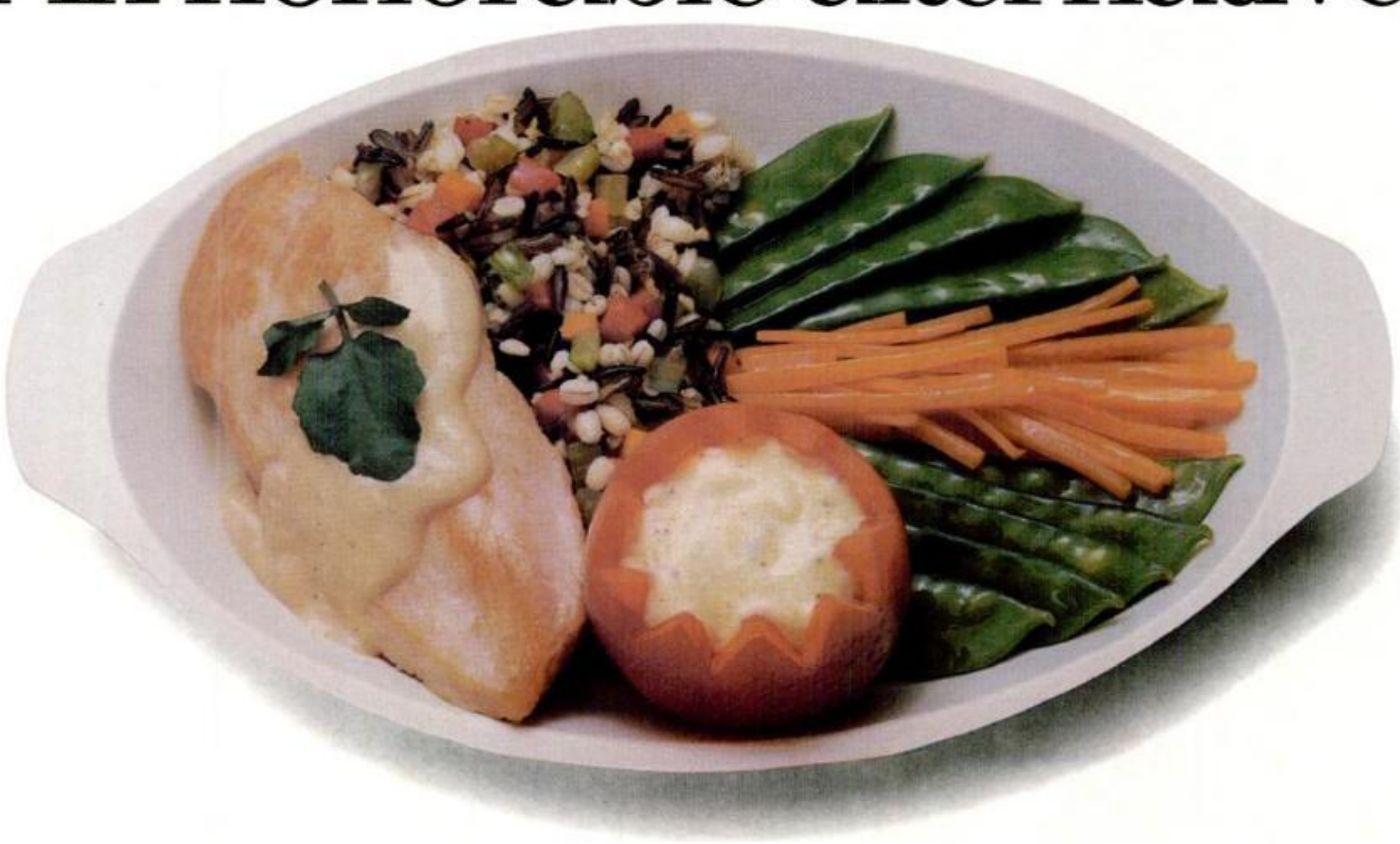
I was bursting with energy from the job. I said, "You'll never believe this, but I've just pulled a heist with Ray. We stole a fence."

She was oblivious, drinking a Scotch and flipping through our bills. I stood by, sputtering, trying to confess my cocktail hour of crime. Finally, she sort of tuned in. "Oh," she said fondly, "*terrific*. I am really glad you could finally do something for the neighbors."

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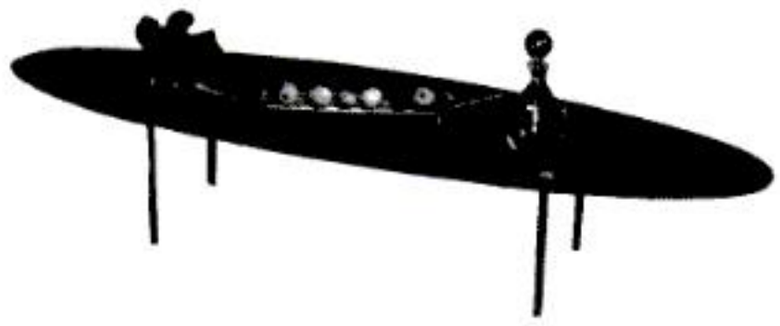
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POSTMODERN
DANCE



POSTMODERN
PAINTING

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Postmodern
ARCHITECTURE



A SPY Guide



The Rise and Fall of a Great American Buzzword

Postmodern
DECORATION

POSTMODERN
Furniture



by Bruce Handy

Post–modern
CLOTHING



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The word *postmodern* used to mean something, in much the same way that *prehistory*, say, means things that happened in the epoch before history was invented, or that *canine* means "of dogs." *Postmodern* started life as a critical term. First in architecture, then in painting and dance, it referred to works that consciously rebelled against modernist style, often by paying homage to the once-shunned styles and genres of the past. ▶ To college professors and *Artforum* editors it still means that. To rock critics and slick-magazine-caption writers and wraithlike people standing around the lobby at the Brooklyn Academy of Music — well, it's hard to pin down what *postmodern* means to them. It can mean anything that's sort of old

Post~modern THEATER

POST~MODERN Food

POSTMODERN Television

POSTMODERN MUSIC

Postmodern Everything

POSTMODERN ART

Post~modern FICTION

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but sort of new, a little bit ironic, or kind of self-conscious—like movies that steal bits from old movies, or photographs of the photographer. It's used in reference to creative endeavors that never had a modernist movement to begin with—art forms such as music videos, rap songs and panty hose design. It's culturespeak, shorthand for *Stuff That's Cool in 1988*. It's the postmodern (you know what we mean) version of *groovy*, except that using it makes you sound smart.

Figuring out why any given pundit considers any given work postmodern can be as exasperating and elusive as conceptualizing six-dimensional spheres or trying to sense your own brain. *Moonlighting*, for example, has been called a postmodern TV show because it constantly calls attention to the fact that—*duh*—that's what it is . . . *a TV show*. Well, okay. But isn't that kind of art-about-artiness a quintessentially *modernist* attribute? But isn't modernism yet another historical style that postmodernists can now pillage? But didn't George Burns and Ernie Kovacs do this stuff and do it better 30 years ago? But isn't that the postmodern message: *It's been done?*

Okay. Give the brain a rest. We've done the work for you. After months of intensive research and half-baked discussion, what we've learned is this: basically, *postmodernism is whatever you want it to be, if you want it bad enough*.

It's culturespeak, short for* Stuff That's Cool in 1988. *It's the current version of* groovy—*except that using it makes you sound smart.

Perhaps because of this, *postmodern*, like an aging hack, has less and less to do with *any* kind of art; it's evolved into the sort of buzzword that people tack onto sentences when they're trying to sound more educated than they fear they really are, not unlike the way *gestalt* was used in the 1970s, or *science* in the Dark Ages. Now we read about postmodern politicians grappling with postmodern economies while postmodern talk shows discuss postmodern sex. *What does any of this mean?* We have a hunch that such usages are intended to convey some kind of vague, bemused approbation, as if *postmodern* were a rough synonym for "of the wacky times in which we live." But we're not positive.

We've always wanted to have an era to call our own but felt that *the Reagan Years* came off sounding like a slide show at the Republican National Convention. The Late Postmodern Era—now, *that* sounds romantic, like waking up in bed with Zelda Fitzgerald and calling your hangover the Jazz Age. Confusing? Only if you brood about it. Let's just wade on into the glamorous bog we call postmodernism. And let's bring along some zippy charts and graphs and lists and disjointed commentary. Why? Because postmodern magazine articles are like that.

THE GREENING OF POSTMODERNISM: READINGS

There once was a time when postmodernism could be daunting. Consider the following bit of feverish academic hairsplitting by critic Irving Sandler, from the fall/winter 1980 issue of *Art Journal*.

"Post-modernism needs to be dealt with in the same manner as modernism, that is, as either exclusive or inclusive. The definition of exclusive post-modernism depends on a conception of exclusive modernism. Exclusive post-modernism wants to invert exclusive modernism and, in the process, destroy it; it is patricidal. Inclusive post-modernism is merely the latest stage of inclusive modernism, that is, modernism that encompasses post-modernism. Thus, both exclusive post-modernism and pluralism are opposed to exclusive modernism. But pluralism is broader than exclusive post-modernism, since it views art as open in every direction, including that of exclusive modernism."

Tough sledding, huh? Compare that with the punchy, kicky criticism typical of this, the Late Postmodern Era:

"Fad hatting for fall by the Postmodern milliner [Sherry] Vigdor."—photo caption, *Elle*, November 1986 (And how does a hat designer get to be postmodern? "She's not above stealing ideas from Saturday-morning cartoons: A flapped cap woven with leather is called 'Wascal' in homage to Elmer Fudd.")

"The Postmodern parka? Après-ski gone party with semiprecious metallic parkas for p.m."—another photo caption, *Elle*, November 1986

" 'People are learning how to appreciate the discomfort that a lot of postmodernists deal with,' [artist Sherrie] Levine said. 'The ideas that people started talking about 10 years ago in this country are now common knowledge.' "—Andy Grundberg, "When Outs Are In, What's Up?," *The New York Times*, July 26, 1987

"The photographs [in Tama Janowitz's *A Cannibal in Manhattan*] are dumb—in the intentional, postmodern manner—but they're more fun than the bloated text on either side of them."—Terrence Rafferty, "Advertisements for Themselves," *The New Yorker*, October 26, 1987

"Senator Simon had previously endeared himself to me by announcing early in the campaign, 'I'm not a neo-anything,' thereby putting down both neoconservatives and neoliberals (actually, Simon is a post-modern neoliberal, which means 'old-fashioned New Dealer')."—William Safire, On Language, *The New York Times Magazine*, November 8, 1987

"More than self-indulgent posturing, *Walker* is a postmodern repetition (fueled by Joe Strummer's tasty pastiche of salsa, Ennio Morricone, and Mexican ballads). It's *The Wild Bunch* scaled down for the contra war."—J. Hoberman, "Hell Is for Heroes," *The Village Voice*, December 8, 1987

POSTMOD SEX—headline in *The Village Voice Literary Supplement*, December 8, 1987

"Jacqueline Schnabel's five feet ten inches of compact curves and nonstop legs might have been custom-made for the erotic tailoring of Azzedine Alaïa. . . . Her own artist husband also admires Alaïa's work, although, like any good husband in a postmodernist age, he occasionally, she says, wants to see her in something 'more plain, from the fifties.' "—Ben Brantley, "Alaïa Alliance," *Vanity Fair*, December 1987 ▶

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"Andrew Humm, spokesman for the Coalition of Lesbian and Gay Rights, confronting the postmod Joe Pine [referring to Morton Downey Jr.] at their December 9 taping."—photo caption, *The Village Voice*, December 29, 1987

"Where will rap end up? Where most postmodern American products end up: highly packaged, regulated, distributed, circulated and consumed."—Cornel West, quoted by Greg Tate in "Hiphop Nation: It's Like This Y'All," *The Village Voice*, January 19, 1987

"By chance . . . I picked up G. K. Chesterton's set of stories, *The Club of Queer Trades*, which, although published in 1905, anticipates the problem of the postmodern American service economy. . . . By way of postmodern, entrepreneurial example, I can think of at least four minor enterprises likely to become. . . major industries."—Lewis Lapham, "After Keynes," *Harper's*, January 1988

"[Los Angeles pastry chef Michel Richard] has taken inspiration from the postmodern fantasies all along the fashionable strip of Melrose Avenue, where his restaurant is situated."—Corby Kummer, "Buying the Scene," *The Atlantic*, January 1988

One crisp morning in 1984, did some fellow look up from the sports pages and quip, "Cubs versus Padres... hey, ***it's postmodern baseball!"***

What do these people mean? We aren't sure. More to the point, *they* aren't sure. And just to make *sure* they aren't, we've tried to track down some of the writers quoted above in order to discuss the postmodern question.

Elle editors were unwilling to explain why the ski parkas were postmodern. "We're busy," complained a spokeswoman.

More forthrightly, Terrence Rafferty admitted that he was unsure exactly "how or why" the intentional dumbness of the photos in Janowitz's book reflected a postmodern influence. "But it does seem to me characteristic [of postmodernism]," he added.

"Mr. Safire hasn't really addressed himself to the question," said Safire's *New York Times* assistant in response to our request for an interview regarding Paul Simon's postmodernism. "You can read about it in his column if it becomes timely."

"It has become kind of vague and catch-all, hasn't it?" replied Ben Brantley when asked about his reference to the postmodern age. "The quote [from Schnabel] got distorted at the end—it's a reference to a Bardot sort of thing."

Lapham explained his use of the word *postmodern* to modify *economy*: "It was just by way of analogy. It's just a phrase, a term of art. As I understand it, postmodern art is largely minimalist. Right?" Well . . . *no.*

REAL-LIFE POSTMODERN STUFF: WHERE IS IT? WHAT IS IT?

This being the Late Postmodern Era, it follows that we must be surrounded by postmodern artifacts, heaps of them. *But which ones* are *they?*

Why, here we are now at an East Village art gallery. Look at that sculpture of Jackie Kennedy in her bloodstained, Dallas death-day ensemble—*and a video monitor showing cartoons where her face should be!* Sure, it's hip. But is it postmodern, or just exuberantly tasteless?

We think we know postmodernism when we see it—yes, the Jackie sculpture looks pretty PoMo to us—but perhaps the question is best tackled on a case-by-case basis. After scouring the worlds of fashion and art on both coasts, we have compiled a list of concrete, easy-to-recognize criteria.

ARCHITECTURE:

- Does the building have pilasters or pediments or the same color scheme as the 1984 Summer Olympics?
- Is it a cube with a peaked roof?
- Does it look like something futuristic—as conceived by Sir Christopher Wren?
- For a building, is it funny?
- Is it funny but not a Las Vegas hotel or a fast-food stand in Los Angeles?
- Is it easy to like?

MUSIC:

- Does the piece make use of old TV themes or Malcolm X speeches?
- Does it sound like a combination of Philip Glass and Richard Wagner, or Ornette Coleman and Ennio Morricone?
- Are you listening to it at BAM?
- Is it easier to like than Milton Babbitt but harder than Tchaikovsky?

PAINTING:

- Does the work combine naked figures and old advertising characters in a cryptic, arbitrary manner?
- Is it painted on broken china?
- Does the gallery owner call it *neo-*anything?
- Is it a photocopy?
- Do you look at it and say, "My 23-year-old could do that"?

TELEVISION:

- Do the characters talk to the camera sometimes?
- Does the program have a "look"?
- Does it remind you of an old TV show, only it's insincere and has better production values?

INTERIOR DESIGN:

- Does the room sport suspiciously well placed water stains, rust marks and peeling paint?
- Was it designed by Daryl Hannah's character in *Wall Street?*
- Is there more than one piece of furniture in the room with spheres or other geometric shapes for legs?
- Would you really want to live there?

LITERATURE:

- Does the text contain shopping lists, menus and/or recipes?
- Does it contain a novel within a novel that has the same title as the novel?
- Does the cover feature a bunch of little geometric shapes and a quote from Robert Coover?
- Does it remind you of Céline, if Céline had drunk a lot of Tab and watched a lot of TV?
- Is it easy to hate?

GRAPHIC DESIGN:

- Is it like MTV?
- Do the layouts look like this one?

CUISINE:

- Does it look like graphic design?
- Is it carpaccio?
- Does it have a purplish element?
- Is it slightly bitter—or extremely sweet?

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FROM POMO TO NOMO': A TIME LINE

The Late Postmodern Era, like vertebrates, didn't just happen; it evolved. Here's how. But first a humble note: if all recorded history were laid out the length of Broadway, the Late Postmodern Era would take up as much space as the guy selling used Sunday papers in front of Zabar's.

1949: The phrase *postmodern* is coined by J. Hudnut in *Architecture and the Spirit of Man.*

September 1962: *The Jetsons* premieres.

1962–65: Robert Venturi goes to Las Vegas, convinces himself he likes fake-Roman buildings and kitschy signs, writes *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*, bible of postmodern architecture.

1964: Susan Sontag decides that if somebody as smart as Susan Sontag is amused by pop culture dreck, it must be okay; publishes the essay "Notes on 'Camp.'"

Early 1970s: Baby-boom intelligentsia, in order to justify years spent watching *The Jetsons* and *Batman*, starts thinking of those wasted years as cultural-history research.

1977: Architectural historian Charles Jencks publishes *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture*, using the word *postmodern* so many times that he is given credit for coining it; average architect hears about postmodernism for the first time.

March 1978: Philip Johnson's AT&T Building with decorative Chippendale top announced; average New Yorker hears about postmodernism for the first time.

January 1979: Johnson on cover of *Time*; average college-educated midwesterner hears about postmodernism for the first time.

March 1981: The first postmodern media event (although no one yet thinks to call it that): a presidential-assassination attempt on a former actor (Ronald Reagan), inspired by an old movie (*Taxi Driver*), is captured this time on professional video instead of grainy, amateur 8mm film; makes for cool tape loop two weeks later at Danceteria.

August 1, 1981, 12:01 a.m.: MTV debuts; vulnerable American youths are first exposed to self-conscious, cinema gimmicks; *MTV-esque* becomes awkward adjective.

October 1982: After his wildly multicolored Portland Building opens in Portland, Oregon, Michael Graves is "the figure around which the public's interest in postmodernism has coalesced" in *New York Times Magazine* profile.

March 1982: *The Atomic Cafe* is released; worrying about the Bomb becomes trendy, partly as 1950s nostalgia, partly as yearning for destruction-free, Jetsonian future.

December 1983: AT&T Building is finished; having no choice, New Yorkers get used to it. ▶

MOVIES:

- Does it remind you of an old movie, only it's set in a postapocalyptic wasteland?
- Does it remind you of an old TV show, only it's insincere and has better production values, and it's longer?

FASHION:

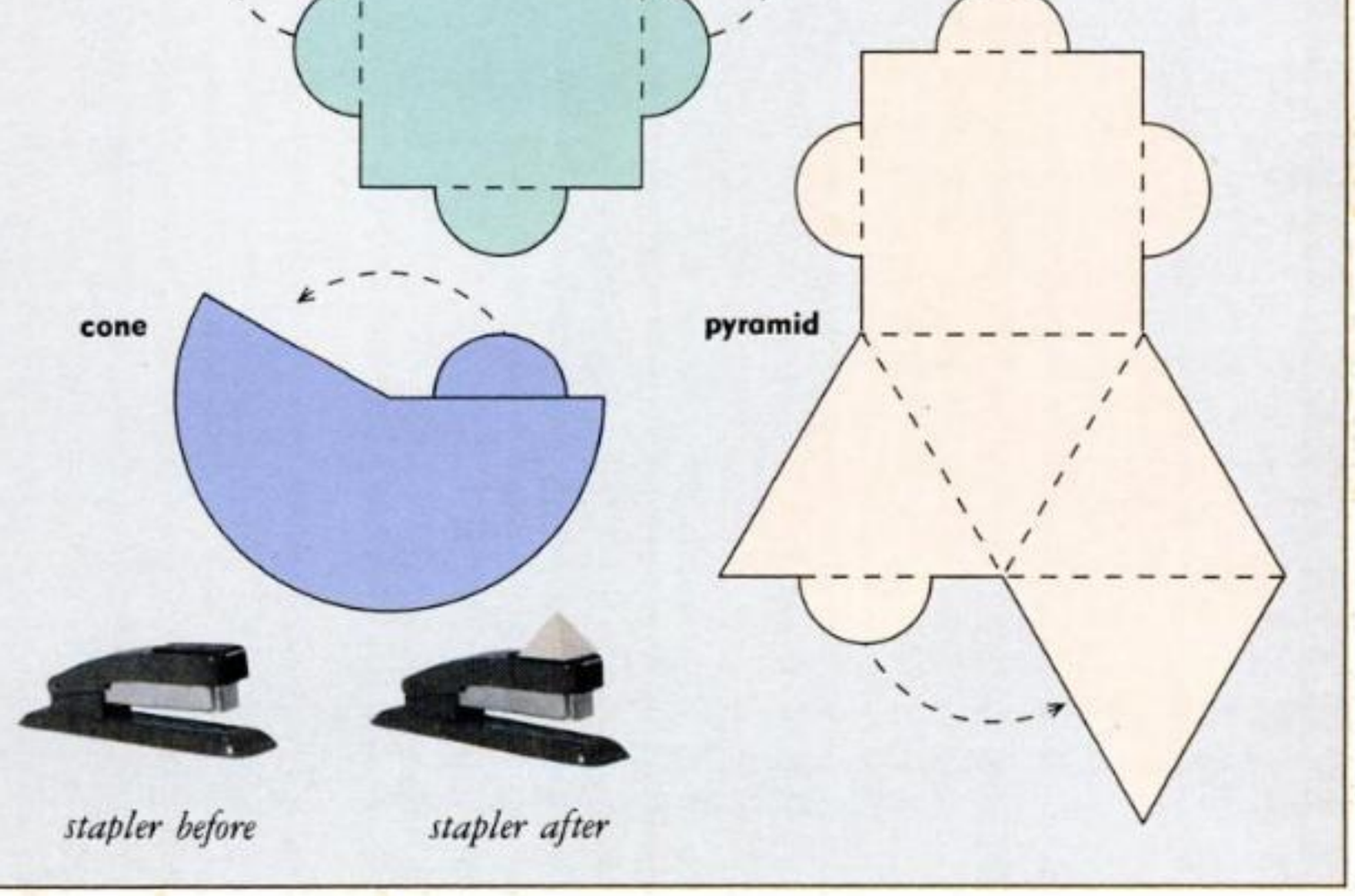
- Is the garment modular?
- Does it remind you of an old **Chanel** dress, only it's ironic and has worse **production values**?
- Did the designer do a Rose's lime **juice** ad?
- Did *Elle* magazine *say* it **was post-modern**?
- Would you feel foolish wearing it **outside New York or Los Angeles**?

THEATER AND PERFORMANCE ART:

- Are there video monitors, working **or** not, onstage?
- Does it seem like a parody **of something**, only without jokes?
- Have any of the performers been **signed** for Susan Seidelman's next film?
- Is it easier than old-fashioned **performance art to like, but just as easy to fall** asleep during?

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF POSTMODERN RETROFIT KIT

Unfortunately, there are certain objects—umbrellas, Hyundais, tackle boxes, staplers—that aren't yet available in stylish, overpriced postmodern versions. Thus this kit—postmodern shapes in postmodern colors. Just cut, assemble and affix to a stapler (or umbrella or Hyundai or tackle box).

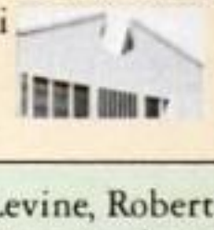


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September 1984: *Miami Vice*, the MTV-esque *Dragnet*, debuts on NBC.
March 1985: *Moonlighting*, the self-conscious *Thin Man*, debuts on ABC.
1985: Coca-Cola becomes New Coke and Coca-Cola Classic, betraying corporate awareness of country's newfound passion for mucking around with archetypes.
1985: The Philip Morris Company sponsors the Brooklyn Academy of Music's NEXT WAVE Festival; postmodernism attains cultural status of tennis tournaments, Jesse Helms and other tobacco-industry-supported entities.
1985: Michael Graves designs addition to the Whitney Museum of American Art, is accused of trashing original, modernist building—the first popular stirrings of the Late 1980s Postmodern Backlash.
1986: Rumors surface that Chevy Chase, the postmodern Bob Hope, will star in a feature film version of *The Jetsons*.
September 1986: *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, *Captain Kangaroo* with an ontological migraine, debuts on CBS; kids who have never heard of Pinky Lee or Howdy Doody or Soupy Sales, *kids who weren't even alive in the 1970s*, are treated to a show about the history of children's television.
November 1986: November issue of *Elle* combines the adjective *postmodern* with the words *ski* and *parka*, indicating the meaninglessness of the former and the desirability of the latter.
December 1986: British *Vogue* accuses SPY of employing a "mad post-modernist art director."
March 1987: *Max Headroom*, the self-conscious, MTV-esque *Mod Squad*, debuts on ABC; Max Headroom becomes spokesman for New Coke; "Catch the Wave" slogan eerily reminiscent of BAM's NEXT WAVE Festival.
September 1987: Retrospective on postmodernism opens at IBM Gallery, a few dozen yards from Philip Johnson's AT&T Building; causes no stir whatsoever.
February 1988: *Metropolitan Home*, the greatest popular proselytizer for postmodernism, abandons the cause, takes up motto "No Mo Po Mo."
September 1988 (projected): Coca-Cola introduces New Coke Classic with Michael Graves–designed can; inaugurates "Catch the NEXT WAVE" BAM tie-in with Robert Wilson/Philip Glass opera based on early *Max Headroom* shows; does a six-page spread featuring models in pop-top pilasters.

Postmodern photography has nothing to do with postmodern fiction. To people in the theater, *postmodern* means something entirely different from what it means to architects, and it means something quite different again in Hollywood. When you think about it, just what *do* Cindy Sherman, Kathy Acker, Twyla Tharp, Michael Graves and Bruce Willis have in common? Well, nothing, nothing at all, really, except they're all... sort of... you know—*postmodern*.

THINGS THAT WOULD DEFINITELY BE CALLED POSTMODERN BY A PEDANT WRITING IN *ART IN AMERICA*

ARCHITECTURE	• any building designed since 1978 by Robert Venturi, Charles M Michael Graves, Philip Johnson, Robert A.M. Stern, Stanley Tigerr Hans Hollein, James Stirling or Arata Isozaki 
ART/ PHOTOGRAPHY	 • anything by Barbara Kruger, Sherrie Levine, Robert Longo, C Schnabel or David Salle (especially when he designs the se mitage's postmodern ballets) • Gilbert & George or McDer • art duos as a concept
DESIGN	• anything by Tibor Kal-man, April Greiman or Michael Manwaring
DANCE/ PERFORMANCE/ THEATER	• anything by Robert Wilson, Peter Sellars, Karole Armitage or Martha Clarke • the Woo Arthur M
FASHION	
LITERATURE	 • anything by John Barth, Jorge Luis Borges, Mario Vargas Llosa, Italo Calvino, Julio Cortázar or Robert Coover • Kathy Acker or any other young author published by Grove Press
MOVIES	• Robert Longo's *Arena Brains*, other movie by a postmodernis tioner of any art
MUSIC	• any opera written after 1979 • anything by John Adams,  Laurie Anderson or Joh
TELEVISION	
MISCELLANEOUS	

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A POSTMODERN CATALOG

THINGS THAT MIGHT BE CALLED POSTMODERN BY A PEDANT WRITING IN *ART IN AMERICA*—AND WOULD DEFINITELY BE CALLED POSTMODERN BY A WISE GUY WRITING IN *ESQUIRE*

THINGS THAT MIGHT BE CALLED POSTMODERN BY A WISE GUY WRITING IN *ESQUIRE*—AND WOULD DEFINITELY BE CALLED POSTMODERN BY AN *ELLE* CAPTION WRITER DESPERATE FOR AN ADJECTIVE

- any modern building with a pediment, bay windows, columns or a funny (pyramidal, domed, hipped or fake-mansard) roof

- any unusual or "classy" McDonald's
- any very colorful modern building
- any odd modern building

rman, William Wegman, Julian tmodern girlfriend Karole Ar-

Gough or the Starn twins

- Kenny Scharf, Keith Haring, Rodney Alan Greenblat or any other cartoonist appearing in a Whitney biennial





- graffiti in an institutional setting

- book jackets of any new trade paperback fiction



- MTV logos
- the interior of the club Bedrock

- Alessi tea services



- anything at BAM or DTW or La Mama E.T.C.
- all Sondheim-Lapine musicals

oup, especially when eatens to sue them



- Bill Irwin, Penn & Teller, the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the rest of the New Vaudevillians
- Spalding Gray
- Steven Wright, Emo Philips or any other comic accused of possessing "Zen-like" wit



- Jean-Paul Gaultier, David Cameron and Christian Lacroix
- dressing like the Jetsons or the characters on *Star Trek*
- oxidized-copper jewelry
- American sweatshirts that intentionally look like fake European versions of American sweatshirts
- certain ski parkas

- Donald and Frederick, the Barthelme boys



- *Batman: The Dark Knight* and other "adult" superhero comic books



- *Still Life*, and any future books edited by Diane Keaton
- *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Jacqueline Schnabel

- anything by Jim Jarmusch, Jonathan Demme, Alex Cox, David Lynch, Wim Wenders, Joel and Ethan Coen, Julien Temple or by a former music-video director
- *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, *Blade Runner* and Mad Max movies
- Susan Seidelman, as an employer of postmodern production designers
- Jean-Luc Godard's *King Lear* (because Peter Sellars is in it)
- Claymation and colorization
- *Heaven* and any future movies directed by Diane Keaton

- any record credited to a deejay



- any record credited to David Byrne
- Buster Poindexter, Phoebe Legere or any other novelty act–cum–Amaretto promoter
- The New Monkees
- Elvis impersonators, especially in groups of 50

- MTV



- *Late Night With David Letterman*, *It's Garry Shandling's Show*, *Moonlighting*, *Rags to Riches*, *Max Headroom*, *Pee-wee's Playhouse* and any other show that's vaguely about being TV
- *Private Eye*, *Miami Vice*, *Crime Story* and any other show with bright colors that is produced by Michael Mann or Anthony Yerkovich
- *The New Leave It to Beaver* and *The New Munsters*, and any other reunion show
- Larry "Bud" Melman as a concept

- avocational interest in architecture



- making quote marks with your fingers during conversation
- recreational slumming (bowling, billiards)
- the 1984 Olympics
- Australia
- Dennis Hopper's career
- Elizabeth Taylor's body



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IN SEARCH OF THE POSTMODERN MOMENT

Sometime in the mid-1980s, Early Postmodernism became Late Postmodernism. The question is, exactly when? Just as paleontologists can date the extinction of the dinosaurs by picking through sedimentary rock, we hoped to find the beginning of the Late Postmodern Era by dissecting the corpus of recent periodical literature.

As we studied our data, two incidents looked to be possible signposts for the shift: the October 1982 *Times Magazine* profile of Michael Graves and the November 1986 issue of *Elle*, with the postmodern hats and ski parkas—the apotheosis of Late Postmodern blather. Somewhere between the dates of these two publications, we theorized, lay the hypothetical Postmodern Moment, the very instant when even taffeta-mad fashion editors began to bandy the word *postmodern* about as if it were *charm* or *now*.

Calculating quickly, we discovered that the midpoint between fall 1982 and fall 1986 was fall 1984. Was this the Postmodern Moment? A look at that autumn's events shows that it was indeed a time when stylish pastiche and cannibalization of the past were most definitely in vogue. Consider:

- Armageddon surfaces as a campaign issue
- Trivial Pursuit craze
- Cubs make playoffs
- *Miami Vice* premieres
- Paul McCartney releases a rerecorded "Yesterday" for *Give My Regards to Broad Street*
- *Time* cover stories on AMERICA'S UPBEAT MOOD and MINDING OUR MANNERS AGAIN
- Haute-pizza craze
- VCRs are hottest Christmas gift
- Preparations for the 50th anniversary of Muzak
- Compilation of *TeeVee Toons*, Vol. I
- Stephen Sprouse shows retro-sixties fashions
- Baby Fae gets baboon heart

That's not all. With the help of a computer search through the Nexis data bank, in which every article from most of the important American newspapers (including *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *The Los Angeles Times*) is cataloged, we turned up myriad *postmodern* citations—our textual equivalent of fossilized stegosaurus droppings.

year	number of *postmodern* articles
1980	21
1981	50
1982	83
1983	60
1984	116
1985	138
1986	197
1987	247

Looks like a regular *postmodernism* epidemic, doesn't it? Note the false peak of 1982, when 83 *postmodernism* articles *—a new story every 4.4 days*—appeared in the popular press. The next year, only 60 stories appeared, and it seemed that the craze was subsiding. But then came 1984, and the rest is history.

So, on a crisp morning in October 1984, did some reasonably literate, reasonably trendy fellow—an advertising copywriter, say—look up from the sports pages and quip, "Cubs versus Padres ... *hey*—it's like a postmodern World Series," thereby ushering in the profligate Late Postmodern Era? Probably. But we may never know for sure.

YABBA-DABBA-DOODADS

POSTMODERNISM AND THE HANNA-BARBERA CONNECTION

There's a simple way to tell the tyros from the fogies: whereas early postmodernists looked back many centuries, to classical architecture, Renaissance painting and Romantic music, late postmodernists look back many television seasons to the days of Hanna-Barbera Productions's cheesily animated cartoons.

	Early postmodernists	Late postmodernists
Literature	**Julio Cortázar (*Hopscotch*)**	**David Leavitt (*Family Dancing*): characters in his stories are always saying things like "Ern, let's watch 'The Flintstones.' "**
Music	**John Adams (*Shaker Loops*, composition for septet)**	**M.C. Shan: he created a rap song called "Jane, Stop This Crazy Thing" by rerecording George Jetson's final-credit howl**
Art	**Julian Schnabel**	**Kenny Scharf: he uses Elroy Jetson as a leitmotiv in his paintings**
Film	**Hans-Jürgen Syberberg (*Our Hitler*)**	**John Hughes: his *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* featured a sing-along of *The Flintstones'* theme song**
Architecture	**Michael Graves**	**Alan Buchsbaum: his restoration of the Nevele Hotel lobby looks like it was influenced by watching too many episodes of *The Jetsons***
Nightclubs	**Palladium's Michael Todd Room**	**Bedrock: this new club pays homage to *The Flintstones'* hometown, featuring spray-paint portraits of major cast members**
Food	**Duck sausage pizza with goat cheese**	**Fruity and Cocoa Pebbles: the only breakfast cereal endorsed by Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble**
Television	***Miami Vice***	***The Flintstone Kids*: a prequel to *The Flintstones***

TOMORROW'S POSTMODERNISM TODAY

Someday, probably not too far in the future—April 30, 1989, just to be daringly specific about it—your mother will mention the cute postmodern ottoman she's thinking about buying for the den, thereby providing the coda to *postmodern*'s reign as the lexicographic hot young thing.

Then what? What kind of Marilyn Monroe will Madonna be if she's no longer the postmodern Marilyn Monroe?

The *deconstructed* Marilyn Monroe.

And what does *deconstruction* mean? We could read deconstructionist critic Jacques Derrida and then sweat bullets trying to explain the concept in clear, clever prose. Or we could let you suss it out for yourself—figuring that any decent definition of *deconstruction* has, at this point, a half-life of six months or less, and that, sooner rather than later, you'll be able to read about it in *Elle*. We say, let the handbag-and-belt editors wrestle with it. ◗

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Spring is in the air, especially for those women who live in *perpetual* springtime, those nymphs who, though calendar years come and go . . . and come and go . . . and come and go . . . remain fresh-faced and frilly. How do they do it? We're not sure, but NELL SCOVELL salutes grown women who stay preternaturally, eerily

A NICE FEATURE

FOREVER *young*

SURELY you've seen them. At first glance, or from behind, they look like schoolgirls—prom-planning sorority sisters or baby-powdered cheerleaders. But they're not. They're women of a certain age who insist on clinging to the ruffles and ribbons and hairdos and bows of a long-ago childhood. Just as little girls like to dress up in their mothers' clothes, feigning sophistication, these women dress down—*way* down, in children's clothes, aping girlishness in the extreme. But there are lots of ways to look young. A juvenile typology emerges: Shirley Temple Sweet, Graduate-Student Sloppy, Serving-Wench Sassy, Valley-Girlish, Mummified Preppy and Mod Squad–ish. What are we to make of the *faux* innocence, the studious wide-eyed enthusiasm of today's woman-child—maintained through divorces, heavy drinking and ungrateful children? Is it simple joie de vivre? Delusion? Or just an unfortunate combination of outmoded grooming habits and bad taste?



AGE 62

Marylou Whitney

Does the Franklin Mint sell Marylou Whitney dolls yet? Decked out in hoopskirts and ribboned picture hats, the Blanche DuBois of Saratoga Springs is proof that you're never too old to play dress-up. Whitney's peculiar fashion sense has inspired others too. Each year, dozens of flask-toting, horsey men and women compete in Saratoga's Marylou look-alike contest as a tribute to her particular brand of circa-1885 taste.



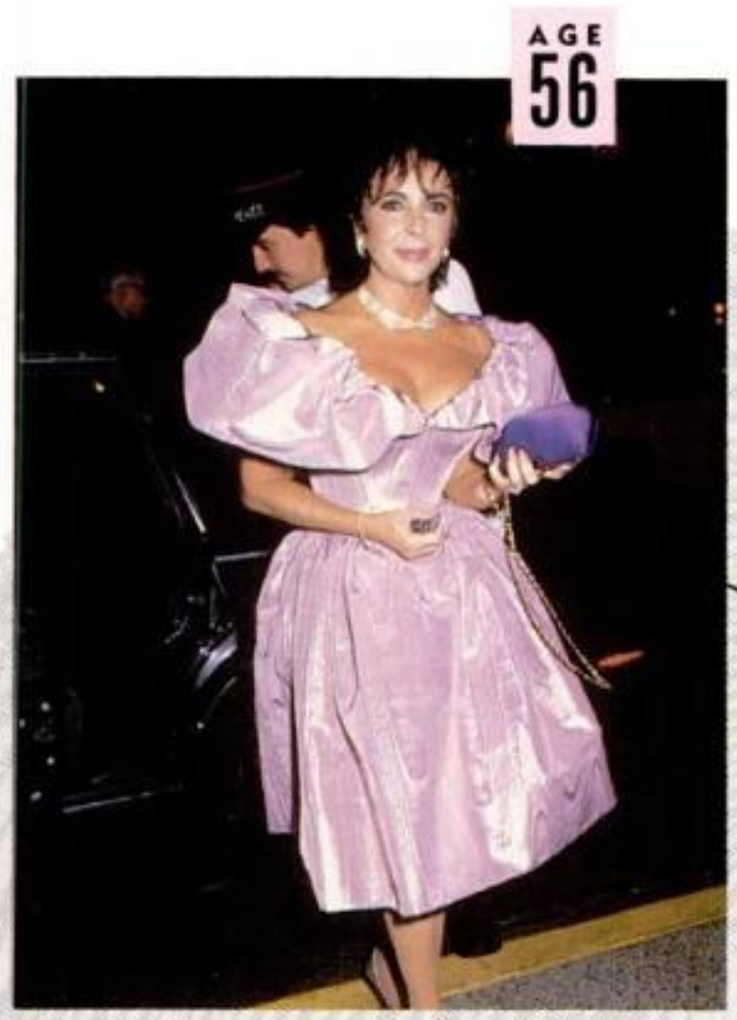
AGE 61

Baroness Marie-Hélène de Rothschild

Like a wild daughter of nature, Baroness Marie-Hélène de Rothschild is partial to jewels in the shape of butterflies, pansies and snakes. Her husband, Baron Guy de Rothschild, describes her as a "child who opens her wide green eyes each day as if for the first time, this Alice who refuses to live elsewhere than in Wonderland." We're sure he also considers her a modern, aware, thinking woman in her own right.

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The Shirley Temple Look



Elizabeth Taylor

When she isn't wearing a red leather jacket and sitting on a Harley-Davidson behind Malcolm Forbes (combined age: 124), Elizabeth Taylor packages herself in flounced party dresses (and teen push-up bras) that emphasize her postobese, post-drug-addict, Barbie-dollish figure. And now that she's adopted a streaked, punkoid hairdo, Taylor, like former downtown fatgirl Dianne Brill, seems to have effectively reduced herself to nothing but breasts and hair.



Bubbles Rothermere

Epicurean British lalapalooza



Carol Channing

Raspy-voiced actress–singer–dancer–drag queen role model



Renata Adler

Litigious pigtailed Pauline Kael–basher



Ginger Rogers

Fred Astaire hanger-on



Aileen Mehle

Better known by her supremely girlish pen name, Suzy, syndicated gossip-columnist Aileen Mehle doesn't have to work at staying youthful. "My hair is my own color—no gray; all I do is have it streaked," she says. "My teeth are my own—*not one cap*. My skin—I'm *very* proud of my skin. Wrinkles I don't have." But not even Mehle has completely escaped the depredations of time. To those who insist she hasn't changed at all in 25 years, she has a ready reply (learned, she insists, from age liar Nancy Reagan): "I could show you some places."

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The Graduate Student Look

Linda Ellerbee



Maybe it's because she never graduated from college that newsgal Linda Ellerbee looks and acts like a perennial dateless sophomore. Her favorite outfit is, in her words, "jeans, tacky T-shirts and sneakers." The hoop earrings, the late-night junk-food bingeing, the classic late-1960s refusal to cut her hair, the general adolescent rebelliousness—Ellerbee belongs on campus. It's time for her to return to college and finish up. Perhaps then she can fulfill the lifetime dream described in her smug, premature autobiography, *And So It Goes*: "When I grow up, I want to be Jane Pauley."

Susan Sontag



Unsmiling, shaggy-haired critic/Renaissance woman

The Serving-Wench Look

Betsey Johnson



Fashion designer Betsey Johnson has a simple, if painful and expensive, solution to aging: plastic surgery. "I'll definitely get a face-lift within a year," she says, without sufficient embarrassment. "It's not vanity—it's just what you do to stay in shape." Unlike her reasonably dressed 12-year-old daughter, Johnson wears pigtails and her own slatternly ruffled designs. Still boy-crazy, Johnson reveals another of her obsessed-with-seeming-young secrets: "I just met a cute 23-year-old boyfriend over my vacation. I haven't been with a man within ten years of my age for I don't know how long."

Shirley Lord



As *Vogue*'s beauty director, Shirley Lord makes a living obsessing about sagging flesh—a subject very close to home. When she's not off being mud-wrapped on some European spa boondoggle, she's searching for ways to reverse the aging process. Wrinkled skin seems to be her most desperate fear. "We wouldn't dare to touch our hearts, lungs or any inner organs with the nonchalance most of us display toward the skin, the largest organ," Lord warns in one of her columns. But her quest has paid off. Closing in on her seventh decade, she can still squeeze herself, sausage-style, into green leather miniskirts—very mod, with her Marlo Thomas hairdo—and would-be romantic, décolletage-emphasizing prom gowns. Newly wed to *New York Times* columnist-socialite Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal, Lord also stays young by writing dirty romance novels that prominently feature unsafe sex.

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The Valley Girl Look



AGE 51

Sylvia Miles

"People know I'm not 18," says paparazzi-photo fixture Sylvia Miles. But is she telling the truth? Of her notoriously anachronistic style of dressing she says, "Everything is cyclical. What goes around comes around. If you have things from 1825, you can still wear them." *1825*. A strange date to pick at random—a full 163 years ago. Still, Miles shows no signs of slowing down (or of trading in her Galleria-style patchwork fur jackets or cutting her 1967-length platinum-colored hair or ditching her hideous fake-leopard hats). "I have more energy now than ever," she says. "I'm in *Wall Street* now. Did you see it? I worked with Charlie Sheen, you know."



AGE over 60



AGE 41

Candy Spelling

Hookerish-looking Beverly Hills wife

Mollie Wilmot

"I think of my birthday as my *name* day," says Palm Beach socialite Mollie Wilmot. "I'm happier with my shape now than I was 20 years ago." And what of her taste in sluttish shoes? "I've worn spike heels all my life. I think they're *very* attractive."

The Mod Squad Look



AGE 54

Gloria Steinem

If it weren't for the birthday parties that lisping zillionaire Mort Zuckerman is constantly throwing for her, Gloria Steinem's aging would be a secret. And now that she has posed in a leather miniskirt for a national magazine, everyone knows that she has strangely well preserved legs. Steinem's hair is flecked with gray, but the lifeless cheerleader hairstyle endures. So do the vintage Tom Jones–era aviator glasses, now sometimes replaced by blink-inducing contact lenses. ◀ Celebrating her 50th birthday in a floor-length dickey, Steinem shows off a kooky alternative to stuffing one's bra with Kleenex—Band-Aids! *So chewing-gum-and-bobby-pin ad hoc, so ickily intimate, so utterly teenage-girlish!*



Mary McFadden

Willfully eccentric dress designer



AGE 52



AGE nearly 60

Lynn Revson

Revlon widow–sweater girl



AGE 46

Joni Evans

Permanently tanned, mod-lip-glossed Random House publisher and Dusty Springfield look-alike

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The Mummified-Preppy Look



Betty Furness

Very girlish NBC consumer-affairs reporter



C. Z. Guest

Gardening columnist–Cornelia progenitor

The Dorian Gray Syndrome

Didn't they look older ten years ago?





Phyllis Diller, 70





Barbara Walters, 56





Joan Rivers, 50

WHY BUFFY AND LALLY AND SKIP *NEVER* GET OLD:

The Secret of Forever-Young Nomenclature

There are among us those who seem perpetually young and precocious without benefit of Christian Lacroix poufs, tummy-tucks or applications of Retin-A. They are the adults lucky (or shrewd) enough to have been given (or to have taken) *names* that suggest youth — names more befitting people who collect frogs or have slumber parties than people who consummate six-figure deals and terrorize personal assistants. A roll call:

Baby Jane Holzer, *Warhol-promoted socialite;* **Barbi Benton,** *girlish singer-actress;* **Billy Martin,** *adolescent baseball manager;* **Billy Norwich,** *tiny, boyish social columnist;* **Binky Urban,** *literary agent specializing in young writers;* **Bobby Short,** *boyish café singer;* **Bobby Wagner,** *boyish Board of Education president;* **Brucie Hennessy,** *gravel-voiced but girlish socialite;* **Brucie Morrow,** *boyish radio deejay;* **Bubbles Rothermere,** *girlish, Miss Piggy–like British publishing wife;* **Bucky Fuller,** *Utopian;* **Buddy Rich,** *late boyish drummer;* **Buffy Cafritz,** *Washington socialite;* **Buffy Sainte-Marie,** *perpetually adolescent folksinger;* **Bunky Hunt,** *right-wing Texas bankrupter;* **Bunny Murdock,** *State Department flack;* **Bunny Wailer,** *reggae singer;* **Candy Clark,** *actress;* **Candy Spelling,** *hookerish wife of TV producer Aaron Spelling;* **Cap Weinberger,** *Kitty Carlisle look-alike and former minister of War;* **Chessy Rayner,** *socialite;* **Chip McGrath,** *boyish* New Yorker *editor;* **Cookie Mueller,** *demimonde chronicler;* **Corky Carroll,** *former surfer;* **Corky Pollan,** *fashionable* New York *editor and celebrity mom;* **Cory Aquino,** *matronly but girlish president of the Philippines;* **Cubby Broccoli,** *James Bond movie producer;* **Davy Johnson,** *boyishly stubborn Mets coach;* **Davy Jones,** *boyish pop-music concoction;* **Denny McLain,** *boyish former racketeer, cocaine distributor and pitcher;* **Dody Goodman,** *ancient but girlish secretary in* Splash; **Donny Osmond,** *boyish Mormon singer;* **Dudu Halevy,** *wacko* Time *reporter, defamer of Ariel Sharon;* **Fergie,** *tomboyish pregnant duchess;* **Flip Wilson,** *former comedian;* **Frankie Avalon,** *boyish singer;* **Freddy De Cordova,** *ancient but boyish TV producer;* **Howie Mandel,** *boyish, unfunny Canadian comedian;* **Iggy Pop,** *boyish and girlish rock star;* **Jimmy Carter,** *nerdily boyish former U.S. president;* **Joey Heatherton,** *actress-singer-dancer-tigress-survivor;* **Johnny Carson,** *boyish talk-show host;* **Kitty Carlisle,** *Cap Weinberger look-alike;* **Kitty Dukakis,** *former amphetamine addict, would-be first lady;* **Lally Weymouth,** *neo-right-wing harpy;* **Lenny Bernstein,** *boyish conductor-composer-carouser;* **Liddy Dole,** *would-be first lady;* **Midge Decter,** *right-wing harpy;* **Missie Rennie,** *girlish national assignment editor, CBS News;* **Mitzi Gaynor,** *elderly actress;* **Mitzi Newhouse,** *very elderly philanthropist;* **Mookie Wilson,** *adolescent Met;* **Nikki Haskell,** *would-be youthful cable-TV creature;* **Ozzy Osbourne,** *disgustingly boyish rock star;* **Pee-wee Herman,** *pathologically boyish comedian;* **Pee Wee Reese,** *boyish former sports announcer and Brooklyn Dodgers shortstop;* **Ricky Lauren,** *girlish wife of Ralph Lauren;* **Robbie Benson,** *gratingly boyish actor;* **Ronnie Reagan,** *pathologically boyish U.S. president;* **Rosey Grier,** *large needlepointer;* **Rusty Staub,** *boyish former outfielder and restaurateur;* **Sissy Spacek,** *girlish actress;* **Skip Stevenson,** *boyish bad comedian;* **Skitch Henderson,** *elderly but boyish bandleader and filer of fraudulent tax returns;* **Slappy White,** *ancient but boyish comic;* **Sonny Bono,** *unctuously boyish restaurateur-Republican;* **Sonny Fox,** *boyish former* Wonderama *emcee;* **Sonny Mehta,** *boyish editor in chief of Knopf publishers;* **Soupy Sales,** *boyish entertainer;* **Sparky Anderson,** *baseball manager;* **Squeaky Fromme,** *failed presidential assassin;* **Stinky Trump,** *casino operator, best-selling "author," billionaire;* **Sunny von Bülow,** *aging but pretty heiress;* **Tappy Phillips,** *WABC-TV reporter;* **Teddy Kennedy,** *pathologically boyish U.S. senator;* **Tip O'Neill,** *former Speaker of the House;* **Tipper Gore,** *would-be first lady;* **Tommy Hilfiger,** *boyish would-be Ralph Lauren;* **Tommy Kempner,** *boyish husband of too-rich-and-too-thin Nan;* **Tricia Nixon,** *girlish presidential daughter;* **Twiggy,** *girlish actress;* **Whitey Herzog,** *baseball manager;* **Whizzer White,** *ancient but boyish Supreme Court justice;* **Willie Morris,** *former editor;* **Wink Martindale,** *quizmaster;* **Winnie-the-Pooh**

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Review of Reviewers

The Industry

Publishing

The Webs

Religion

How to Be a Grown-up

Resident Alien



NICE

Work, Fellas

BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

HI, GIRLS! SPRING IS IN THE AIR, and I've been asked, in this special Nice Issue of SPY, to be as nice as I can to reviewers. That's like asking a girl to be sweet to Attila the Hun, but I'm here to please.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

Everyone thinks they know that Toni Morrison should have won the 1987 National Book Award for her novel *Beloved*. But she didn't. Larry Heinemann's *Paco's Story* took the award in "a stunning literary upset." So, be nice! And be nicer to poor old Larry. *The New York Times* didn't review *Paco's Story* in the daily paper when it first appeared, and has endlessly explained why by disparaging the book regularly, in its sour-grapes way, ever since it won the award.

"*Paco's Story* settles for bluntly telegraphing the sort of messages that have become familiar to us from dozens of newspaper and television reports," wrote the *Times*'s Michiko Kakutani. "At the same time, Mr. Heinemann's writing is insufficiently powerful, his vision too myopic." Too late! The guy won. *BP Report*, a publishing industry newsletter, took the *Times* to task for its *Paco*-bashing but unfortunately made the mistake of referring to the prizewinning *Paco's Story* as *Poco's Story*, not once but four times. At least they were *trying* to be nice.

As I am. So, *Esquire*'s totally brilliant kitchenware critic, the extraordinary Ronni Lundy, was in scintillating form in her article "A Room With a Stew": "There is something mystical about cooking a meal in one pot. After all, the making of stew must have been one of the first acts of community for the tribe of primitive man."

Well, I didn't know that, did you? The tribe of primitive man was more sophisticated than we imagined. It wouldn't surprise me if it invented endive-and-arugula salad. On the other hand, *The New York*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RODRIGO SHOPIS

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Observer's electric and eclectic housewares reviewer, the scintillating Cindy Frenkel, seems to disagree with the mystical Ronni "A Room With a Stew" Lundy.

"Bears are hibernating in their lairs," Cindy began in Ronni's anthropomorphic style, "their metabolisms completely slowed down. Man, however, has no such luck: he slows down in winter by congregating around the refrigerator."

So there you are: just when you thought man was congregating around the stewpot, he's congregating around the refrigerator. That's man for you, eh, girls?

Man-about-town Michael Musto is not, I regret to say, one bit nice. He's a funny and succinct movie reviewer for *Details*. His review of Barbra Streisand's *Nuts* was one word: "Mentl." But he loses his sense of humor a little in his La Dolce Musto column in the dear old *Village Voice*: " 'I hate snide sarcasm,' writes Golden Girl Betty White in her not-for-diabetics memoir, *Betty White in Person*," Musto records, only to add his own comment: "Well, go to hell in a handbasket, you old harlot."

Now, that is *not* nice. Between reading the 4,643 plugs, previews and reviews of *Phantom of the Opera*, I was delighted to realize that *Time* drama reviewer William A. Henry III is a thoroughly nice man. "A vibrant start to a welcome project," he wrote about the Public Theater's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Henry III, or, as he is sometimes known, Henry IV, Parts I and II, is the drama critic nice enough to write the blurbs himself.

Not like that beastly Frank "Butcher of Broadway" Rich, though his No. 2 at the *Times*, morose Mel Gussow, is no sweetheart, either. Well, you wouldn't be if you were now and forever No. 2. Some people think Gussow is dull, but I'm not one of them. At least he snapped into unaccustomed lively form in his review of the musical adaptation of Chaim Potok's *The Chosen*, which played for three and a half performances on Broadway.

"Talmudic disputation is not the likeliest source for show tunes," wrote morose Mel, "and the discussion of whether Israel should be founded by men or by the Messiah is not a subject that easily lends itself to musicalization." See—there's a certain irony of tone there. Mel's in control. "Offer him a glass of ouzo and Mr. [George] Hearn might transmogrify into Zorba the Hasid."

I agree—that isn't exactly morose Mel at his sidesplitting best. But this might be: "As [Hearn] climbs the metaphorical 'Ladder to the Lord,' one recalls the 'Forbidden Broadway' spoof of his latest Broadway showstopper, 'I Ham What I Ham,' a particularly inappropriate thought in these Orthodox surroundings."

What a difference a *nice* reviewer makes! "There may be nuggets here. But they are not worth reading over 500 pages to mine." So the *Times*'s Christopher Lehmann-Haupt dismissed Kathleen Tynan's *The Life of Kenneth Tynan*. By *mine*, incidentally, we assume he didn't mean *Christopher Lehmann-Haupt's*, but *mine* as in *coal mine*. Reviewing the same book in the Sunday *Times* Book Review, that nice Benedict Nightingale saved the day by writing that Mrs. Tynan "somehow manages to fulfill, perhaps even surpass, the obligations of the good biographer."

Talking of Tynan, Angry Old Man and British playwright John Osborne replied to Kathleen Tynan's scathing review of his scathing review of *The Life of Kenneth Tynan* in *The New York Review of Books* with these scathing words: "The blood on the good widow's hands is drawn by her own disingenuous weapon, mingling as it does with the streaming egg on her face."

That's nice. And that's also a mixed metaphor. What a relief to turn to the poetry of *The Wall Street Journal*, namely "Ode to a Grecian Oracle," concocted by former *Journal* book critic Edmund Fuller: "Yet, standing amid the spectacular environs of Delphi, I reflected that if this had indeed been the omphalos, it too had been a fuzzy navel, no clearer source of knowledge or guide to action than the clouded crystal ball of worn metaphor."

Well, nobody said poetry is easy. But when it comes to the art of reviewing wine, is there any more pretentious jerk than—*sorry!* Forgot myself for a moment. When it comes to the art of reviewing wine, what is so nice about *Vogue*'s Martin "A Symphony in Every Bottle" Gersh is his complete mastery of the English language. Reviewing 19 of Château Beychevelle's vintages, however, he found the 1984 "compact," the 1983 "of impressive size," the 1981 "reasonably large bodied, and truly superior," the 1980 "pleasant-sized," the 1978 "substantial in body," the 1977 "moderate to large size," the 1976 "discreet in scale," the 1975 "fairly large bodied," the 1972 "moderate to large scaled," the 1971 "exuberant, full bodied" and the 1970 "generous in size."

And all this time the experts have been telling us that size doesn't matter. Is Sting okay, by the way, or has he lost his marbles? "So recently I was sitting in a sauna in Sydney, Australia," the rocker-poet who performs with a ring of humidifiers blowing up his nose told *Spin*, "and thought, I'd really like to be a Jungian analyst."

"You are frequently accused by critics of being pretentious," *Rolling Stone* told him. "How painful is that?" "What is pretension?" replied the Jungian rocker. "After all these years, aren't you tired of the name Sting?" And the Unpretentious One said, "It's no sillier than Beethoven or Mozart."

That nice, ditsy Kay Gardella, TV critic of the *Daily News*, has been in a more authoritative mood: "When the architects of ABC's *Dolly* put the star in a bubble bath, that was their first big mistake." Pity that when Kay first reviewed *Dolly* in the *News*, exactly 3 months and 18 days earlier, she wrote, "Loved that opening bubble bath sequence. You [Dolly] look great buried in bubbles."

Personally, I think she got it right the first time. Let us now praise famous Man. I refer to our old favorite, the *Voice*'s David "Wangdoodle" Edelstein, a Wangdoodle I have been critical of in the past. But that is in the past, and this is *nice*.

Writing in the *Voice* as "D. Edelstein," the movie critic wrote a genuinely funny send-up of... movie critics. "The following is an excerpt from my doctoral dissertation on Semiotics, Hermeneutics, and Film Theory, which was begun several years ago at the University of Muensterburg and continues at New York University. The title of this section is 'The Poetics of Affirmation: Signification and Mimesis in the Work of Jeffrey Lyons, Joel Siegel, and Gene Shalit.'"

And the witty D. Edelstein concluded, "It is Lyons, Siegel, and Shalit—not, as has often been suggested, Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel—who have ushered criticism into the 21st century. In Lyons, structuration is stretched to create a new definition of time and space. In Siegel, the split between denotation and connotation is detonated and then, miraculously, conjoined. In Shalit, the triumph of mimesis forges a new, Barthesian bond between critic and object criticized.

"In the next section of my dissertation, I shall go on to discuss the Oedipal distinction between two thumbs up and two big thumbs up."

Nice one, Wangdoodle!

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Alphabet SOUP

BY CELIA BRADY

SLAYING THE GIANT: DAVID PUTTnam wasn't able to do it. Bernie Brillstein hasn't been able to do it. Nor has Universal, ABC, NBC or CBS. Incredibly, the highly enviable feat that no one in show business has been able to accomplish for ten years—breaking the domination of Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz's much-loathed and universally feared Creative Artists Agency—has fallen to three baby-faced talent agents who have just hung their shingle out on Sunset Strip. How is this possible?

THE INDUSTRY

During the first week in February, two youngish, middle-level talent agents at CAA—Judy Hofflund (blond, petite, preternaturally perky) and David Greenblatt (rabbinical-student nerdy, standard-issue-nailhead Armani suits)—defected from CAA to start a new agency called InterTalent, taking many of their clients with them. Joining them is Bill Block, self-professed lothario and owner of *very* expensive Armani suits. Block, a senior agent at International Creative Management, had turned down the offer of a partnership at ICM, so eager was he to get out. The founding of a new agency is certainly not news (all it takes is a car, a phone and a desk—although with mobile phones, even the desk is no longer necessary). But the creation of InterTalent is interesting for its particular implications.

CAA has dominated Hollywood for the past decade as no movie studio or television network has. Their client list is heady. It has included Robert Redford, Paul Newman, Sylvester Stallone, Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Dustin Hoffman, Harrison Ford, Barbra Streisand, Debra Winger, Madonna, Daryl Hannah and an uncomfortably large portion of the Brat Pack. Directors have included Sydney Pollack, Steven Spielberg, Adrian Lyne, Ridley Scott, Barry Levinson, John Hughes, Ivan Reitman and Martin Brest. CAA arranged for Aaron Spelling to control almost half of the old ABC television schedule. More important, the agency perfected the ethically unseemly concept of packaging—the practice of putting CAA stars, directors, producers and writers together in a film or television series, then taking a 15 percent packaging fee from the production budget on top of the agents' fees CAA already charged its clients.

The profits from packaging have been enormous. I. M. Pei designed CAA's slick architectural statement/office complex now going up in Beverly Hills. Even by Hollywood standards, CAA is considered arrogant. Vanity license plates are plentiful. (CAARM = the matinee-idol-short Ronnie Meyer.) The firm has long ruled by fear: stars were afraid to leave (since the agency controlled



so many packages, there was always a chance the star could be blocked out), and studios were bullied into accepting CAA packages. One of former Columbia president David Puttnam's first pronouncements was that he would not let inferior agency packages dictate what movies he would make; CAA subsequently "forgot" to send him stars and scripts, which many believe finally cost him his job. Likewise, when Capital Cities took over ABC it naively objected to paying packaging fees—before suddenly coming to its senses and dropping the matter. At CBS, budget-crazed president and dwarf billionaire Larry Tisch has whined about seeing "no reason" why CAA should take an additional 15 percent for doing what an agency should do for its clients anyway. Wisely, Tisch has kept his feelings private. Even CAA agents are terrified of Ovitz. For years it was assumed that *senior* CAA agents Jack Rapke, Mike Menchel, Rick Nicita and Mike Marcus would leave the agency, but the youngsters beat them to it. (Rapke is known to have turned down the presidencies of both Columbia and Paramount in the past year—decisions that were attributed to his intention to start his own agency.)

History will note that the decline and fall of CAA began with the CAA package *Legal Eagles*, which came out in 1986—director-producer Ivan Reitman, writers Jim Cash and Jack Epps, and all three of the stars were clients of the agency. Debra Winger left CAA shortly after the movie's release, having been convinced that becoming part of the *Legal Eagles* package would be a good career move. For the first time in a decade, CAA no longer seems quite so invincible. Writers, directors, stars—and now the movies' true auteurs, agents—have begun to leave.

On the face of it, nothing is wrong at CAA. A $10,000-a-table Mike Ovitz charity fundraiser sold out in December without anyone even sending invitations—show people are *so* caring, *so* giving—and Stallone's not shopping for new representation. But there are those three kids.... At first Ovitz took the news of Hofflund's and Greenblatt's leaving with feigned equanimity and wished them well. But the moment they were out the door, he reportedly began urging clients not to leave. It may almost be too late. If Ovitz understands one thing about Hollywood, it's that perception is everything. And the perception, at the moment, seems to be that for CAA, the spotlight is shifting.

This Is Garry Shandling's Item: Contrary to reports, the recent deal to have the fat-lipped, overcoiffed comedian's cable TV show picked up by the Fox Network was anything but amicable. According to a source close to the show, Shandling, whose ego is at least as large as his considerable talent, complained that "more people see me on elevators" than on Showtime—and accordingly had his manager inform the cable service that he would refuse to tape any more segments unless a deal was struck. The manager, incidentally, was Mike Ovitz's nemesis, Bernie Brillstein, who by coincidence owns a piece of the show and stands to profit from its sale. With great reluctance, Showtime and its parent company, Viacom International Inc., first offered the show to ABC (which turned it down), then to CBS, which also turned it down: despite the fact that Tisch supposedly *wanted* to buy it, ace programmer Kim LeMasters wanted to demonstrate his independence from New York. The Shandling show was finally purchased

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by the Fox Network with the stipulation that the episodes would premiere on Showtime and then appear on Fox a year later. Granted, Showtime and Viacom make money from Shandling's sale to Fox (they share in the profits of secondary markets). But the problem for Viacom—which produces *Frank's Place* and *Matlock*, distributes *The Cosby Show* and owns the Movie Channel, MTV, VH-1, five TV stations and nine radio stations—is how this will affect the perceived value of Showtime. If subscribers are getting the show free (albeit 12 months later) on regular television, what's the incentive for spending $155 a year for Showtime? Not surprisingly, this isn't the only woe besetting the network. It seems the other Showtime drawing card, *Brothers* (an unfunny situation comedy about over-the-top homosexuals), isn't selling into syndication—much to the chagrin of Paramount, which has deficit-financed at least 100 episodes of the show in the hope that profits would come from its eventual syndication sales. What's a mother to do?

Later That Night: Large-haired status entrepreneur Helena, the Dragon Lady of Temple Street, is desperately trying to find a Hollywood-area venue for her rapidly fading downtown members-only supper club, Helena's. The would-be bit-part actress apparently feels the club can be revitalized by making its location more accessible to where her customers live (even by limo, it's a long drive to Temple Street); but most people agree that it's already way too late to make a difference. Helena's highly congenial way of yelling at members and generally treating everyone but Madonna, Sean Penn, Harry Dean Stanton, George Michael and Jack Nicholson like intruders may have had something to do with the decline in trade at the now unfashionable restaurant.

And Finally, Our Quote of the Month: After turning in a draft of *Memoirs of the Invisible Man* to Chevy Chase, millionaire screenwriter William Goldman (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Marathon Man*) was summoned to meet with the teetering star to discuss changes in the script. Chase wasn't pleased with the screenwriter's effort, and after a heated discussion over suggestions for a rewrite, Goldman quit. His final words?

"Fuck it, Chevy. I'm too old and too rich to be bothered."

See you Monday night at Mortons. ◗

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BLOWN *to Bits*

BY BRUCE HANDY

THE BOYS FOLLOWED THE CIRCUlar marks through the thicket. They had not gone far when their eyes lighted up with excitement.

"Another clue!" Joe yelled. "And this time a swell one!"

—Franklin W. Dixon, *The Tower Treasure* (1927)

PUBLISHING The good-natured face that had cracked a thousand jokes was gone. The new Joe Hardy was a stranger, his expression cold and hard as a statue's. But his eyes were alive with a light that promised lethal action.

—Franklin W. Dixon, *Dead on Target* (1987)

The Hardy Boys are dead. Long live the Hardy Boys.

It seems that the children of the eighties—the wackos—are no longer interested in the plodding, poorly written mystery stories that many of us older readers used to devour whenever librarians weren't forcing us to "appreciate" *The Yearling*. Today's seventh grader, while probably reading at a fourth-grade level, demands something more sophisticated: plodding, poorly written mystery stories that are really, really violent.

At least, that's what the folks at the Juvenile Division of Simon & Schuster think, and they're doing something about it. Six years ago the company bought out the old Stratemeyer Syndicate, the pioneering book packager that originated the Hardy Boys, Nancy Drew and the Bobbsey Twins (as well as shorter-lived, less-beloved series such as the Motor Boys, the Motor Girls, Baseball Joe, and the Radio Boys and Radio Girls). Simon & Schuster continues to print new Hardy Boys books in the more or less traditional mode (because of a confusing lawsuit settlement, Grosset & Dunlap still publishes the original 58 titles), but when it became clear in the late 1970s that the series's readership was getting progressively younger, the publishers decided to bring out a new version designed to lure back the more mature, more sanguinary, more discretionary-income-laden youth.

Thus the year-old Hardy Boys Casefiles series. Still 17 and 18, respectively, brothers Joe and Frank Hardy have belatedly discovered that Uzis are far more effective than fussy sleuthing when it comes to busting crime. "The boys realize that bringing today's criminals to justice depends less on detective work and more on doing battle with terrorists, spies, murderous cults and international crime rings," Simon & Schuster's publicity department explains. Gone are the smugglers, jewel thieves and other two-bit thugs who, in books such as *The Mystery of Cabin Island* and *The Secret of Wildcat Swamp*, wreaked tame havoc on fictional Bayport, U.S.A.

Gone, too, is the boisterous joie de vivre of a saner world: what were once a pair of rollicking cluehounds are now blood-soaked, avenging furies straight out of *The Virgin Spring*. Here, courtesy of the book jacket, is a peek at the first installment in the Casefiles series, *Dead on Target* (still credited to the WASPy, nonexistent author Franklin W. Dixon): "When Joe's girlfriend, Iola, is blown to bits by a bomb meant for Joe and Frank, the two brothers vow to punish her murderer."

"There's a primary difference in philosophy between us and Simon & Schuster," sniffs Nancy Axelrad, author of *The Coral Turtle Mystery* (a Bobbsey Twins title) and former partner in the Stratemeyer Syndicate. "The things in the new books, we would not have done. We made no specific references to murder, and we avoided specific violence." Like getting blown to bits? "Those particular elements make me sad," she says, and we believe her.

A current Hardy Boys author puts things into academic perspective: "In the history of detective fiction, there have been two schools—the ratiocination school and the hard-boiled school. What we are seeing with The Hardy Boys Casefiles is a move from the former into the latter."

Hammett, Chandler . . . Dixon?

Judge for yourself. Here's an excerpt from the denouement of *Dead on Target*:

But the grisly game of tug-of-war quickly came to an end. Joe's blood-slicked hand gave Al-Rousasa no grip. The terrorist had time for one incoherent

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yell as he slid into a three-story fall.

Joe, trembling and pale, watched the body hurtle down. He looked as if he were about to be sick. "W—We should have remembered," he managed to say. "Nobody takes an Assassin alive."

"He lived by blood and he died by it," Frank said. He helped his brother to his feet. "Well, Iola's murderer got what he deserved. How do you feel?"

"It wasn't enough," Joe replied. He turned away.

Well, the writing is at least . . . English—about as close as The Hardy Boys Casefiles come to Hammett's and Chandler's sinewy, witty prose. (And people got blackjacked in their books, not blown to bits.)

But, of course, it's always a cheap (albeit amusing) shot when you start quoting clubfooted children's literature out of context. So here are two excerpts that neatly delineate the development of Hardy sexuality over the years:

The young people were greeted at the door of the Morton farmhouse by Chet's younger sister Iola [yes, the eventually blown-to-bits one], dark-haired and pretty. Joe Hardy thought she was quite the nicest girl in Bayport High and dated her regularly.—*The Tower Treasure* (1927)

"We have miles before we hit anything," Callie said. "It's pretty desolate around here. No roads, no houses, no driveways."

"There is one turnoff, though," Joe remarked. "A little bit ahead of here. It's a hill overlooking the river. Iola and I used to come—" He broke off whatever he was going to say.

"We, uh, know the place you mean," Callie said. . . . "It's a great place to go after a date."

"Except for the cops who shine flashlights in the window," Frank said.—*Dead on Target* (1987)

The original Hardy Boys books were first revised in 1959, in part to clean up what had become embarrassingly racist references to the supporting cast of maids, laundrymen and organ-grinders. Tellingly, the new books sport a modish xenophobia, no doubt calculated to appeal to jingoistic, post-post-Vietnam youths:

"Fool," he said breathlessly. . . . "Always you get in my way." Al-Rousasa's eyes blazed and his control of the language began to slip. His English had a definite guttural accent.—*Dead on Target*

In *Evil, Inc.* (1987) the Boys, facing imminent death—by being shot in the head, not blown to bits—gain a few life-saving moments because of the French villain's inevitable descent into Gallic self-indulgence:

Paul Reynard spoke boastfully to them, enjoying his triumph to the fullest.

"I could, of course, kill you this very second with three quick bullets," he said. . . .

"But that would end our game far too quickly. . . . It would rob me of the pleasure of seeing you tremble with terror and sweat with fear. It would be like making a meal of fast food, instead of dining properly, as a good Frenchman should, savoring each well-prepared morsel of the feast."

"There are certain things about the Hardy Boys' universe that stay consistent," notes Anne Greenberg, the Simon & Schuster editor who oversees the Hardy Boys. While the Iola-less Joe Hardy is now a "party animal" who "plays the field," Frank remains faithful to Callie Shaw, his steady of 60 years. The Hardys' "stout, food-loving chum" Chet Morton still makes an occasional appearance—although his legendary jollity has been somewhat curbed by his sister's having been blown to bits. And the Boys haven't lost their own prodigious appetites, the ones that often had them taking a break from following tire tracks to enjoy an invariably heaping stack of Aunt Gertrude's pancakes. Curiously, the lads now seem to have much the same taste in lunch spots as hip New York writers who might occasionally dash off some young-adult fiction in order to pay their Lower East Side rents:

Joe announced, "Let's take a break. I'm starved."

Frank grinned. "And I know the reason why."

"Why?" said Joe.

"Because if we walk a little further north, we'll be within striking distance of Katz's Delicatessen," replied Frank.—*Evil, Inc.*

So even in their rush toward modernity—even as they strive to avoid being blown to bits by guttural-voiced terrorists—the Boys haven't entirely lost the jauntiness, the breeziness, the dopey *boyishness* that gave the original books their tepid charm (even in Paris, Frank and Joe prefer Coke to champagne—"Oh, you Americans," groans the evil Frenchman). And with a million copies of its seven titles already in print, the Casefiles series looks to be a big hit with the Schwarzenegger generation. Dead on target. *Blooey.*

Calling All CRITICS

BY CHARLES POOTER

CBS NEWS PRESIDENT HOWARD Stringer is paranoid about the press and bends over to curry favor with reporters—especially Tom Shales, the able and enormously influential *Washington Post* TV critic.

THE WEBS

Indeed, Stringer's priorities are such that when CBS News producers want to reach him on the phone, they often tell his secretary, "This is Tom Shales," so that Stringer will pick up. Stringer and Dan Rather are Shales's (and other TV reporters') main sources for stories about CBS News; when they're not busy carrying on the Murrow Tradition, they call Shales two or three times a week. If something like *West 57th* needs to be publicized, Stringer is fond of strutting around the newsroom and boasting to producers, "I can deliver Shales on this one."

Shales is not overly kind to CBS, but he does have an unusually cozy relationship with Stringer and Rather. (After the notorious Bush shouting match, Shales wrote a piece that repeatedly quoted Rather—and, at less extraordinary length, Stringer—saying Rather was just doing his job.) In 1984 Stringer encouraged CBS's hiring of Shales's close personal friend and very close former assistant at the *Post*, Jim Miller, as an associate producer in the Washington bureau. Miller had a lot of clout: Stringer, Rather and Diane Sawyer, all eager to court Shales, would frequently call Miller for advice. (Sawyer's own paranoia about the press is such that she dumped longtime companion Richard Holbrooke for hairless director Mike Nichols after Holbrooke advised her to cooperate on the disastrous cheesecake *Vanity Fair* profile that has effectively checked her career.) When Miller wrote a dull book about the Senate, *Running in Place*, in 1986, Rather even hosted Miller's

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book party.

Shales and Miller, vacationing together after Miller had gone to CBS, showed up at CBS News's Los Angeles bureau, where Shales demanded to see a news feed. Shales would also call up Rather and say, "Jim's unhappy—he wants to be transferred to the Elections Unit, he wants to come to New York." Stringer eventually became uncomfortable with the appearance of impropriety and let it be known that he wouldn't mind if Miller "disappeared." Miller, sensing that he was going nowhere, left CBS in the fall of 1986 to attend Harvard Business School.

Stringer now has to do his brownnosing directly. When Shales came to New York in January to see Rather for what the critic would tout as the first personal interview



Rather had given since September's six-minute-plus blackout, he went to see Stringer. Stringer's secretary, Virginia, forgot that the very important critic was in the anteroom, and after waiting 15 minutes, Shales stormed out and returned to his hotel. Stringer, mortified, called up and wheedled Shales into returning.

The one TV critic whom no one is paranoid about is the *Times*'s otherworldly right-winger, John Corry, who wrote a piece praising the universally excoriated debut of *48 Hours* one week and then, having been lambasted for this puffery by his fellow *Times*men, wrote a piece the following week, *before another episode of the show had aired*, recanting his praise.

At least, that's what he seemed to be trying to do. "What's real is what's real," he wrote the second time. "The news movie is the television equivalent of the nonfiction novel." CBS producers play a game called What Does John Corry Mean? Everyone puts a few dollars into the pot, which is awarded to the person who most convincingly explains what, exactly, Corry's latest column says.

What none of Corry's columns have said is that *48 Hours* wasn't designed to be a "news movie"; it was designed to save money. An hour-long episode of a dramatic series in that time slot would cost at least $750,000 to make; a normal documentary, which takes at least six months to produce, would cost more than $400,000; *48 Hours*, made in two days, costs less than $250,000. The show is a suicide run, one of the new anti-*Cosby* shows (a phrase coined in honor of ABC's tramp through its film archives, *Our World*, which also aired briefly opposite *Cosby*). If you're going to lose the time slot anyway, in the era of budget-crazed Laurence Tisch you had better lose it inexpensively.

Speaking of expense, Bryant Gumbel, the contentious cohost and de facto executive producer of NBC's *Today* show, has a contract coming up for renewal in December, and he has been threatening to leave NBC. He has an invitation from his former executive producer, Steve Friedman, who's now executive producing the syndicated TV version of *USA Today*—which Friedman calls "the journalism of hope"—for Gannett's and Grant Tinker's company, GTG Entertainment. But Gumbel is too smart to leave for such a risky venture, even if Friedman offered him equity in the show: he's really angling to get off *Today* and onto NBC's on-again, off-again prime-time newsmagazine show (inventive working title: *90 Minutes*) that may premiere this spring. Jane Pauley, who no longer speaks to Gumbel off the air, would be glad to see him go, as would meteorologist-clown Willard Scott, with whom Gumbel has been feuding, and the unionized staff, of whose four-month strike last year Gumbel was openly contemptuous. (During a previous strike, Tom Brokaw gave parties for the show's writers; Gumbel and Pauley refused even to sign a letter that the correspondents sent to NBC president and CEO Bob Wright urging him to settle the strike.)

Meanwhile, NBC News executives, in a craven attempt to keep their jobs, have worked out an agreement with penny-pinching parent company General Electric guaranteeing that the news will turn a profit by 1990. The only thing *Today* staffers can look forward to is further personnel cutbacks. Now *they* have reason to be paranoid. ❸

HOLY

Handouts!

BY JAY MARTEL

NEW YORK IS NOT JUST A CITY of depraved junkies, pimps and politicians—it also serves as headquarters to many of the world's great religions. And contrary to popular belief, you don't have to sell roses in the airport, prance around in orange toweling on the sidewalks or rob a priest to derive material benefit from religion in New York City. Almost every pious institution in town has something to offer.

RELIGION

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES, Brooklyn
TOP DOG: Jehovah (God)
HOT BOOK: the Bible
KNOWN FOR: wearing cheesy suits and knocking on your door too early in the morning; Michael Jackson
PRESSURE TO CONVERT (on a scale of 1–10): 8

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED the complexes of buildings owned by the Jehovah's Witnesses and clustered around the Brooklyn Bridge. But did you know that these buildings house a major printing facility, living quarters for more than 2,000 workers, libraries, huge kitchens and dining halls, an infirmary, a laundry, a tailor's and a cobbler's, all with interconnecting tunnels and aerial passageways—in other words, everything the Witnesses need to be completely self-sufficient? And did you know that each space-station-like complex offers an extensive free tour? You might, for example, enjoy the 60-minute tour of the residential complex and its 10 dining rooms, where closed-circuit TVs carry each morning's discussions of Armageddon. But the 90-minute factory tour offers an unforgettable opportunity to *see Witnesses sweat*.

The Witnesses' printing works bristles with the feeling that there's a war effort going on (as, of course, there is—the war for souls): tidy, smiling workers quickly stack

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Bibles as they're churned out of roaring presses and lift bales of *The Watchtower* with squeaky-clean forklifts. Of course, the Witnesses have no need for unions—everyone's a brother, as in "That brother over there is looking at each one of those Spanish-hymnal covers to make sure the title is embossed correctly!" Don't miss the bindery, which features an extraordinarily glamorous view of the Manhattan skyline.

Free tours of all three complexes are given weekdays from 8:00 a.m. to noon and from 1:00 p.m. to 5:00, Saturdays from 8:00 a.m. to noon. Don't wait for them to come to you!

MORMON VISITORS' CENTER, 2 Lincoln Square
TOP DOGS: God, Jesus, Joseph Smith
HOT BOOK: the Book of Mormon
KNOWN FOR: least fun college (Brigham Young University); polygamy; racism; queer genealogical obsessions
PRESSURE TO CONVERT: 3

MORMONISM IS THE closest thing we have to a Walt Disney religion, complete with colossal temples that look like spaceships, and a wealthy, blond, blue-eyed following. It's a mystery to us, then, why the fun-filled Mormon Visitors' Center tour isn't more popular. Your personal tour guide will be a young Mormon named Elder Johnson or Elder Jones. At first glance this elder will look and sound like any other teenager shoehorned into a suit—in fact, my guide had a bit of gel in his blond hair, giving him a racy, VH-1–ish veneer. "This painting shows, like, Lehi and his people in their ship landing in America. This guy Nephi built the ship because he had, you know, a vision."

Illuminated paintings on the second floor spell out the highly unlikely history of the Mormons, leading up to the high-tech, Disney World–ish climax of the tour: a life-size, tree-filled diorama of the Hill Cumorah, eleven miles east of Rochester, where an angel named Moroni—yes, an angel, right here in New York State—gave Joseph Smith a pile of gold tablets in 1823. A family of talking mannequins is having a picnic at the hallowed site. As the houselights darken, the father's face (projected onto the daddy mannequin's flat, featureless head by a projector hidden in a picnic basket) tells the history of the Mormons (again) to his stiffly posed children, who, unlike Dad, don't get animated faces to go with their disembodied voices.

The Mormon Visitors' Center also gives you the tools to trace your own ancestry. Because the Mormons believe they can retroactively save the souls of the dead ancestors of fresh converts, a huge vault has been built under the Rocky Mountains to house the birth, marriage and death records of *everyone ever born*. To gain access to these microfilmed files, pick up the 45-cent pamphlet *A Guide to Research Branch Genealogical Library* before you go.

Open 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., every day.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS, 305 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn
TOP DOG: Krishna
HOT BOOK: the Bhagavad Gita
KNOWN FOR: shaved heads; chanting; tambourines; mung beans
PRESSURE TO CONVERT: 4 without dinner, 6 with

THIS CENTER OFFERS a bounty of free, high-fiber meals: breakfast is available every morning at 8:30 (fruit, rice, vegetable, mung beans, dahl); dinner (fruit, rice, vegetable, mung beans, dahl) is offered Wednesday evenings for free and Sunday nights for $2. But the best part is watching the Krishnas keep up with their incredibly demanding worship schedule. In the temple's main hall are dozens of plastic deity statues. Every day the statues' clothes are changed—some have more than 50 outfits—and eight times a day the deities are offered food (fruit, rice, vegetable, mung beans, dahl). Call for feeding times—and don't forget to stop by the center's gift shop, which sells dried mud from the Ganges River (large chunk for 35 cents) and tongue scrapers ($1), as well as the usual robes and deities.

Doors open at 4:30 a.m.

SCIENTOLOGY OF NEW YORK, 227 West 46th Street
TOP DOG: L. Ron Hubbard
HOT BOOK: *Dianetics*
KNOWN FOR: TV ads that are a cross between *Star Wars* and a beer commercial; having Sonny Bono, Priscilla Presley and John Travolta in its thrall
PRESSURE TO CONVERT: 6

NO ONE EVER makes money in publishing, science-fiction writer L. Ron Hubbard is said to have told his editor once. *I'm going to start a religion*. The rest is Scientology.

At least L. Ron's background in science fiction makes for some great free movies at the Scientology center. *What Happened to These Civilizations?*, set in the White House, features Broadway hack actor–Scientologist Jeff Pomerantz trying to convince world leaders that the key to world survival lies in one book: *Dianetics*, by L. Ron Hubbard. Why? Because every society's failings can be traced to personal problems. By way of illustration, there is unintentionally hilarious footage of Socrates fighting with his wife and a goofy Nebuchadnezzar grazing on all fours in a field.

A 200-question personality test and a free posttest analysis with a real Scientologist are available after the movie. Typical questions include "Do you often 'sit and think' about death, sickness, pain and sorrow?" and "Does life seem rather vague and unreal to you?"

Open weekdays 10:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

UNIFICATION CHURCH VISITORS' CENTER, 4 West 43rd Street
TOP DOGS: God, Sun Myung Moon
HOT BOOK: the Bible
KNOWN FOR: brainwashing; right-wing newspapers; marrying en masse
PRESSURE TO CONVERT: 7

DON'T LET BAD PRESS keep you from the best $2 lunches and $3 dinners in town. This elegant and convenient midtown location (formerly the Columbia Club) also offers the outsider virtually round-the-clock counseling. Upon entering, visitors are met by a volunteer who ushers them upstairs to a long hall hung with oil paintings of Reverend Moon's life: a gory depiction of him being tortured by Communists, a pastoral scene of him working in a Korean salt mine and, of course, a rendering of the time Jesus visited the 16-year-old Moon and told him to start the Unification Church.

After a little counseling, you'll probably be eager to relax in front of one of the center's 15 screens to watch a video from the extensive library. The best of these tapes dramatize episodes in Moon's life: one equates the reverend's recent income-tax struggles with the civil-rights movement—as though the analogy weren't obvious—and the Salem witch trials. Also: *America, You're Too Young to Die*, with fellow scary-right-wing-reverend Pat Robertson.

If you're looking for a cheap weekend getaway, you may want to stick around after dinner: a mere $30 will buy a weekend in the country at the church's camp in the Berkshires—food, lodging and transportation included.

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Don't Follow LEADERS

BY ELLIS WEINER

LET'S TALK ABOUT *LEADERSHIP.* Let's talk about the ability to step forward and point a finger and tell everybody else, "Hey—we're going over *there.*" Let's talk about the kinds of men and women who *initiate.* Let's talk about the self-starters, the can-doers, the bold and nervy accomplishmentalists who whip the sluggish, slack-jawed, mumbling rest of us into action! I said *action*, Goddamn it! Come on! Let's talk about these people. Okay? *Okay!*

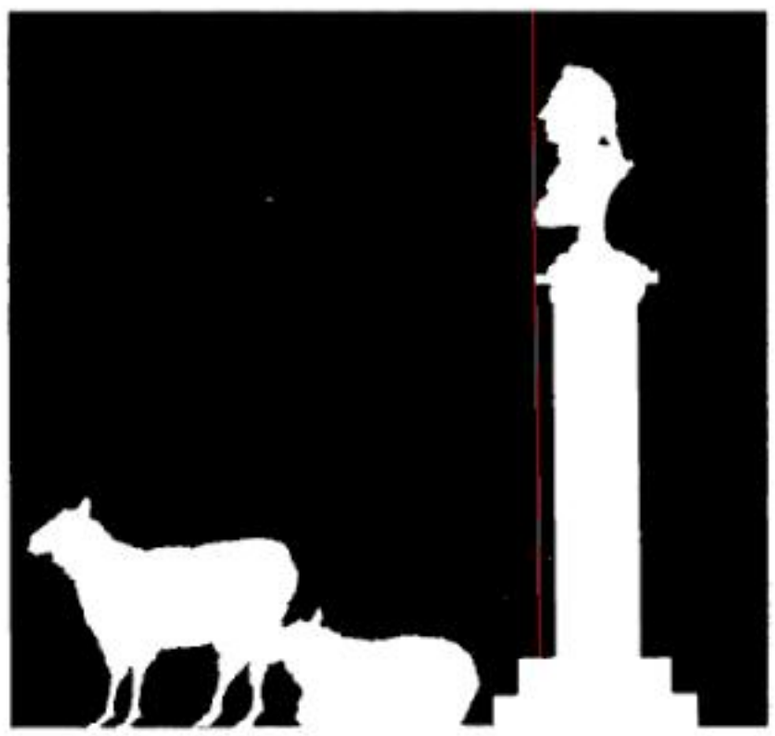
HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP

But, of course, *not* okay. I know you don't want to talk about leadership, because *I* just brought it up. From my childhood through young adulthood up until yesterday, the pattern has been consistent: I say, "Do this!" and there is something about me—the quality of my thought, the immediacy of its expression, that mysterious synthesis of vocal nuance and physical magnetism captured in the phrase "the way I handle myself"—that attracts people's attention and, through some magical alchemy, inspires them to exclaim, "Hey—let's do something else."

So, I'm no leader. But how could I be, after a childhood spent watching Walter Cronkite host World War II documentaries on *The 20th Century?* Go stare in monster-movie awe at Hitler ranting before the massed idiots of the Nuremberg rallies, or Mussolini wowing them with that cowcatcher jaw, those steam-snorting nostrils, those glaring headlamp eyes. (No wonder the Italians loved him. He had the face of a locomotive—the Great Big Engine That Could.) Go, I say, ingest such images, and then speak to me without ambivalence about "leadership."

Oh, all right; don't go, or ingest, or speak. But you get the idea. Admittedly, it may not be fair: why should a couple of sociopathic Axis strongmen and their silly old global conflagration be allowed to spoil everybody else's fun? And yet they have. Leadership has become suspect, and followership even worse. These days, you have to check your brains at the door or become a Fundamentalist Christian to get your rabble even partially, feebly roused.

Meanwhile, the rest of us suffer tiny localized outbreaks of brain death at the tedium of our public affairs. Thanks to the postwar discrediting of real leadership (of table-pounding, face-flushing, hair-messing oratory), America has been saddled with a dismal series of presidents whose stage presence and declamatory skill compare poorly with those of a third grader reading aloud (half grudgingly dutiful, half hypnotized by his own embarrassment) from his book report on the Pilgrims. ("The Pil-



grims. The Pilgrims were a group of people who wanted the freedom to worship the religion of their choice. . . .") Even the Great Communicator displays less the stirring resolve of a leader than the soothing calm of the village pharmacist who knows a thing or two about poison ivy and winks when you buy a pack of condoms.

But don't ask me; I mistrust all leaders per se. What gnaws at one is the question of motive. Why *do* the presidential candidates, for example, shove themselves in our faces so? For our sake? For theirs? In order to "serve"? Take George Bush—nailed, for all time, on *This Week with David Brinkley* last October by Peter Hart, a Democratic polltaker, as "the Don Knotts of American politics." Does anyone really believe that Bush wants to be president because he wants to *be of service?*

I'm of two minds about all this. My one hunch is that a true sign of grown-uptitude is the disinclination to either give or obey commands—and barking orders, of course, is how all but the most saintly leaders operate. Not that the grown-up lacks interest in acting forcefully in the world; but he (or she) perceives that the complexities and blah-blah of our modern urban high-tech blah-blah society cannot be addressed honestly (let alone resolved) either by imposing one's piggy will on them or by holding oneself up as a model. My other hunch is that good government can do good things, if those governmental good things are conceived and spearheaded by good people, many of whom might conceivably prove to be grown-ups.

With this we move one inch closer to the white-hot center of molten contradiction at the heart of the Great American Schizophrenia, of which we were given partial, unexplained glimpses in elementary school. If all men are created equal, am I nonetheless supposed to try my hardest to be a leader of them? If so, on what grounds? And if not, why is *that* kid winning an award for "leadership"? Does that mean he's better, or more valuable, or more worthy than I? Isn't it enough that I read my report on the Pilgrims to the whole class without making a single mistake? Is it my fault that nobody jumped up and shouted, "Yes! We're with you! Let's worship the religion of our choice!" What will my teacher say if I ask her, "Is it better to be a leader than not to be one?"

As for my knowing what I'm talking about, let me merely remark that I once *was* a leader, and I loved it. As a camp counselor, I commanded a group of eleven-year-old kids in a daily and thrillingly efficient effort to clean up the dining table after each meal. Even more impressively leaderlike, I headed the boys' camp contingent of the Jamaica, Queens, team during the campwide Olympics. I had Ideas; they were executed. I had a clipboard. I even had an aide-de-camp, a nice, smart kid named Mitchell. "Hey, Mitch," I'd bark, "I have an Idea. Go get me my clipboard." And off he'd dash. I felt like Patton.

In the end, leaders may be a necessary evil. Experience proves it's hard enough for four people to agree on a restaurant for dinner, let alone for 250 million Americans to agree on rural speed limits. In both cases, someone usually has to stand up and point, if only to get things started.

But that doesn't mean he's a grown-up. It usually just means that he's hungrier than everybody else. Or is in a bigger hurry to get somewhere. ❸

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TWITS *for Rent*

BY JEFFREY FERRY

IT'S DIFFICULT TO MEET THE UPPER classes in England. You go to Fortnum's for tea, the Chelsea Arts Club for cocktails and San Lorenzo's for supper, but all you ever see are advertising executives, other American tourists and Tina Brown loudly pronouncing the words *napkin*, *toilet* and *pudding*.*

RESIDENT ALIEN

At last there is an agency dedicated to helping you meet members of the British nobility. Better still, you get to meet them in their natural habitat (their homes), doing what they do best (nothing at all). The agency, Country Homes and Castles, is based in Kensington, London, and run by a delightfully maternal and hardworking woman named Sue Uda. Uda has more than 150 stately homes and castles on her books, all of which are occupied by authentic upper-class families whose fees are no more than you would spend to stay in one of the matchboxes at the London Hilton.

Uda says undying friendships often develop during visits lined up by her agency. "Sometimes," she explains, "romances spring up between the children of the homeowners and their guests." So if you're the sort of parent who wants little Brandon or Tiffany to have everything you never had—such as a playmate named Alfred, Lord Tennyson—give Sue a call.

The first thing you'll discover is that the upper classes are poor. Not just somewhat poor. Miserably poor. Sitting-in-the-cold-and-shivering poor. After all, if you were rich, would you invite a different pair of strangers into your house each night?

The second thing you'll discover is that they have no shame about their poverty. If you like to drink, Country Homes and Castles advises you to bring your own bottle. And if you use the telephone, remember to leave a few pence for the call.

The third thing you'll discover is that the upper classes may not have money, but they do have houses. And land. Lots of land. Last summer Sue sent me and my girlfriend off to stay at the house of Mrs. Anthea Moncrieffe in Perthshire, Scotland. A former abbey, the eighteenth-century house sits in the middle of 28,000 rolling acres of Scottish countryside that are overrun by rabbits. Thousands and thousands of rabbits. More than 43 square miles of Moncrieffe land, and nothing on it but Mrs. Moncrieffe and a hundred thousand bunny rabbits. Oh—and some guards from the nearby prison who rent rooms in the stables.

Anthea proved to be delightful. (The upper classes name their daughters after small dogs or nonspecific urethral infections; they name their sons Charles, Henry, James or Richard—often all four, reshuffling the order for each new arrival.) A small, birdlike woman, she sweetly pretended to find our predictable questions novel and amusing. When I asked how many rooms the house had, Anthea raised her eyebrows thoughtfully for nearly a minute before confessing that she didn't know. In any event, she said, only five were heated in winter.

Anthea told us she spent her time caring for the garden, raising birds and unsuccessfully battling the marauding bunny rabbits. A touching love of animals comes with the pedigree: Facing each other in the 40-foot-long front hall are two full-size oil portraits of Mrs. Moncrieffe and her late husband. In each painting, a cuddly guinea pig lies curled up at the feet of the magisterial Mr. Moncrieffe. Below each painting, in a glass case, sits the very same guinea pig, stuffed.

Vulgar American oil millionaires collect paintings; Mrs. Moncrieffe collects truncheons. "Here's a very thin one for ladies. If anybody bothers you, you just go *boing*," she explained.

Sleep in a four-poster, breakfast, a brief walk braving the hideously exhibitionist rabbits, and then off we trundled to Pitcaple Castle, Aberdeenshire, to visit the family of the baron of Pitcaple himself, Sir Christopher Burges-Lumsden.

The Burges-Lumsdens are a large family with lots of children. The children do all the cooking and serving, as Sir Christopher and Lady Pernille dedicate themselves to doing as little as possible. Dinner was in the Pitcaples' dining room, a cavernous wood-paneled chamber hung with generations of ancestors who all looked eerily like the 40-year-old Sir Christopher.

As with the Moncrieffes, there was a strange lack of precision about the family heritage. The Burges-Lumsdens went back to 1188, but Sir Christopher knew very little about what they had done during all those centuries—for example, which side they took in The Civil War, or in the Scots' wars with England, or in any war at all, for that matter.

Nor, once again, was anyone quite sure how many rooms the castle had. But there was a consensus around the table that their ancestors, the Leslies, had staged a massacre of an army of friends, or enemies, or perhaps perfect strangers, in either the fifteenth or sixteenth or perhaps the seventeenth century, in one of the rooms that isn't heated nowadays. And Sir Christopher was positive about how many farms he has—three—and what he does most of the time, which is shoot birds and deer and catch trout.

We dined at a long, heavy oaken table, an Anglo-Hollywood aristocratic touch I enjoyed enormously, although the effect was weakened by Lady Pernille barking orders to her ten-year-old daughter, Anna, whenever something needed to be served. The Burges-Lumsdens cannily sat my girlfriend next to the eldest son, James, and me next to his girlfriend, Candida. Although James was, at 21, three years older than Candida, they were (that damned imprecision again!) in the same class at Gordonstoun, the private school that turned Prince Charles into whatever Prince Charles has become.

The next morning, after a fair amount of wandering through corridors and past marble columns, I came upon little Anna. Trying hard not to look lost (bad form), I asked the cheerful little girl where I might find her father.

"Oh, he's probably in the kitchen," she said. "He likes to sit by the kitchen windows and watch the bunny rabbits run across the garden. And when he sees one," Anna told me brightly, "he picks up his rifle and he shoots it."

*In the much celebrated "U and Non-U" chapter of her 1973 book, *Noblesse Oblige*, Nancy Mitford, of the Mitford sisters, the famous upper-class girls-about-town who believed political education was transmitted via sex, wrote that the aspiring classes could be distinguished from the truly well-born by the middle classes' penchant for pretentious words such as *serviette*, *lavatory* and *dessert*. The effect of this revelation was to forevermore subject British waiters to loud requests for the whereabouts of "the toilet."

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Party







ONCE A STAR Shrieks of welcome could be heard blocks away as everyone's favorite Ewok-ish willowy blond singer–actress–vixen–shut-in–survivor, Joey Heatherton, finally emerged from seclusion to belt out a rousing rendition of everyone's favorite, "New York, New York," at Singalong, the swanky new Karaoke club.



Whose lacquered pompadour but former top model Ivana Trump's could keep the first lady's lapdog, Jerry Zipkin, so rapt? (Note very macho bent-nail bracelet on Zipkin's thin wrist.)



And you thought all the really big stars were at Singalong, the swanky new Karaoke club: Michael Musto, Lynn Armandt and Zippy the Chimp share a "Bimini Breeze" cocktail at Paradise, a Hawaiian-themed club that people talked about for one week around Christmas.









Marla Hanson's boyfriend, Jay McInerney (*above*, with actor Zach Galligan), has relinquished his role as master of the Sullen, Dopey Literary Stare, having passed the baton to star pupil Bret Easton Ellis. *Right*: Ellis teaches the art of the Sullen, Dopey Literary Stare to three young literati.

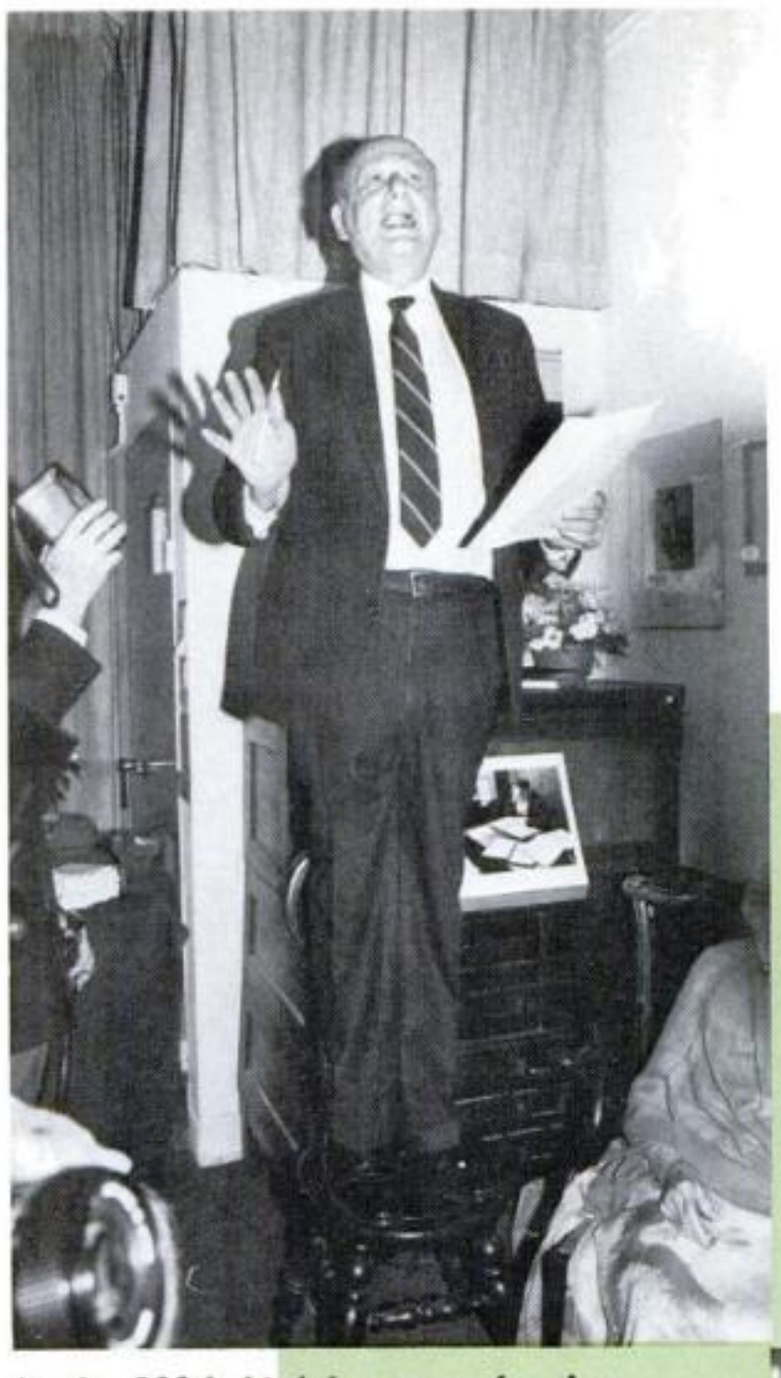


The father of the most famous artist in the world, Julian Schnabel, dances with himself at Canal Bar.

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At Indochine, Raquel Welch's pooch-faced husband-mentor-dependent, Andre Weinfeld, displays one use for his wife's supersuccessful, megahit comeback album.



At the 100th birthday party for the Gotham Book Mart's Frances Steloff, Mayor Koch clambered onto a fragile antique side chair and bellowed, *"I'm an author, too, you know!"*



Lisping demibillionaire Mort Zuckerman paints the town red.



Donald Trump demonstrates the fine posture and sparkling joie de vivre of the high-class, swanky real estate mogul he is.





In celebration of the 100th episode of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, the no-longer-endearing Dr. Ruth Westheimer licks frosting from Robin Leach's fingers.



At the Le Club party for former actress Jill St. John's super-best-selling new cookbook, former Valium addict and veteran trencherman Liza Minnelli gags on a scrumptious appetizer.



IS IT A HORROR MOVIE OR IS IT LIFE? Nancy Kissinger (*above*) acts out a scene from *Return of the Living Dead Part II* for Canadian costumer Arnold Isaacs as jilted semi-nude archaeologist Iris Love hovers in the foreground. Actress and professional midlifer Sally Kirkland is protected from paparazzi by the once vaguely respectable playwright Leonard Melfi (*left*).

Poop

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

THE WORMS' TURN
(Prophetic Novel Begun Last Month)
Chapter Two

Gray was the dawn of January 1, 1991, on Manhattan's high-rise-overshadowed West Side. In Riverside Park, beneath frost-rimed copies of the New York Voice Post News Observer, *lay Shandy and Blair Dorian-Letz, a homeless young bisexual bond-trading couple.*

Blair was the first to awake: "Sh . . . Shandy. Is . . . is that your head beneath the 'Stepping Out' section?"

Shandy, after a moment, grunted that it was.

"Then . . . what can be nestling against my leg?"

Together they peeled the frigid papers from Blair's increasingly bequalmed lower half. What they saw—though only time could bring their Prehumous minds to accept the instinctive recognition—was the unruffled male extremity of Lumbricus terrestris. *Common earthworm. Two hundred times normal size.*

To be continued . . .

"New York, like London," wrote Thomas Jefferson in 1823, "seems to be a cloacina of all the depravities of human nature." I find no such word as cloacina *in my unabridged dictionary, but* cloacinal *equals* cloacal, *and a* cloaca *is a* sewer. *"New York is a sewer," then, is what Thomas Jefferson was saying, and it doesn't sound like the remark of a man devoted very wholeheartedly to inalienable rights. Incidentally, for those of you who are too lightweight to have an unabridged dictionary of your own,* cloacitis *is a "venereal disease of the common fowl . . . having no known etiology but apparently transmitted by copulation." This condition is also known as* vent gleet. *Whichever term you consider more polite, how would you like having to discuss the matter in the context of a relationship?*

"It . . . er . . . has no known etiology, but . . ."

"Chickens?"

Thomas Jefferson lived on a farm. You want to hear an animal-husbandry joke? It was told to me by a member of the Country Music Hall of Fame. A man out west was tried for having congress with a sheep. On the stand he said, "Well, the little ewe and I were around each other a lot, and she came up and put her little head on my shoulder. . . ."

And one old cowboy on the jury nudged another and said, "They'll do that, you know."

I have told that joke to two generally humor-loving New Yorkers who didn't think it was funny. Granted, both of them were women.

Still. All *the depravities of human nature?*

—R.B.

ACROSS

1. Shake up ("upset") the letters of *won't* to get *town*. Someone told me proudly the other day that she had lived in Haight-Ashbury during its prime, in Vermont when communes were big, in various other places at the right times and, for the past several years, in New York during its boom. I hadn't thought about New York and the eighties in heyday terms before. In the nineties (and by the way, what are we going to call the decade after that, the aughts?), I suppose people will say to me excitedly, "And were you actually in Manhattan, itself, when Trump Tower was going up and Koch was in full flower?" If this has been a boomtown, what has the boom been *in*? Real estate and money, I guess. Should I have been exulting?

5. *Le* is "the" (French).

9. Remember when Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin ran for mayor and City Council president under the slogan "Throw the rascals out"? When was that, 1970? Why don't writers ever run for president of the U.S.? The campaign wouldn't be that different from a book promo tour. Who'd be good? Philip Roth for the Dems, Updike bearing the standard (golf, prurience, wealthy suburbs) of the GOP. Ghost politicians could be engaged to handle nuts and bolts. It may be objected that the electorate would prefer Danielle Steel and James Michener, but that would be the same old Reagan-vs.-Mondale politics. A presidency of serious, noncommercial, literary values is what's wanted. The winner could take four years to write his presidency, and we wouldn't have to worry about how he was doing until the book came out. Nobody of presidential stature really wants this next presidency anyway. Why not *imagine* it? Reagan has imagined his. If someone will raise half a million dollars—a fraction of even Al Haig's campaign chest—*I'll* do it. For $750,000 I'll promise *not* to do it. Let me know.

14. A vision is a dream, to trick is to con, to swindle is to do.

18. End of the IRT Broadway–Seventh Avenue local line.

23. *Op.* (short for *opus*, or work) and *P.I.* engulfed by *Cher.*



27. *Perhaps* signals the rearrangement of what goes before. Andrea Dworkin unquestionably doesn't like misogyny, and neither do I, I hasten to say, even though I failed to mention any women writers as presidential timber. A balanced ticket of Roth and Eudora Welty is as far as I will go.

DOWN

1. Did you know that no one knows the origin of using the words *bore, boring, boredom*, in the tediousness sense? You could look it up. The only etymology I can think of is that an early Briton was listlessly leaning against a wall during a political speech (not one by a skilled literary practitioner) and someone drilled through the wall from the other side and a bit pierced the Briton and the life drained out of him and he leaned there for hours and someone said, "What's wrong with him?" and someone else said, "Bored."

2. *C* (short for *cold*) and *peons* rearranged.

4. *Wallet* holding *rest* rearranged. Under my presidency, Wall Street would be transformed by the requirement that all securities transactions be cash on the barrelhead, no bill larger than a twenty. I would also drop the last digit from every sum in America, so that the national debt would be back in the low hundred billions, ballplayers would make $100,000 a year, you could get a small apartment in New York for $150 a month and movies would be 70 cents. Lee Iacocca would still be grossly overpaid, but if we don't do something, everything is just going to get more and more ridiculous until runaway recession results from people's inability to keep on counting so high.

7. Remember when *{MORE}*, the now defunct press-review magazine, had an annual A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention, in which snappy journalists gave their profession what for? Wasn't that better than circling the wagons against the Reagan administration's scorn? Now that the media's *audiences* are finally realizing that the president is a dufus, and plain talk about old Dutch no longer smacks of treason, the media give the man slightly less slack, though of course we still have Hugh Sidey, in *People's* THE 25 MOST INTRIGUING PEOPLE OF 1987 issue, citing as evidence of the president's underappreciated charm the fact that he "has his suits made with buttons on the fly of his trousers." I say "the fact" because I think this is something we can take Sidey's word for.

16. This magazine is headquartered in the Puck Building. Why should this puzzle expect you to know that? Because you are cool.

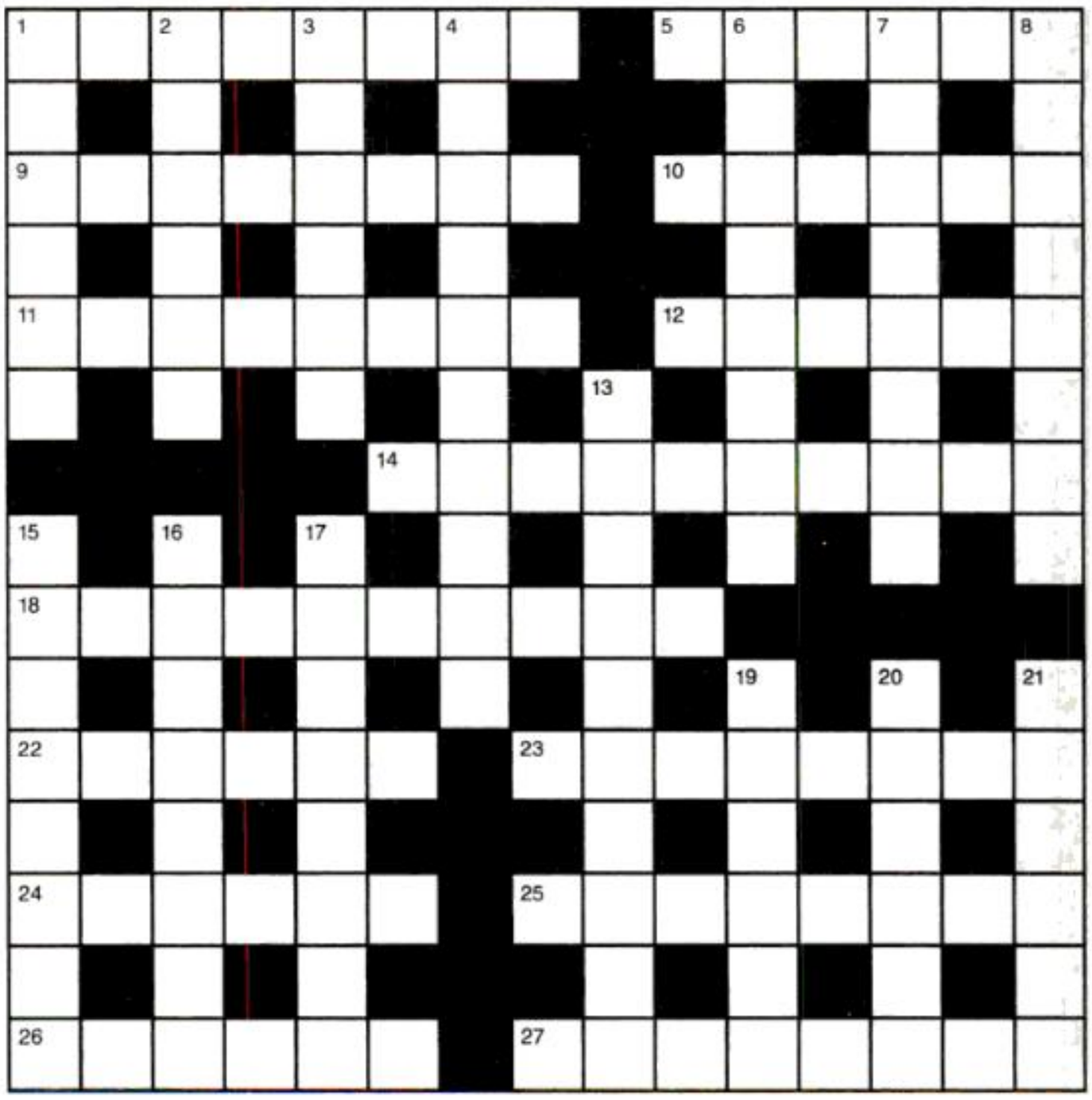
21. Reference here to *Franny and Zooey* and *Kukla, Fran & Ollie.* Nothing to do with Ollie North. Whatever age you are, I expect you to have heard of *Franny and Zooey* and *Kukla, Fran & Ollie*, because I honestly believe that if I were your age, whatever it is, I would have heard of them. And so it is that I offer myself for consideration as the next president of the United States. ◗

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THE UN-BRITISH

Crossword Puzzle

Your Bronx Is Up but Your Battery's Down



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Deep hollow sound won't upset rapidly expanding settlement. (8)

5. Damage surrounds the French uptown. (6)

9. Roguish cars crash, friend follows. (8)

10. Borough of cross-dressers? (6)

11. Remembered annually by the *Times*, though *most* downscale. (8)

12. Those over 20 lust crazily after assistant director. (6)

14. Vision? Trick? Swindle? Own-your-own 6 RMS, RIV VU, with health club, $50,000. (5,5)

18. Dixie boat at end of line. (5,5)

22. Mayor choked when disturbed. (2,4)

23. Cher embraces work with private investigator to get less flat. (8)

24. Assault on run. (6)

25. Number-one slum returns to east for suspension of globules in liquid. (8)

26. Barney Fife, shaken: "Yup, Ted . . ." (6)

27. *Oy!* My sign! Perhaps Andrea Dworkin doesn't like it! (8)

DOWN

1. Dull drilling. (6)

2. Nothing up front, crazy cold peons! (2,4)

3. I.e., 'tis under rumpled hat. (4,2)

4. Billfold holds what's left in chaos for hotbed of capitalism. (4,6)

6. Track kept Romans in water. (8)

7. "Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one," he said, revising glib line. (8)

8. Rich lady's mister swallows botched roast. (3,5)

13. Bad advice taken by uncommon British virgin—"Maybe I'm dim, Harry." (5,3,2)

15. Has Detroit, dropping high-tech leaders, gone crazy, creating small-body Orbiter? (8)

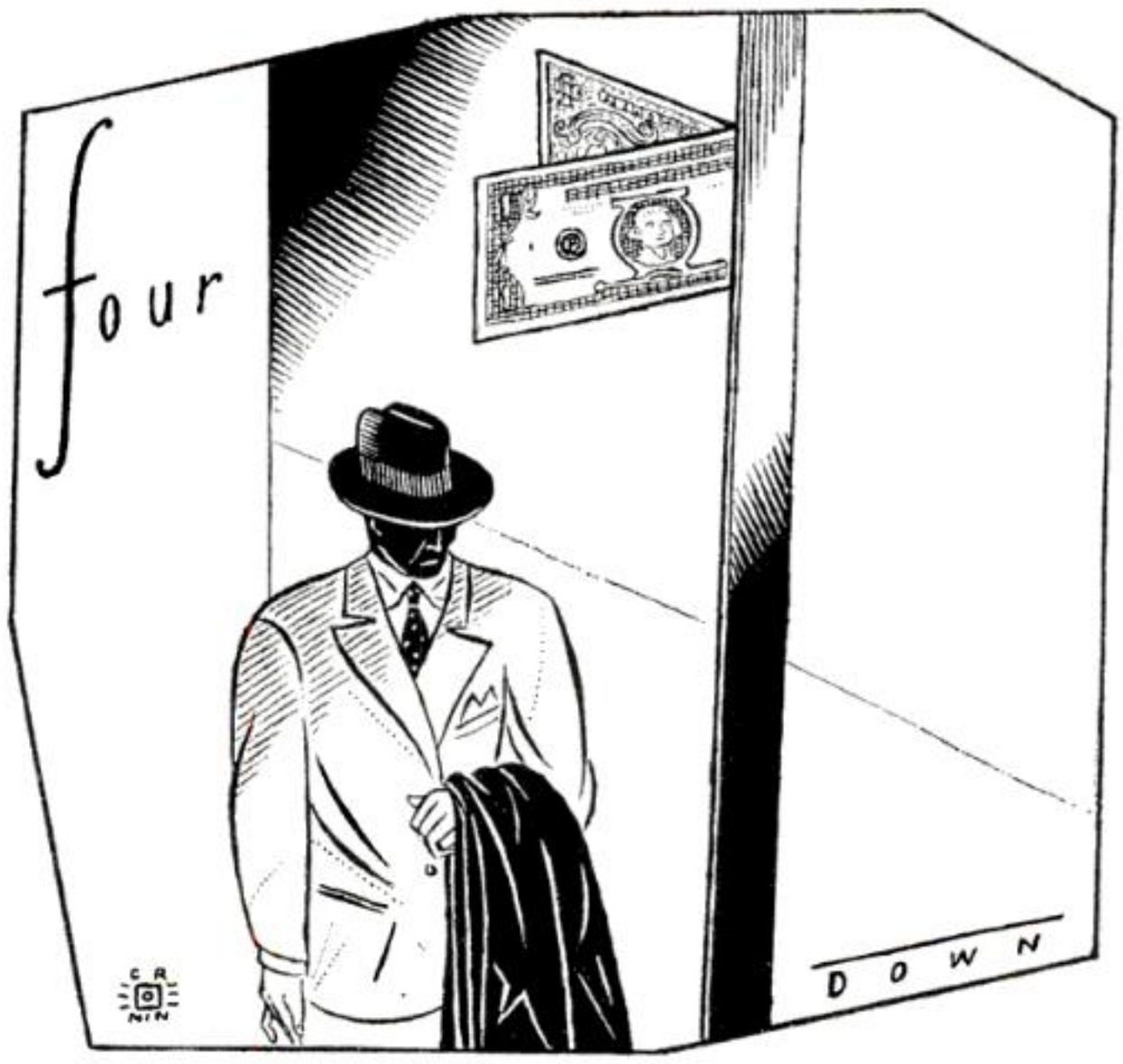
16. Under SPY building, pure ascension: prepare to kiss. (6,2)

17. Stout, stupid clique. (8)

19. God! Theatre! (6)

20. Cricket and Hendrix perched on Our Town. (6)

21. Zooey's sister, Kukla and Ollie's friend on top of the Big Apple. (6)



The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 133.

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No Horse, No Gaucho.

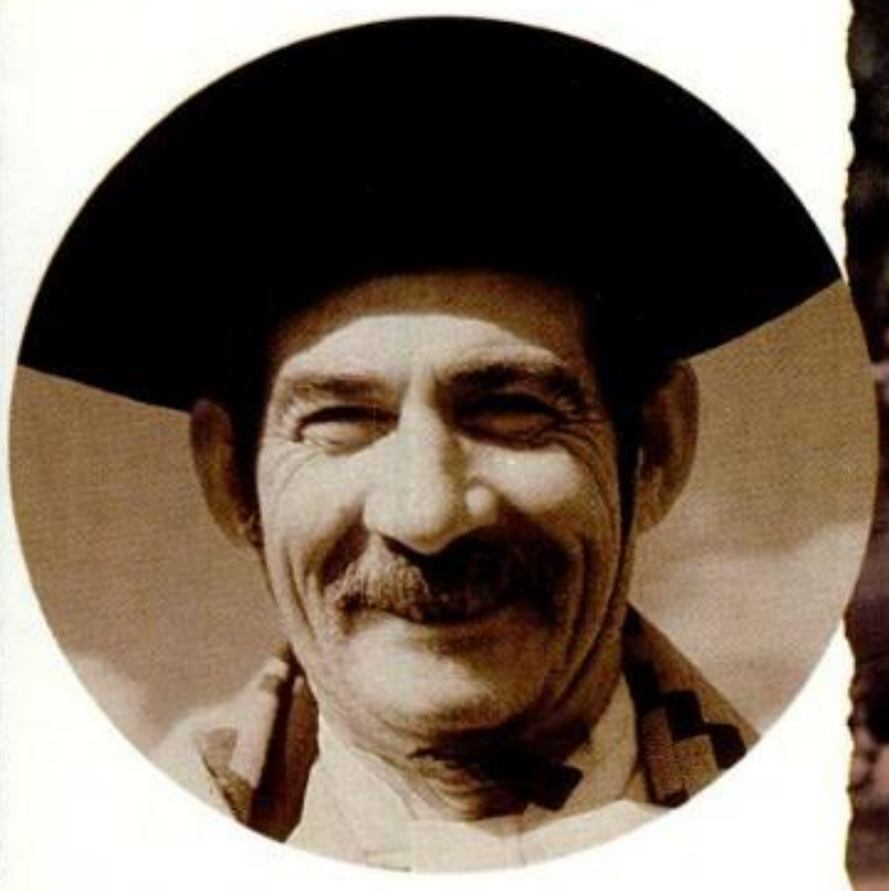


The Criollo horse is here shown on a traditional azulejo. Don Pedro Mendoza was the first to introduce this breed to Argentina, when he brought 75 of them over in 1536. They are noted for having five vertebrae instead of the standard six. Nobody has really ever figured out the origin of the word Gaucho. Gauderio, and later Gaucho, were the words coined by the Spaniards for outlaws who lived off smuggling and robbing cattle. Whatever its origin, obviously it's the horse that makes the Gaucho what he is.

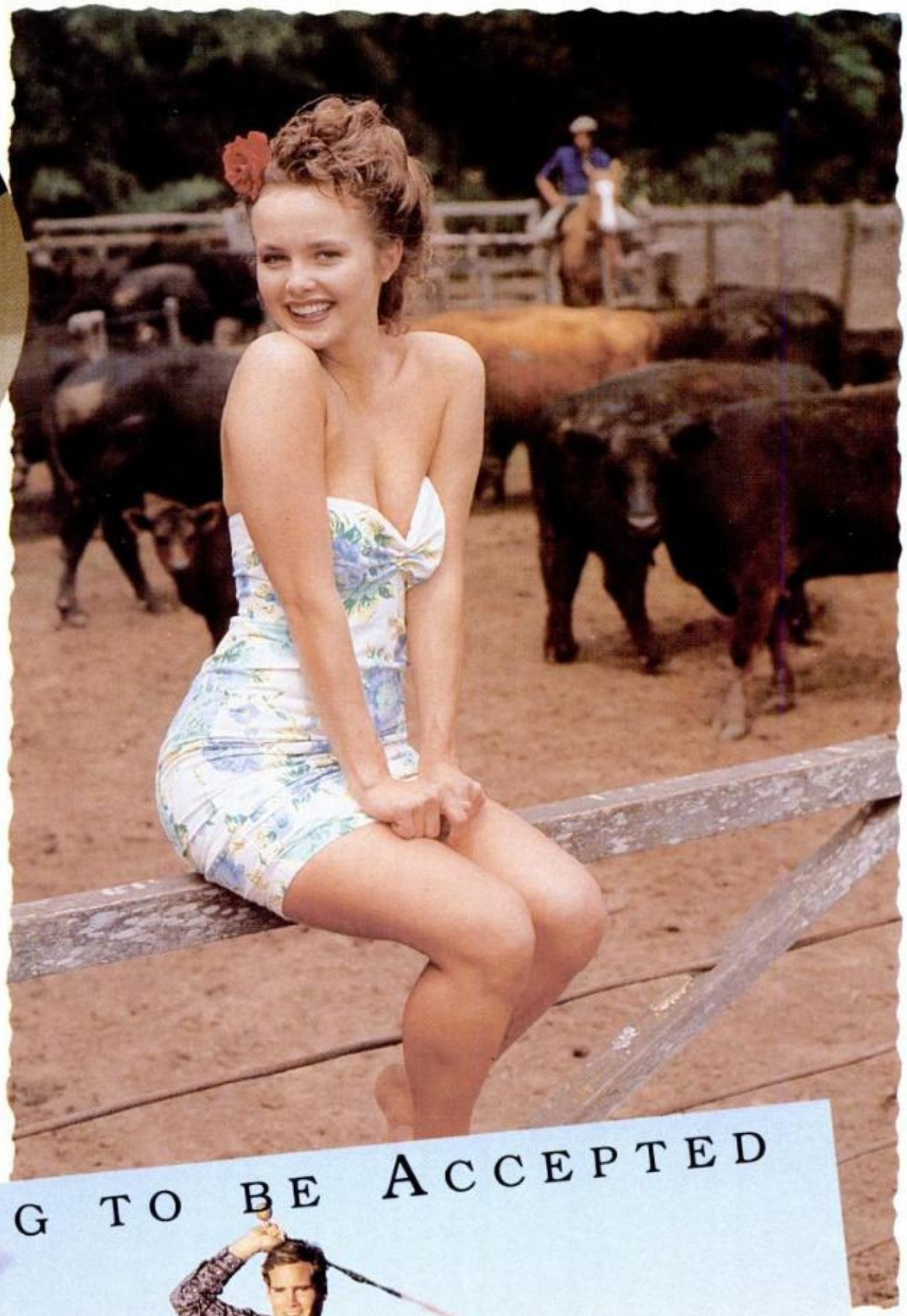


Relaxed **SISLEY** *Elegance*

NEW YORK, N.Y., 905 Madison Ave - WASHINGTON, DC, 2001 M. Street N.W. - BOSTON, MA, Market Place Center - NASSAU, BAHAMAS, East Bay Street
HAMILTON, BERMUDA, Reid Street - COCONUT GROVE MIAMI, FL, Mayfair Mall - PALM BEACH, FL, At the Harbour - PHILADELPHIA, PA, King of Prussia
BIRMINGHAM, AL, Brookwood Mall - TOWSON MD, Towsontowne Centre - HARTFORD, CT, The Pavilion State House Square - ATLANTA, GA, At Lenox Square Mall
CAMBRIDGE, MA, At Charles Square - LONG ISLAND, N.Y., 517 Central Ave. Cedarhurst - HACKENSACK, N.Y., Riverside Square - BETHESDA, MD, Montgomery Mall
RALEIGH, N.C., Crabtree Valley Mall - TAMPA, FL, At Old Hyde Park

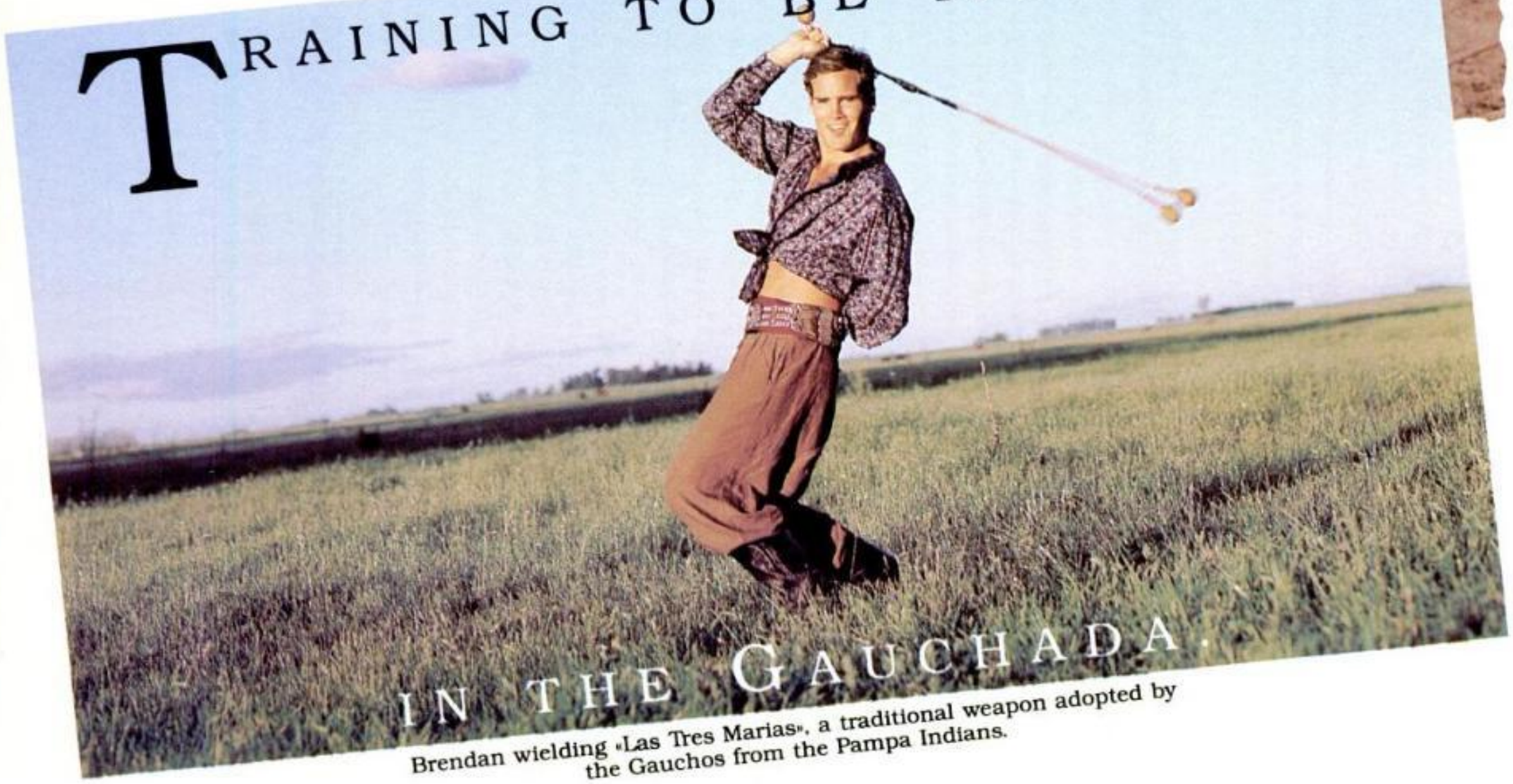


CRIOLLITA DE MI PUEBLO.



No less dazzlingly dressed than Brendan, scantily clad Izabella perches on the corral fence. «Meanwhile back at the ranch»... the gauchos get ready for the yerra. It's tough work: The calves are branded, castrated and dehorned in one go, by three or four peones, under the watchful eye of the Capataz. Only for the mucho machos !

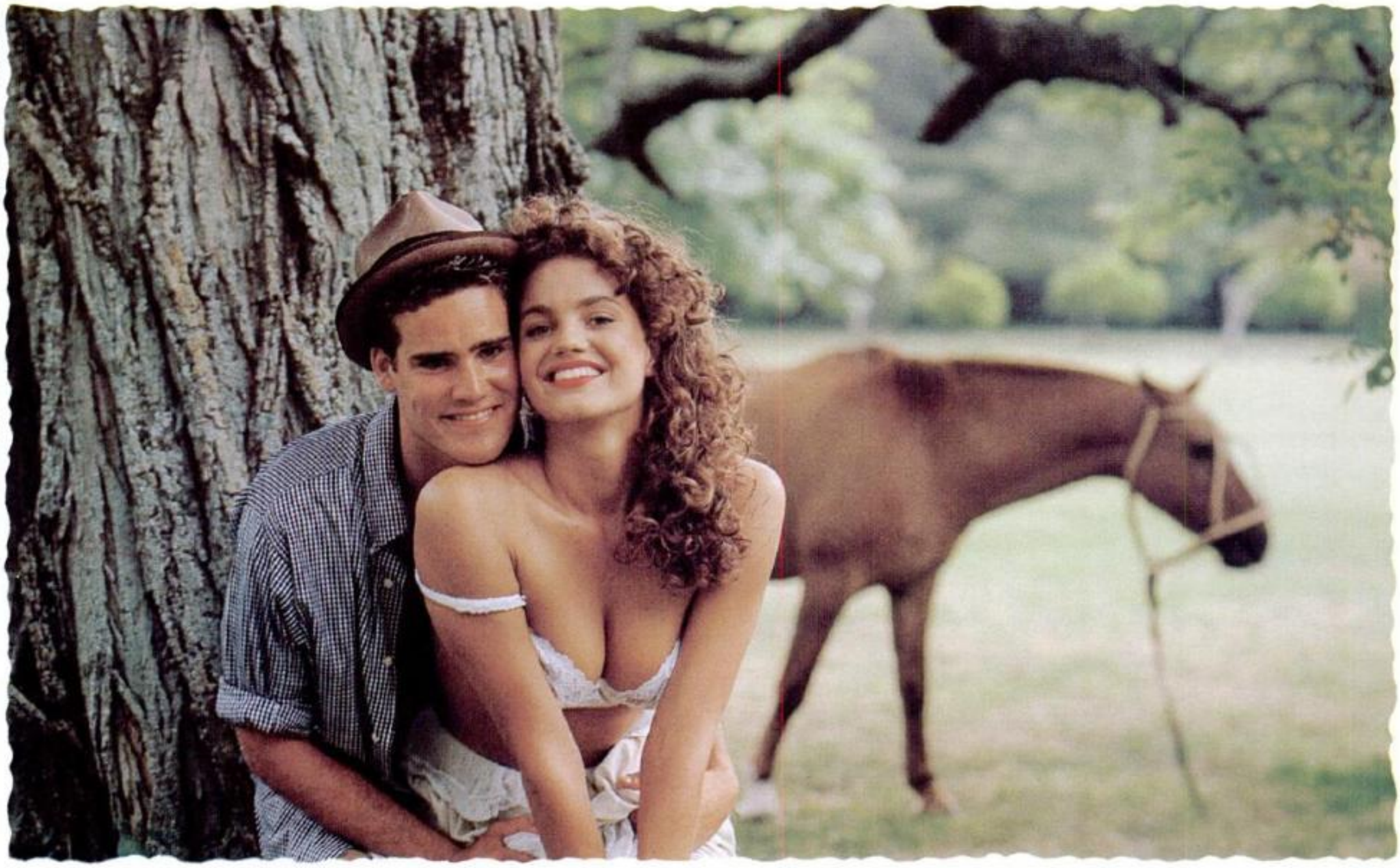
TRAINING TO BE ACCEPTED IN THE GAUCHADA.



Brendan wielding «Las Tres Marias», a traditional weapon adopted by the Gauchos from the Pampa Indians.

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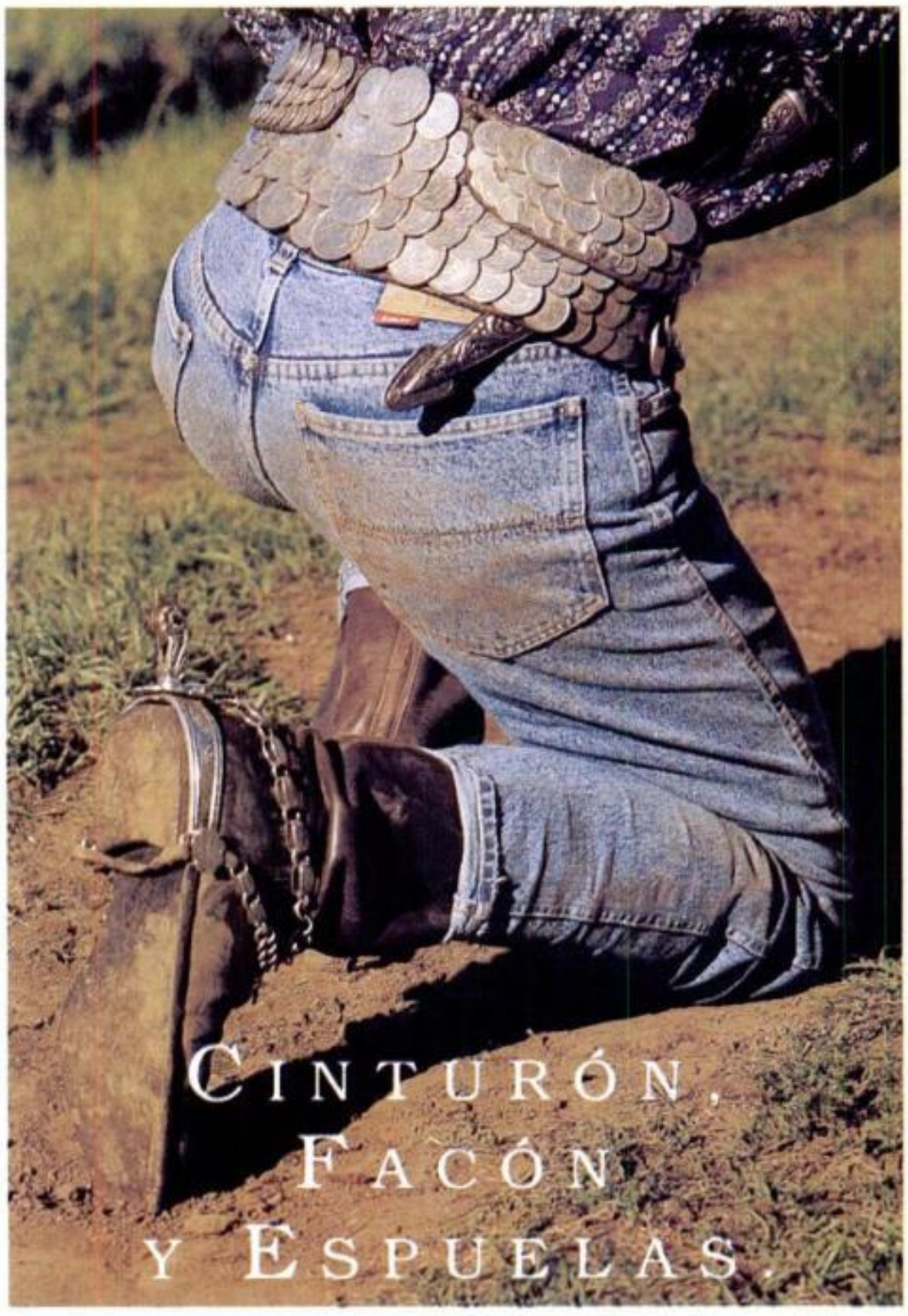


PLAYING THE PATO.

For this game, originally a duck (pato) or turkey would be killed, then cut into small pieces and sewn inside a leather ball with straps. Then neighbours and their best horses were rounded up. The rules are simple: First, grab the pato, and then ride away... or at least try to, because it turns into a complete free-for-all. Of course, nowadays they play with a normal ball, after General Rosas forbade the use of a real pato!



If you finally end up with the pato, it's yours, but it means that you'll have to kill a few calves, invite the rest of the neighbours and offer them an asado. Then it's dancing to the chacarera, cueca, bailecito, escondido, triunfo, malembo, zapateado, or the prado, all through the night.



CINTURÓN, FACÓN Y ESPUELAS.

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¡Soy Gaucho, y Entiéndanló...!

«Soy gaucho, y entiéndanló
como mi lengua lo esplica:
para mí la tierra es chica
y pudiera ser mayor;
ni la vibora me pica
ni quema mi frente el sol.»

«I'm a gaucho, and this is what I mean: For me the earth is too small... it could be bigger; Snakes don't bite me... nor does the sun burn my face.»

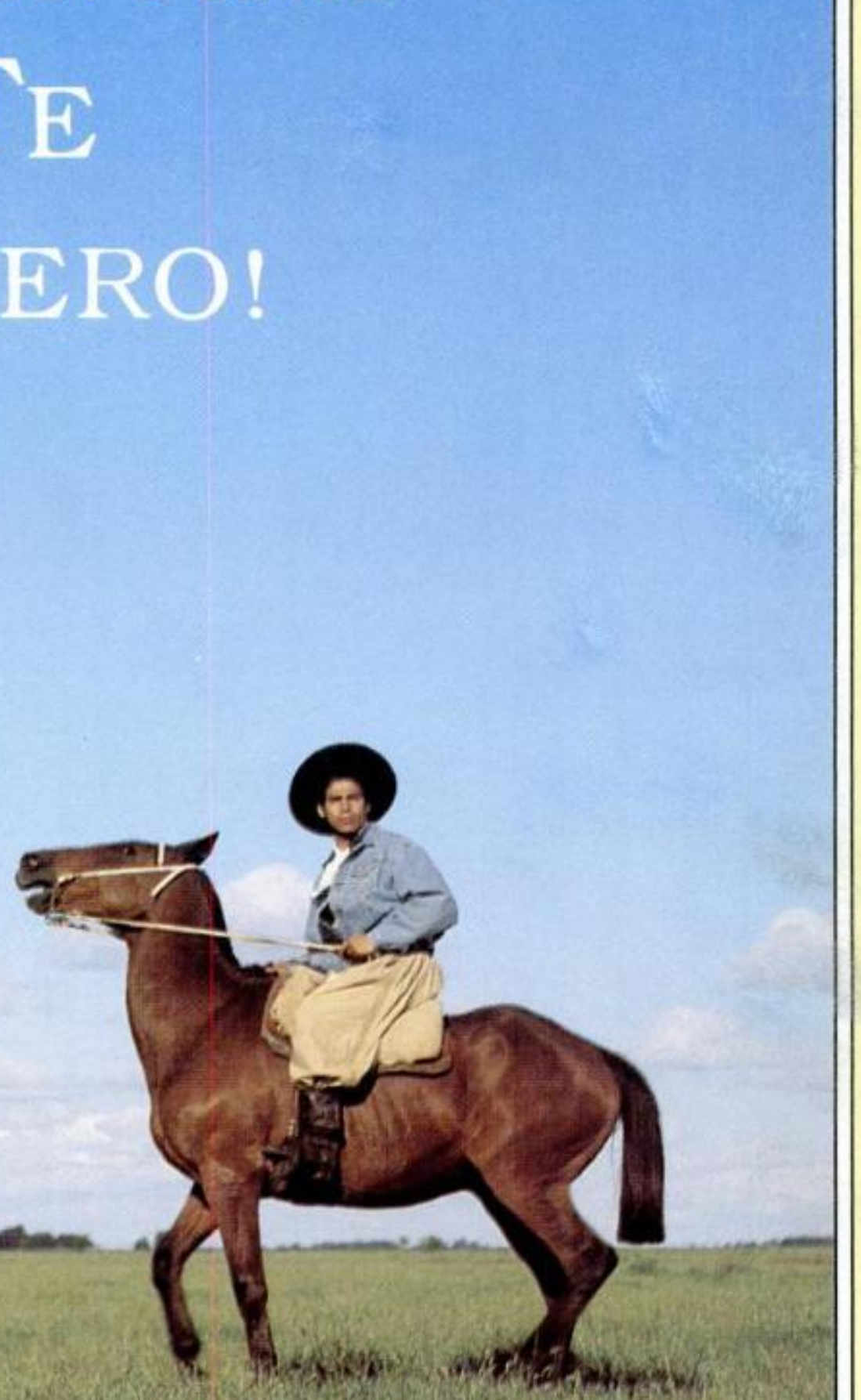
From «Martín Fierro» by José Hernandez.

Here's a well dressed gaucho wearing a sombrero with wide brim bent at a bold angle, a heavy poncho, a cinturón, or silver coin studded belt, facon or cuchillo (knife), a bombachas, wide trousers which were first introduced by soldiers who had served for Napoleon.
The gaucho saddle, or silla, is made of several layers to render it more comfortable (ten hours a day in the saddle aren't poco, Hombre!) At his feet the boleadores (left) and lasso to the right.

SPRING SUMMER 1988

SISLEY

¡ARGENTINA TE QUIERO!



THE PAMPA AROUND SAN MIGUEL DEL MONTE, ALONG THE RIO SALADO.

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